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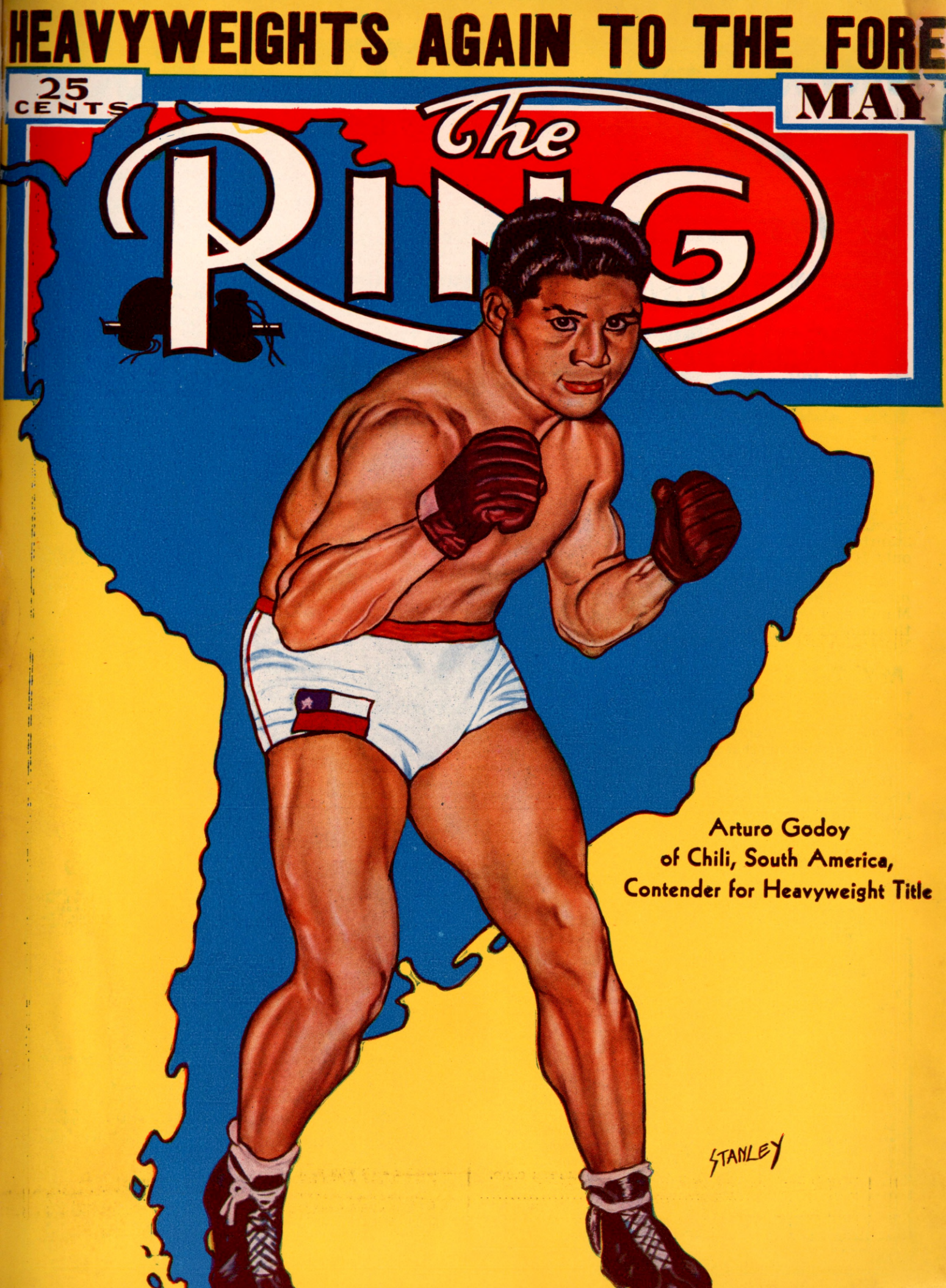

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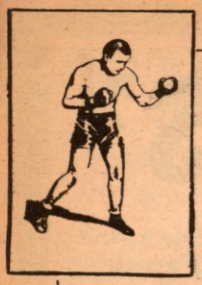

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GODOY HEADS LIST

South American, With Two Victories Over Galento and With Split Decision in Louis Fight, Becomes Leading Challenger

By ED VAN EVERY

ARTURO GODOY is the foremost challenger for the heavyweight laurels of Joe Louis. He has earned that post. The Chilean challenger is the only opponent to figure in a split decision with the Brown Bomber; is the champion of South America, and has beaten Tony Galento, the National Boxing Association's No. 1 challenger, in each of their two meetings. That, according to figures of the boxing experts, clinches all arguments as to where the Wild Goat of the Andes stands in the heavyweight picture.

That Godoy should have remained fifteen rounds with Louis and given him the trouble he did, should not have been such a surprise to the followers of boxing. Not if his record and his performances in this country had been carefully analyzed.

Had that been done, then it would have been apparent that he possessed the physical equipment, the courage, the stamina and the experience to cope even with so notable a fighter as the champion. It also would have proved to them that Louis' dynamic fists would be tested by a man who could take a punch better than any other challenger.

As far back as 1933, Godoy made it very evident right here in the United States that he had far more than just ordinary fighting qualities. It was during this period that he fought so successfully in several engagements in Florida rings that it was planned to extend his campaign northward. Unfortunately, there had been some neglect in arranging for an extension of his stay, and Uncle Sam forced him to return to his native soil.

* * *

ARTURO was then only in his second year of professional fighting. His boxing education had started when he was little more than a boy, but already so much the grown man in build, he was serving in the Chilean army. He was so husky and played so roughly in the soldier games, he was invited to put on the gloves for the first time so he would be tamed by the best boxer in his company.

Not only did Arturo win his first fight, but three more as well, in short order, which were sufficient on the impressiveness of his victories to make him acknowledged champion of his regiment. So he was sent to Santiago to compete in an army tournament. Two matches were all that were needed to gain him the army championship.

The year following Godoy's 1933 visit to Florida, Tommy Loughran was invited to go to Buenos Aires for a series of bouts. In his second South American engagement Tommy was held to a draw in twelve rounds by Godoy. Two more contests over the same distance were fought between the two with each gaining a decision.

These engagements with Loughran gained some international prominence for the name of Godoy. It was further brought to attention when Luis Angel Firpo attempted a comeback and was knocked out in three rounds. As the Argentine giant was then at the forty mark, or close to it, the feat was hardly a notable one.

Nevertheless, this victory enabled Luis Buoy to negotiate for Arturo's second campaign here. This had been planned several months previously and almost consummated, when the debut here of Andre Lenglet put a damper on the arrangements. The French heavyweight had been matched with Hans Birkie in Madison Square Garden. Unfortunately, the bout turned out a poor one, not that the contestants were bad fighters as that they were badly matched. Anyway, when Godoy's manager came around right after the Lenglet-Birkie fray to arrange for Arturo's transportation, the promoter's greeting was: "Keep those foreign fighters t'ell out of here."

Arturo Godoy, Chilean heavyweight, who has earned a return bout with Joe Louis for the world title.

* * *

HOWEVER, the Firpo kayo appeared to put a different complexion on matters. Also, by this time, the Garden had serious opposition in the person of Mike Jacobs, who had taken over the Hippodrome, which since, like the Sixth Avenue "L," which then ran by the famed structure, has also disappeared. It was in the Hippodrome, in 1936, that Godoy made his first New York appearance.

Leroy Haynes, then lightly threatening the eminence of the Brown Bomber as the Negro heavyweight champion, was Godoy's opponent in his Hippodrome debut. The official verdict was a draw, though the press row occupants as well as the spectators thought the Chilean had been the winner.

Godoy was sent against Al Ettore a few weeks later and again the verdict was a draw, though Arturo seemed to have much the better of this encounter. The following year, 1937, came his two bouts each with Tony Galento and Roscoe Toles, also one meeting each with Maurice Strickland and Nathan Mann. The decision in favor of the latter was freely criticized as a bad one.

There was even more criticism of the decisions of the officials in the Toles bouts, which are listed as a ten-round defeat and a ten-round draw for Godoy. Toles was then being built up in Detroit, where the contests were fought, as a home-town rival of the now champion, Joe Louis. Toles was the favored son.

One thing the battles with Toles did prove, and that was that Godoy was the nearest thing to a punch proof human the prize ring has to offer. Toles is a terrific right-hand puncher and he parked it on the Godoy jaw not a few times in the twenty rounds these two mixed it. But with discouraging results for Toles. His best shots made no appreciable impression on the Chilean.

Galento had an even more discouraging experience in this respect. They fought six rounds as a semi-final to the Louis-Jim Braddock contest and also a ten-rounder in the Hippodrome. They were both rough frays with Godoy the winner in each case.

Galento started it—the rough stuff—in the Hippodrome and found Godoy more than obliging when it came to meeting Two-ton Tony at his specialty. Arturo came back at Tony so hard the latter called the attention of Referee Arthur Donovan to what was going on. Donovan, usually a stickler for the rules, simply said: "You started it, Tony." The customers sure got a run for their money that night.

Godoy met four other opponents to complete his 1937 stay here. Jack Roper, Otis Thomas, Art Sykes and Eddie Mader comprised the quartet and each was a knockout victim.

* * *

ARTURO returned to South America late in 1937 and was gone until November of last year. To read the comment of some sports writers, one could but gather the impression that the Chilean had been dug up after a two years' idleness to supply the scarcity in Louis opposition. As a matter of fact, Godoy had been busier in that interim than the champion, having fought two more bouts than Joe.

On his return to South America, the Chilean had been matched with Alberto Lovell, whose fast fighting in his several matches in this country had made the former Olympic champion look the part of a title threat for a time. The South American heavyweight championship hinged on the meeting with Lovell. It was a close twelve-round scrap and fought in Buenos Aires and Lovell, an Argentine, was declared the winner. But in their next meeting, though they again met in Buenos Aires, Godoy became the champion. He defended it successfully a month later against Valentin Campolo.

All of which should have stamped Arturo Godoy the worthy opponent for the champion he proved himself.

Especially since Al Weill, maker of two champions, had entered into the picture as the new manager of Godoy. With Lou Ambers, lightweight king, and Joey Archibald, featherweight title-holder, Weill had done an exceptional job. He proceeded to do another with Godoy.

Weill, a keen student of boxing styles, as his success as a matchmaker at the Queensboro Stadium and Madison Square Garden had proved, had made a careful study of Louis and was satisfied three qualities were requisite to give an opponent any semblance of a chance against the man not a few estimate as the greatest heavyweight champion of them all. Courage, ability to take a punch, which, of course, included condition, and knowing how to fight Louis were the qualities called for.

In the matter of courage and durability, Weill knew that Godoy could fill the bill here. Getting Arturo into condition was something which the Chilean put his best efforts into under the watchful eyes of Weill and Trainer Whitey Bimstein. And the drilling in the way to fight Louis was never neglected.

The foundation of this drill was that Godoy must never leave himself a stationary and upright target. Arturo had the powerful legs and bodily flexibility to carry out the Weill plan of battle which over and over was impressed in the following words:

"Louis has to aim before he can shoot," Weill never ceased pointing out to Arturo, "and when Louis aims, move, and he will have to aim all over again before he can pull the trigger. When you move, it must be either forward or sideways, but never backwards. Get inside and stay there, for Louis needs punching room to make his punch effective. There's no such thing as a six-inch knockout punch and there never was, not even when Louis is doing the punching."

Godoy carried out the Weill plan of battle so proficiently he was not only very much there at the end of the fifteen rounds, but over the championship distance he forced the battling against Louis more than any of Joe's opponents and landed more smacks on the royal person than Louis has yet been forced to take as a champion.

* * *

GODOY comes from rugged peon stock and is rugged in his own way. He is just short of six feet, scales around the 200-pounds mark, and is every inch the athlete. Swarthy, with his cheek bones and black eyes and crinkly black hair, he is the typical Latin-American. Though the young Chilean has been hardened in the heat of ring combat, he bears only one scar, that given to him in a fight in Havana when he was still a novice. It was in one of his first professional battles when he met one Pantaleon Mussilino, and in the fourth round the Cuban took a bite out of Arturo's right arm for which he was promptly flattened.

Godoy came close to having a fist fight with Joe Louis the night that Joe knocked out Jimmy Braddock. On that occasion, Godoy faced Galento and during the main event, the Chilean was a close observer of the feature contest. Godoy was a very excited ringside observer. He was one of the noisiest rooters in the cause of Braddock, for he was very fond of Jimmy, who had been nice to him on a number of occasions.

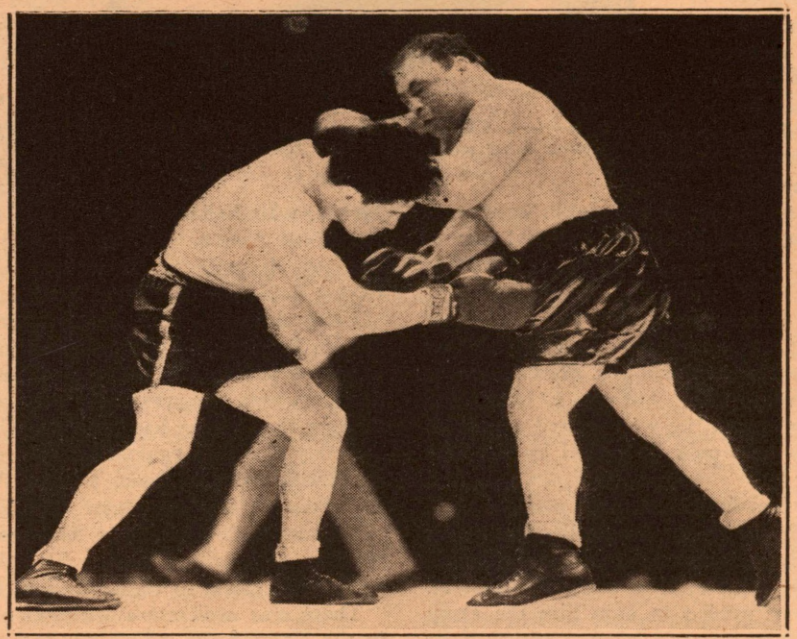
When Braddock was smashed down and fell unconscious in a crimson splash on the canvas, it was altogether too much for Arturo. He started out of his seat, burning to get into the ring to take a swing at the conqueror of his friend. Lou Brix, then Godoy's American agent, and several others had quite a time of it holding the South American back until Louis had climbed out of the ring.

Godoy was very sorry for his outburst after he had been quieted down, but said the day would come when he would be in there with Louis and that he would then revenge his friend Braddock for the beating he had been subjected to that night. Brix assured Arturo the day would come when he would have the chance to take punches at Louis and be well paid for it in the bargain.

"I have nothing against Louis," declared Godoy when reminded of the happenings of that night. "Joe, he seems a very nice fellow, but he wasn't nice to my friend, Braddock."

Someone suggested Louis wouldn't be nice to Godoy, either, when he got him in the ring.

"Arturo no be nice to Joe, also," promised the fighting Chilean, and he wasn't.



This picture of the last fight of Galento and Godoy shows that Joe Louis was not the only fighter who caused the Chilean to use a crouch. Godoy won this battle and the crouch helped him considerably in gaining his victory.

"BUMMY" GOT HIS LESSON

Al Davis Finds That It Takes More Than Mere Toughness to Make a Champion — Herkimer Lou Ambers Gives Dazzling Exhibition — At His Best in Beating Brooklynite

By "THE RING" EDITOR

CLASS will tell. Al Davis will verify that. The Brooklyn Fighting Terror, the welterweight with the devastating sock, walked into the Madison Square Garden ring on the night of February 23rd as cock as any ringman has ever been. He laughed, waved to friends, looked sneeringly at Lou Ambers, world lightweight king, whom he was soon to fight, and otherwise carried on as if he owned the world.

He had reason to feel that way. He had won thirty-five consecutive contests and engaged in two draws over a stretch of almost two and a half years and was out to add Ambers to his list of victims. He figured that Herkimer Lou was just another fighter so far as he was concerned and that after he had disposed of the title-holder, Mike Jacobs would be forced to get him a contest for the welter crown with Henry Armstrong.

This was his big night. It was the crucial test for him. He had every reason to believe that his powerful sock would offset the cleverness of the world champion who had spotted him seven and a half pounds, but it didn't take much time for Ambers, the clever will o' the wisp of the squared circle, to demonstrate that class is what counts most in a boxing bout.

For full ten rounds, Davis, whose pile-driving, powerful left hook had laid low so many of his rivals, saw gloves come at him from all angles, watched his opponent maneuver in a manner that made it impossible for Al to fight any other than a defensive battle, was stung, lashed and bashed by an assortment of hooks, uppercuts, swings and jabs that were so tantalyzing as to make Davis wonder what it was all about.

* * *

IT was a magnificent lesson in the art of self-defense, a lesson which Al Davis sorely needed to prove to him that the boxing game is not all gravy and that those who succeed, must consider their public as well as their physical condition. Class told and Davis left the ring a sadder but wiser fighter.

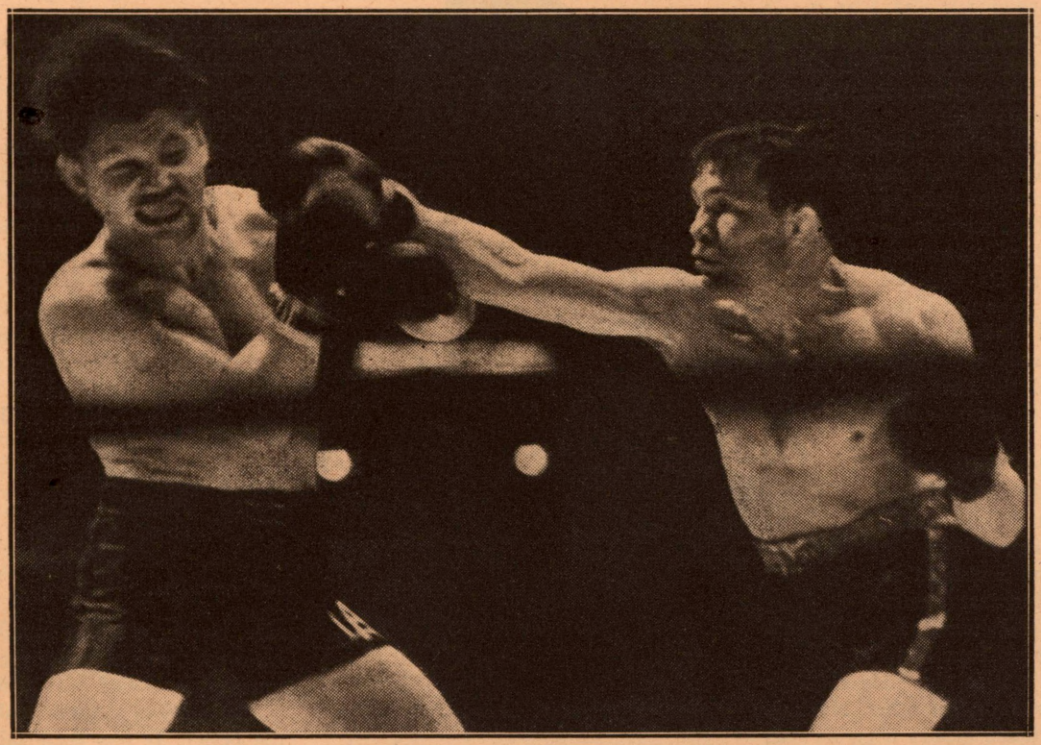
How far he can still progress, rests wholly with him. That one-sided shellacking he received from one of the classiest little fighters of recent years, should aid, not discourage him. It should show him the way to success, the sportsmanship road over which Jimmy McLarnin, Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri, Lou Ambers and others have trod with honor to themselves and the profession which made theim rich and famous.

Before a crowd of 20,586 persons who paid a gross of $66,749, Davis met his first reverse in thirty-eight starts. It was the largest gathering the Garden has held in many moons, and proved that it is not necessary to stage only championship fights or contests in which the heavyweights are billed, for a financially successful show. Pit two good boys against each other in the final, back the card up with attractive preliminaries, and the crowd will come out in droves.

You're on the right trail, Mike Jacobs.

There were two additional reasons, besides the splendid card that the Jacobs' organization arranged, for the huge turnout—the popularity of Ambers and the unpopularity of the Brownsville Slugger, whose slugging tactics landed him in court. Many came to see the clever lightweight king in action but as many also came out to see Davis licked, and the cheers that greeted Ambers when the unanimous decision was announced, were an indication of their feeling.

The Herkimer Hurricane baffled and punished Davis in a manner that he never before had experienced, and as each round carried its thrills despite the defensive tactics of the beaten gladiator, the crowd gave vent to its satisfaction with rounds of applause and cheers. It was an old-fashioned night in the Garden, the kind that is being brought back with bouts that please, and everyone went home happy except Davis and his cohorts who had gone down hook, line and sinker on their idol.



The type of battle that confused Al Davis in his fight with Lou Ambers. The lightweight king tossed so many straight lefts to Al's face, that he was bewildered. Note the baffled expression on Davis' face. One round was the same as the other after the fourth.

* * *

DAVIS was bewildered by the fury of the champion's attack. For only four rounds was he able to make a real fight of it, and then it was all Ambers. The vote of the referee and one judge was 8 to 2 in Lou's favor, while the third called one round

(Continued on page 45)

SUPER-CAUTION RULES

BASICALLY, boxing is not a game of caution. It is a science in which attack is balanced against defense, and the skilled worker must work carefully. But extreme caution is alien to the exchange of blows. That's why the situation in boxing today features certain elements that are contrary to its welfare. There is an over-production of extreme caution.

The game has become one of big money. Fighters have developed into business men. That's not so bad, because years ago, when boxers were mostly a lot of thick-heads, their managers got away with murder. But there is a limit to acumen—when it means inaction.

The boxer is cautious because he wants to keep high rating as long as he possibly can. The promoter is cautious because, too often, he has a piece of the fighter, and he does not want his double-barrelled meal ticket punched full of holes. The manager nowadays is quite often just a middle man, working for the promoter and running errands rather than making matches and attending to financial details.

There still are clever managers of fighters. I would call Al Weill one of them. Weill did a great job with Arturo Godoy. He has done grand things with other fighters, as well, and you might call him a throwback to the old school. But many of our managers have little to do beyond seeing that the fighter goes to the gymnasium, that the scrapper has his company in his quiet hours, that all goes well with the lad who has to take the punches.

* * *

THE case of Billy Conn comes to mind as one in point. Conn was matched to fight Gus Lesnevich in Miami.

As you know, Mike Jacobs is priming Conn as a challenger of Joe Louis. A couple of birdies have whispered into Mike's ears that Conn may turn out the next champion of the world. And he is very likely to be Joe's successor. Be that as it may, Jacobs knows that Conn requires every detail of protection that can be afforded to the Pittsburgh battler. Conn is not one of your heavy punchers, and he has to be kept away from the evil eye. But he is very clever, and like Jim Corbett, he may outpoint the toughest hitter in the game.

First, Jacobs insisted that a New York referee work in the Conn-Lesnevich fight. Which, by the way, was postponed and moved out of Miami. Conn developed a bad case of boils. The advance sale was good and the fight would have gone over.

Having made sure of the services of a New York referee—the best in the business, Arthur Donovan—Jacobs also demanded the right to name the judges. They were to be newspapermen. Miami squawked, but Mike was firm. He was not going to subject Conn to the vagaries of local judges, who might be untutored, and who might lose sight of the fact that Billy was being maneuvered toward Louis.

Many judges give little credit for cleverness, and Uncle Mike wanted to make sure Conn would get what was coming to him.

Now, there is no innuendo in this. I am not hinting that Jacobs was doing anything dishonest. In fact, Nat Fleischer of THE RING was to have been one of the judges, Hype Igoe, a RING contributor, the other. Nat and Hype would have taken orders from no one, and would have rendered a just decision.

Nor am I hinting that in demanding that Arthur Donovan be the referee, Mike took undue advantage. Donovan is honest, one of the best officials in the country. He calls 'em as he sees 'em.

But in demanding his own referee, in demanding the right to bring two judges from New York, Jacobs surrounded the match with suspicion—with that over-production of caution which does not rest well with the public.

* * *

MIKE is an able promoter. He has proved that. But at times he is so close to his objective that he lacks the proper perspective.

In Conn, Jacobs sees another Gene Tunney. It will be recollected that when Tunney went into heavyweight competition he was ridiculed. I don't have to remind you of the low opinion in which he was held when he faced Jack Dempsey at Philadelphia. It was felt that the former Marine could not hit hard enough.

As it turned out, Tunney became a master boxer and did not need the punch which was Dempseys at Jack's height of form. Right now, Conn does not hit hard enough to rank as a real heavyweight contender. But with proper chaperonage, the Pittsburgher may gain public esteem.

Chaperonage—but not over-caution. You can't pamper a fighter—if he IS a FIGHTER. If he is, he doesn't need pampering and artificial safeguards.

I will say this. A Louis-Conn fight does not look as silly as it did before Joe's encounter with the crouching Godoy. The Chilean is not a first-rate fighter. He cannot hit hard enough, he hasn't a sufficiently elastic style. He crouches—and then crouches some more. It so happened that Louis could not master this style and came very near losing to a second-rate heavy.

It is conceivable that Conn can develop something out of the ordinary to baffle Louis, as Godoy baffled the world title-holder. You see, it really does not take too much to present a tremendous problem to the champion. Stand up and fight with Joe, and he will send you to the hospital. But make him think—give him something that is not run-of-the-mine—and he will knit those brows, begin to worry—and look bad.

* * *

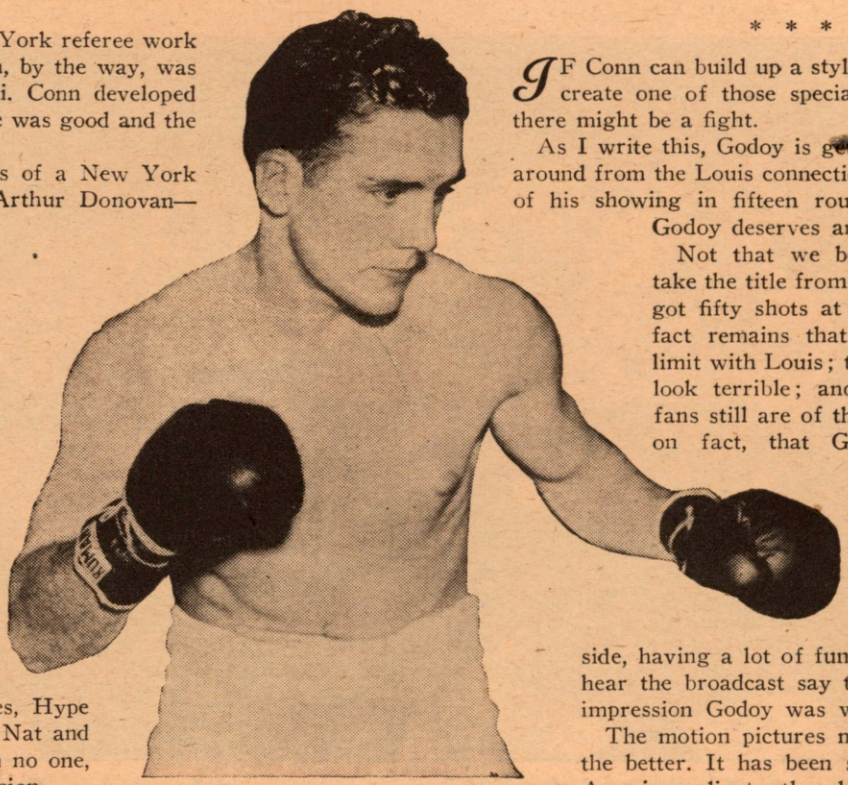
IF Conn can build up a style of boxing that will create one of those special problems for Joe, there might be a fight.

As I write this, Godoy is getting the merry run-around from the Louis connections. On the strength of his showing in fifteen rounds in the Garden, Godoy deserves another chance.

Not that we believe Arturo could take the title from Louis if the Chilean got fifty shots at the Negro. But the fact remains that Godoy did go the limit with Louis; that he did make Joe look terrible; and that thousands of fans still are of the opinion, not based on fact, that Godoy actually beat Louis.

The radio story of the fight had a lot to do with this impression. I did not listen in. I was at the ringside, having a lot of fun. But those who did hear the broadcast say they were under the impression Godoy was winning all the way.

The motion pictures make Godoy look all the better. It has been said that for South American clients, they had been doctored to make Arturo look the winner. The fact is, they did not have to be doctored. As we saw



Billy Conn, who is being groomed by Mike Jacobs as successor to Joe Louis.

AMERICAN FISTICUFFS

Well-Known Runaround Once Again Featured in Boxing As Fine Matches Go By the Board

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

the film the day after the fight, it gave Godoy plenty of credit. More than he deserved.

While one of the judges gave the fight to Godoy, the Chilean was whipped three to one. How any official so highly respected by the New York Commission as to get the job in a world championship encounter could have given that fight to Godoy is a mystery to me. It might be a good idea for the Commission to go over its roster of judges and subject them to some sort of examination on the rules.

* * *

YEARS ago Godoy would have been disqualified on two counts—butting, and going down without having been struck. His touching the ring floor with his gloves in that comic crouch would have been a foul.

Incidentally, Godoy pulled a serious boner when he went into the comic relief in the last three rounds. Until then he was regarded by thousands of the onlookers as a serious bidder for the title.

In any event, Godoy made things tough for Louis, and now his reward is the good old runaround, which traces to over-caution. The Louis connections, Roxborough and Black, have an opulent meal ticket in Joe. They are not going to make a single move which would jeopardize that meal ticket.

With this over-caution, they are not assisting in making Louis a popular champion. Joe never has been what you might call the darling of the gallery and the favorite of the fans. Joe sleeps too much. He listens too much to phonograph records. He hibernates between fights.

Very likely that is the best policy for the Louis bankroll. Perhaps his connections do not want a popular title-holder. They seem to be doing well enough as things stand. However, there is no controverting the fact that Louis is not popular. It may not be long before the neutral situation turns to something different, and Joe becomes an unpopular champion. The runaround on Godoy is not going to do Louis any good.

Just as Godoy never could take the title from Louis, so could Louis never look good against the type of fighter Godoy is. Ergo—the runaround, so well developed, so famous as a factor in ring affairs.

* * *

NOW, don't get me as charging that over-caution and the runaround are recent developments. They have been factors in fighting ever since fighting became organized in England some two hundred years ago. Some of our greatest battlers have been guilty of giving certain rough hombres the runaround.

Even John L. Sullivan was not above taking advantage of over-caution. John established what he called the color line. He refused to meet Peter Jackson, who was a master boxer, and who might have beaten the Boston Strong Boy. Because Sullivan declined the issue with the Australian Negro, John L.'s claim to the world championship was founded on a fallacy.

Jim Corbett, who followed Sullivan as champion, did not dodge Jackson, but that was before Gentleman Jim became the king. As you know, Corbett and Jackson fought that sixty-one-round draw. Corbett dodged nobody. Neither did Bob Fitzsimmons.

Jim Jeffries, who followed Ruby Robert, later on was accused of dodging Jack Johnson, but eventually they met, when Jeff was a shell and had no business in the ring. Jeff also would have none of Langford, Jeannette or Jim Johnson.

Jess Willard, who came after Johnson, did not do any dodging. He ran smack into Jack Dempsey.

Dempsey, great as he was, never did fight Harry Wills, the Negro. Just how Wills would have fared with Dempsey always will be a moot question. When Harry was at his peak he was a great boxer.

Left to his own devices, Dempsey doubtless would have met Wills. But Tex Rickard, who ran things for Jack, held that the public would not pay big prices to see Dempsey fight a Negro. Rickard was a cautious hombre, too. He had a horror for repetition of the situations which had developed with Jack Johnson's achievement of the championship.

And there was another factor. Rickard believed that there was no real money in another Negro heavyweight champion of the world.

So you see, this matter of super-caution and the royal runaround trace back to the Pharaohs. But they are poison, just the same.

* * *

MOVING from the past back into the present, we discover disturbing elements in the Garcia-Hostak situation. Here is a natural match. Garcia is recognized as the champion in New York; Hostak is the middleweight leader in other places. The obvious thing is a match. But—no such thing seems to be on the tapis.

Not so long ago Promoter Druxman of Seattle said he had got permission from Mike Jacobs to use Garcia against Hostak in the Northwest metropolis. Along came Jacobs with a hot denial. The fighters would like to meet, but they are just the pawns in the hands of two rival promoters.

Druxman has made a good thing of Hostak in Seattle. Hostak is the only card in the Northwest country. It would be financially ruinous for Druxman to let Hostak get away from him.

Garcia looks like a good thing for Jacobs. So there you are, with boxing pronouncing a Hostak-Garcia fight as the No. 1 match on the 1940 card—and neither promoter willing to let go. Even in the midst of this super-caution there are elements which the public insists must be considered. Before long, Hostak and Garcia will have to meet. Because the public will not pay to see them fight others.

The factor of super-caution has been present in the camps of Tony Galento and Bob Pastor. Galento was knocked out in four rounds by Louis last summer, but Tony had the champion on the floor. Later on, Pastor carried Louis into the twelfth round. It would seem that a Galento-Pastor fight would solve part of the problem of finding an outdoor match for Louis—that is, with Godoy getting the runaround.

But Galento's connections want none of Pastor, and the Pastor camp wants none of Galento.

Two-Ton, whose left eye looks none too good, has taken on a Max Baer match in New Jersey. Apparently this is to be Max's swan song. In any event, the build-up on Galento once again is in full swing.

The job they did with Galento before the Louis fight was one of the all-time masterpieces of the fight game. The job with Georges Carpentier before the Dempsey Battle of the Century was a marvel, too. But that was aided by post-war enthusiasm for the Frenchman, and the fact that he came from abroad and could be hidden away by Jack Curley. When the fight writers wanted to see the 168-pound Frenchman, Jack insisted he was developing a new punch. Carpentier was much too small for Dempsey.

Well, that's water over the dam, and now we have new situations confronting us. New demonstrations of that super-caution, that extreme solicitude for the meal-ticket which so often passes for rare promotional acumen.

Boxing thrives not on caution but on action. The chance before the promoters is tremendous. The American public is spending millions and millions for fun. Given a good attraction, it will turn out strong in any feature of recreation. The fight promoters do not seem to have appreciated that to the full.

Hank Proves His Mettle

By EDDIE BORDEN

CALIFORNIA staged its private middleweight championship match between Ceferino Garcia and Henry Armstrong at the Gilmore Stadium under the auspices of the Hollywood Legion Stadium. After ten slashing rounds, Referee George Blake declared that in his opinion the fight was a dead heat. Garcia scaled 153½ against 142 for Armstrong. I was privileged to attend the show as THE RING'S representative and I gave the fight to Armstrong. My card showed four for Hank, two for Garcia and four even. The Pacific Coast scribes and the news services covering the fight were unanimously in accord that Armstrong was clearly entitled to the award. He was credited with from six to eight rounds, but Blake penalized Armstrong two rounds for rough tactics, such as the illegal use of arms and elbows. He declared that in his opinion the fight was too close to take the title away from the champion—at least that portion that Garcia owns.

It was an expensive venture for both principals so far as physical damage was concerned. Garcia suffered a lacerated left eye in the first round which caused him considerable inconvenience. Armstrong's left hooks and inside jolts battered the optic and it bled freely. Round after round Garcia returned to his corner covered with blood but came out for the following round full of fight. A few more wallops and the injury was re-opened and claret flowed freely. The wound annoyed Garcia round after round until the conclusion of the fray.

The boil on Garcia's leg that forced him to postpone the meeting for eight days, gave him additional annoyance. He was unable to move around with his customary agility. Frequently he had to conserve his strength by resting on the ropes. This gave Armstrong the upper hand because the greatest damage was executed at that time. Armstrong backed the Filipino against the ropes from round to round and battered away unceasingly with two busy hands.

* * *

GARCIA started off impressively against the slow-starting Shuffling Hank. In the first round he nailed Henry with a right-hand uppercut as Henry was forcing his way to the attack and almost dropped him with that one blow. It almost knocked Armstrong's head from his shoulders and he wavered momentarily. Although Hank was stunned and shaken, when he recovered, he did not sway from his original plan of battle. He shuffled in, weaving and bobbing, and landed telling blows. Hank kept his chin covered by raising his left shoulder against a possible right-hand attack and thus avoided many punches directed to the jaw.

The fight, as it went, was the same in almost every session. Garcia started off with a rush, and for the first thirty seconds cut loose with his heavy artillery. He nailed Armstrong repeatedly with left hooks and right hands to face and body.

Armstrong took his best punches but kept wading in, forcing his heavier opponent backwards until he backed him against the ropes, and then he continued his methodical, busy and annoying attack. There were times when it seemed that Henry was hitting with his arms, head, shoulders and elbows. He was so wrapped in his task, that he overlooked the mere formality of complying with the official rules of boxing. He seemed intent on annihilating his opponent. He gave no quarter and asked for none.

As the rounds progressed, Armstrong's defense became more confused for Garcia to solve. It appeared to Garcia as if he were facing an avalanche of flying fists which were coming from all directions. It became an acute problem of fighting back or jumping out of the ring and Garcia accepted the prerogative of meeting him blow for blow. Ceferino found it almost impossible to nail Armstrong solidly with effective blows. His other alternative was to punch and keep punching, and that's what he did.

Garcia became frantic with desperation as the bout progressed. He nailed Armstrong as Henry came plunging in and the hard-hitting Filipino hit Henry on the arm, forearm and kidney. There was plenty of power released behind those blows but that failed to curb the aggressive and fighting tenacity of the Mighty Demon. The spectacle of a little man chasing and forcing the attack and outpunching his heavier and bigger opponent was lost on the audience. It was a pro-Garcia house and they applauded his every moment but Armstrong's better points were ignored.

Considering the various elements attached to the encounter, it is difficult to withhold the credit that is coming to Henry. Spotting a dangerous, hard hitting opponent all that weight, forcing the fight like a valiant little warrior that he is, Armstrong emerged the hero from the conflict.

Armstrong's right eye was practically closed in the sixth round. He was badly cut about the mouth and his left arm was so swollen that he found it difficult to do any jabbing or hooking at long range. He was forced to confine his activity at close quarters because of that handicap.

If there was any question about Armstrong's ring greatness, it was dispelled in the Garcia contest. He was outclassed in all departments with the exception of courage and fighting instinct and the importance of those requisites were never more illustrated. Because of the pounding on his arms, Armstrong suffered severe arm bruises which later showed that a hemorrhage had developed. He never uttered a word of complaint and took his medicine like a man.

It would be useless to stage any more meetings between Garcia and Armstrong. Every time they meet, it is a gruelling test of physical stamina and courage and the toll extracted from these engagements is not worth it. Armstrong can still make the lightweight limit and it is foolish to test his ability against opponents who outweigh him from twelve to fifteen pounds.

* * *

IT is difficult to imagine how Eddie Brietz of the Associated Press and Henry McLemore of the United Press shared the same opinion that the fight would end in a draw. It was a tough battle. The affair could have been stopped on several occasions because of eye injuries suffered by either principal, had Referee George Blake desired to do so. Blake is an official who enjoys an impeachable reputation and since he called the bout an even affair, you can rest assured that that was his honest opinion.

The morning of the fight there was $49,000 registered as advance receipts and the fact that the fight grossed only $65,953.45 showed that less than $17,000 was brought in at the gate the day of the fight. The advance sale usually indicates fifty percent of the entire house. The $2 and $3 seats showed a decided decline but the ringside seats, which were scaled for $11.50, were completely sold.

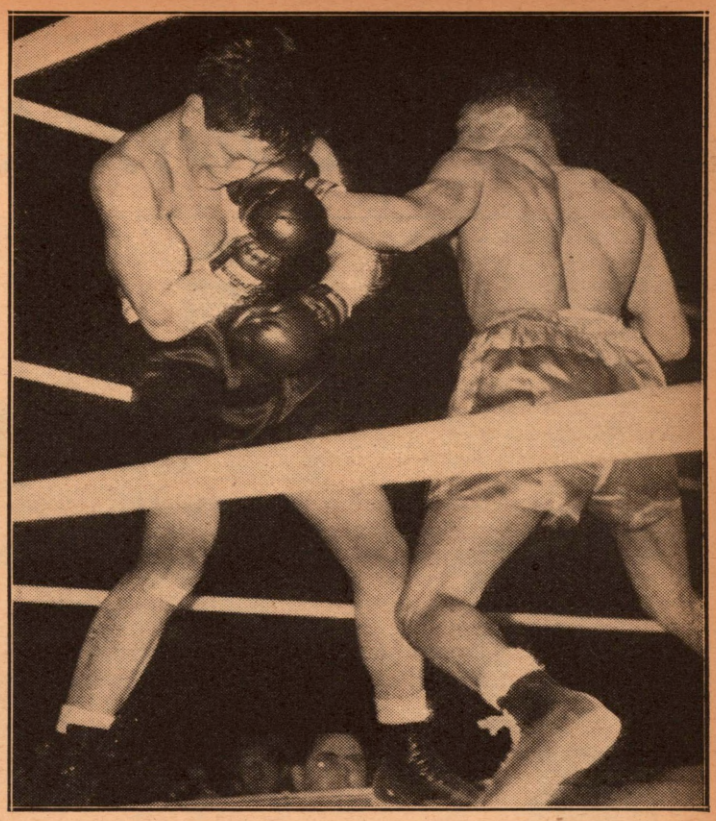
The film stars and those associated with the moving picture industry can usually be depended upon to support an extravaganza of this type but most of them all wanted front ringsides and it was difficult to accommodate the requests. Consequently those who wanted to be seen in the front rows and were unable to secure tickets, stayed away altogether rather than sit in the rear rows.

* * *

PICKED up while in California—Bill Miller did an excellent job in handling the publicity for the show. He is a genius in his field of work. He was ably assisted by the rotund and good-natured Gene Vinassa, who had Goldie for his chief aide—Al Weill, who came to the Coast to handle some moving picture work for Arturo Godoy, received plenty of publicity upon his arrival and was questioned as to a possible Ambers-Armstrong lightweight title match—Billy McCarney is handling Godoy on his exhibition tour in California while he waits for Joe Louis to make up his mind about a return match—Harry (Champ) Segal, who used to manage Charley Phil Rosenberg and K.O. Phil Kaplan in New York, is now a confirmed Hollywoodite. He runs the Grand Prix Barber Shop.

Gruelling Bout Ends in Draw

Ceferino Garcia, face battered, one eye closed, points to the boils that handicapped him in his bruising battle with Henry Armstrong that brought a draw verdict.

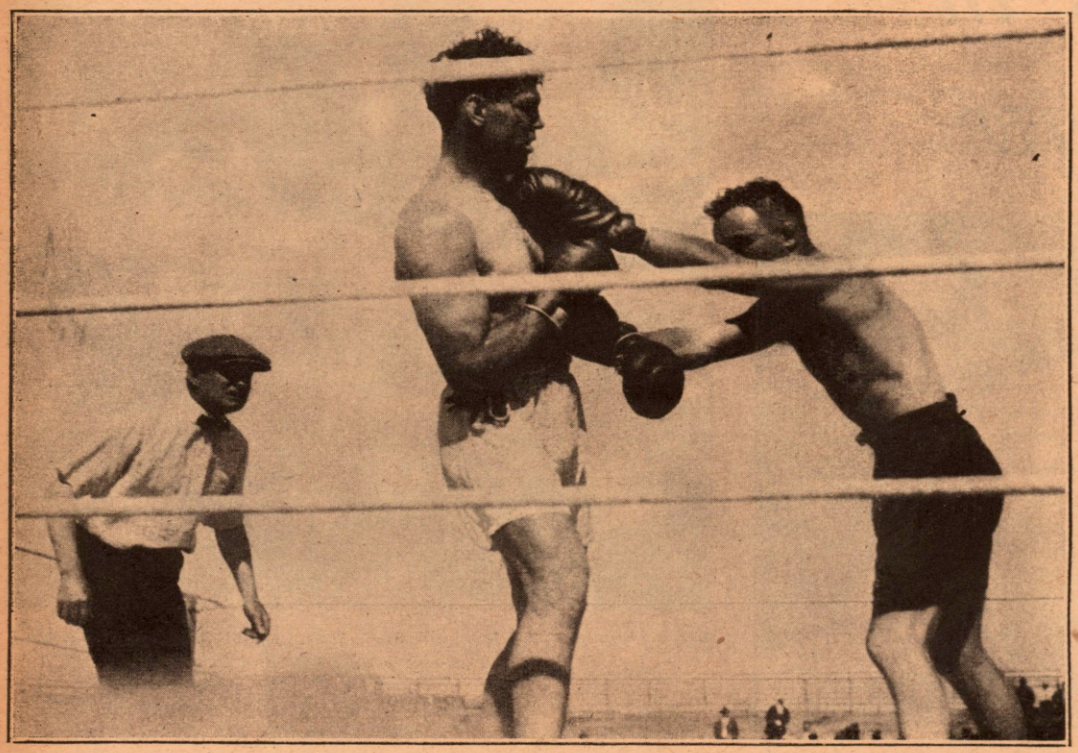


One of the many left-hand clouts that landed flush on Ceferino's eye and eventually closed it.

Garcia leaning over Armstrong after crashing his right to Hank's mouth. Note the closed eye of the welterweight king.

This is a scene in the fifth round when Armstrong was penalized for low hitting and butting. Note Henry butting Ceferino.

There Comes One Night



Even the great Jack Dempsey had his off days. In both the Gibbons and Brennan fights he looked like anything but the "killer." Here is a scene in the Gibbons-Dempsey fight in which Tom, a clever fighter but weak puncher, went the limit.

RING patrons have grown so used to seeing heavyweight champion Joe Louis dispose of opponents via the knock-out route, that many of them seem to feel as though they were cheated if he merely takes a decision, instead of stopping the other fellow. It was that way when Bob Pastor managed to stick ten rounds with him in their first encounter. Right off the reel sports writers and Mr. John Public began querying if Joe was as formidable as they had listed him.

And when Arturo Godoy gave the champ a hard, gruelling argument recently, with Louis getting the verdict after fifteen rounds, there was much conjecture by newspaper columnists and fans as to whether or not the Brown Bomber was slipping. The truth of the matter probably is that Joe is just as good as ever, but the doubters failed to give Godoy credit for being a much tougher hombre than anyone figured him.

It's an old story, this lamentation over the supposed retrogression of a champ just because he didn't look as impressive in winning as he might have been. True, there have been cases where the gloom-prophets have not erred in their conclusions. But, on the other hand, there have been many more instances where the prognostications of woe have fallen flatter than the proverbial pancake.

The year after Jack Dempsey won the heavyweight title from Willard in that fistic hurricane fray at Toledo, he experienced mighty rough going over a hard trail before he finally brought Bill Brennan of Chicago down for a full count in twelve rounds. Up to the tenth frame Brennan gave as good as he received. Bill could "take it," and at times kidded Jack into fury by ridiculing the power of the latter's famed left hook.

That same left hook put Brennan out of the running at last. But the victory had many of Jack's devoted admirers shaking their heads and wondering if their favorite had started downhill. He hadn't won the way they expected he would, and they recalled dismally that in 1918 Dempsey stowed away Brennan in six frames.

They made no allowance for the fact that Brennan, a cagy, ring-wise veteran, "had a line" on Jack in their second encounter, knew just what to expect, and profited by his knowledge. Moreover, Bill was no mean boxer, carried a heavy wallop, and was no cinch.

* * *

AGAIN, in 1923, when Dempsey defeated Tommy Gibbons on points at Shelby, Montana, in fifteen rounds, but didn't stop the St. Paul man, there was widespread speculation as to whether the champ had lost his punching power. Of course, the explanation was that Gibbons, as clever a chap as ever wore a glove, stuck to defensive tactics most of the time, and wasn't fool enough to mix matters with his aggressive adversary.

The gloomsters who fancied Jack's punching effectiveness was fading, were speedily undeceived. For a couple of months later, he kayoed Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, in a two-round battle that remains a classic of slugging and cyclonic action!

Godoy's unorthodox boxing methods, including an extraordinary crouching stance that outdone any crouch ever seen between the ropes, puzzled Louis a whole lot. That, combined with Arturo's iron endurance, made him a most difficult proposition to handle. Louis has been criticized for not devising some way of offsetting Godoy's rough, "pin-him-on-the-ropes" style of milling. But he isn't the first star boxer made to look bad by a mauling, persistent opponent.

* * *

JIM CORBETT occupies a niche in fistic history as one of the finest boxers and astute ring generals of the heavyweight brigade. Yet when he was champion and at the peak of his form, he ran into a snag in the person of Tom Sharkey in a four-round bout at San Francisco, June 24, 1896.

Sharkey was then known as a strong, husky young fellow with lots of endurance, a hard puncher, but curiously clumsy in his ring tactics. At that stage of his career his only notion of fighting was to rush in and maul away regardless. Sometimes he almost squatted on his haunches as he ducked to avoid a blow and rolled about like one of the navy cruisers he had served in, tossed by a heavy sea. A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than this short, squarely-built jumping-jack and the tall stately proportions of "Gentleman" Jim.

The crowd laughed at Sharkey's odd antics, and so did Corbett. But the first round hardly finished before Jim found he had little to laugh at. Sharkey never left off rushing, and repeatedly pinned Corbett on the ropes.

* * *

UNLIKE GODOY, however, Tom made no bones about fouling. He caught Corbett round the waist, wrestled with him, and repeatedly hurled the champ across the ring. He was as strong as an ox and all Corbett's fine science couldn't save him from the roughest manhandling he had ever experienced. Nowadays a referee would have disqualified the sailor-lad for his rough-and-tumble scrapping. But they weren't so particular then and Sharkey was cheered plenty.

When Champ Is Chump

Joe Louis's Experience Against Godoy Reminds Ring Veterans That There Is a Bad Fight in Every Star's System

By
GEORGE T. PARDY

The spectators were getting a great thrill out of seeing the world's heavyweight king being hustled around ad lib. If Corbett hadn't been as slippery as an eel and as fast on his feet as a mountain-goat, he would assuredly have suffered the ignominy of a kayo at the hands of this reckless, go-as-you-please slugger.

Most of Sharkey's punches went wild, few landed cleanly. But his headlong rushes and scrambling assaults pleased the onlookers, and he got a tremendous hand at the close of the fourth round, when the referee announced a draw. The decision wasn't quite fair to Corbett, but the latter was certainly exhausted almost to the limit of his endurance when the final bell clanged.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was in his golden prime as heavyweight champ when he failed to stop "Tug" Wilson, an English heavyweight, at New York in 1882. John had agreed to put Wilson away inside of four frames. But the Briton fooled the greatest puncher of the day by perpetually hugging, clinching, wrestling and slipping to the floor when the going got too hot.

Such tactics were manifestly unfair, but the fact remains that Tug stuck the limit and Sullivan couldn't fulfil his contract.

There was a heavyweight fighter in the early nineties, hailing from Philadelphia, named Mike Boden. He was an ex-wrestler, built like a bull, possessing no more science than that animal, but considered as a trial-horse he was surely one tough bird. Many of the best heavyweights had tried to put him away, but Boden by dint of his great strength and ability to stand punishment usually worried all the pep out of his opponents and "savaged" them to a standstill.

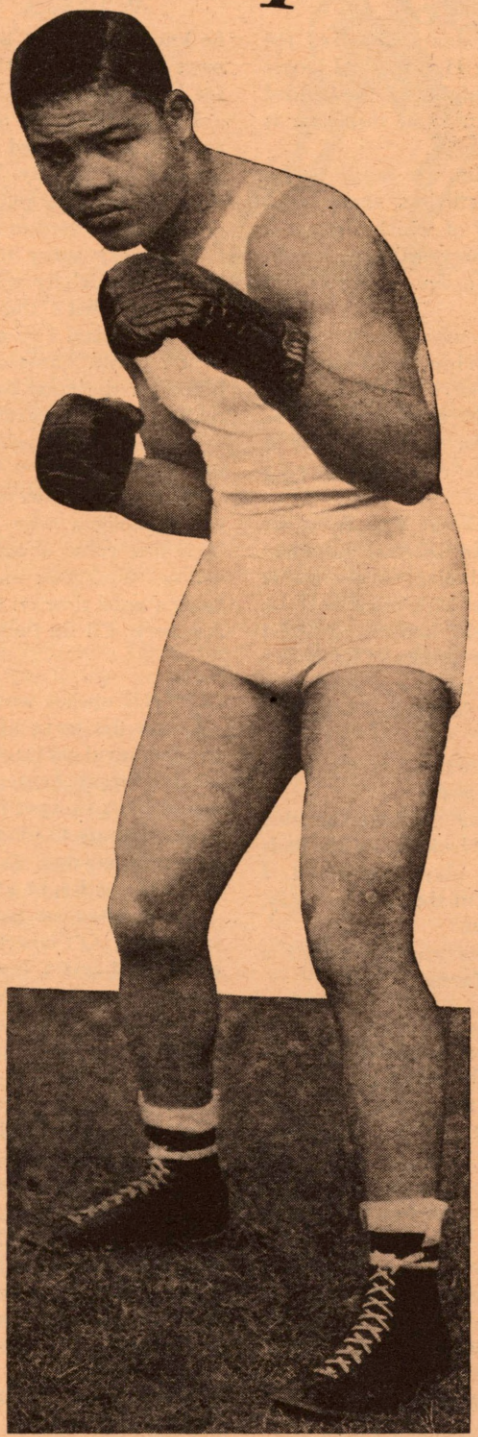
Jem Hall, the Australian, who kayoed Fitzsimmons in the antipodes, but was kayoed in turn by freckled Bob when they met in this country, fought Boden in Chicago. Jem was then at his best, this was in 1892, and had not yet suffered defeat by Fitz.

Hall was very fast, a beautiful boxer, and could hit with the best of them. But, like Corbett against Tom Sharkey, he couldn't "get set" when Boden assaulted him as clumsily as a longshoreman on a Saturday night scrapping bat.

* * *

THE Godoy trick of staying in close and keeping his head under an opponent's chin was a pet Boden maneuver. But Mike added the refinement of butting his man's chin with a skull as hard as granite, thereby drawing a gentle reproof from the referee, who should have had the brute thrown out of the ring.

Twice Boden butted Hall. Jem lost his head and started to slug with the Philly mauler, about the worst thing he could have done against a man outweighing him nearly forty pounds. But the Australian got home an uppercut to the jaw that floored Boden. Mike was up quickly, ran in, grabbed Jem around the waist, and as they floundered to and fro, deliberately sunk his teeth in Hall's right shoulder.



Joe Louis, the fighter from whom more is expected than from any heavyweight king in the history of pugilism.

This was too much even for those free-and-easy days of ring combat, and the referee pulled the men apart and disqualified Boden.

A few months later Boden tackled Joe Choynski in the same ring. Boden was a southpaw. There were very few of that type in the business then, and this boxing pose had confused a good many men who fought Mike. Choynski had a theory that good results could be had by fighting a southpaw in the latter's own way. So when Joe faced the big fellow the former stood with his right extended and his left arm across his body as guard.

It worked okay. Mike couldn't gauge Joe's strategy at all. Choynski peppered him with blinding jabs, and when Boden tried to rough-house the Californian the latter paid him back in his own coin. If Mike fouled, Joe fouled right back and added a few extra touches of hurtful elbow and heeling stunts that didn't do Mr. Boden the least bit of good. It was a regular monkey and parrot session, but nobody kicked about that, least of all the third man in the ring. Everybody was tickled to see big Mike getting a dose of his own medicine.

The fourth round saw Boden badly cut up and groggy. Once Boden gripped Choynski around the waist and clung to him like an octopus. Mike was hanging on and refusing to break. Choynski very calmly placed his left elbow on Mike's throat and brought his right glove down with a slam on the left mitt. Boden uttered a half-strangled yell, released his hold and flopped to the canvas. Joe was given the decision and a cheer that made the walls shake.

* * *

THE Jim Jeffries crouch, which was taught to the big fellow by Tommy Ryan, was a very slight bend-over compared with the acrobatic attitude of Godoy. But it served to bother Fitzsimmons a lot when Jeff whipped him for the heavyweight title. Bob couldn't solve that crouch defense satisfactorily, either then, or when he lost to Jeffries a second time. *(Continued on page 41)*

BELT *for a* BELT

I'VE managed, trained and handled Johnny Dundee, Joe Lynch, Al Palzer, Kid Alberts, Tommy Houck, Paul Doyle and many other more or less famous knights of the padded fist, but the one who my thoughts turn to at this time is Robert O'Flaherty.

Most of you boxing fans never heard of him. He never was a champion, never even a money winner. Nevertheless, there is an interesting tale hanging to him, in the telling of which I'll get a good laugh—I never can think of Bob O'Flaherty without laughing—and perhaps the boxing fans will ease a few chuckles out of their systems as well.

Bob O'Flaherty poked his smiling Celtic countenance over the pugilistic horizon in the midst of the White Hope epidemic that swept the country following the defeat of Jeffries at the hands of Jack Johnson. The whole sporting world at the time was talking nothing, thinking nothing except the developing of a heavyweight who would regain for the white race its lost ring laurels.

At that time I was a member of the New West Side A. C. of New York City, that famous little nursery of boxers, wrestlers and athletes of all descriptions. Most of the boxers in my stable trained there. The clubhouse, with its dinky little cinder track and athletic field, nestled among the tenement houses on West Fifty-first Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. The week's wash always was flaunting in our faces. There was always a gallery of buxom dames leaning from the windows watching the ath-a-let-tics.

One day a big stalwart young Irishman met me at the clubhouse door and bashfully introduced himself with:

"Me name is Robert O'Flaherty, an' I live forninst the club here, just a hop sthep and a lepp down the block. I see the lads jumpin', runnin', throwin' the weights and playin' handball. I used to be a bit of a handball player meself in the ould country, an' I would loike to jine your or-r-rganization."

"I'm glad to have you," I said. "The dues are one dollar a month. Step inside and meet the secretary, Martin Wherle."

* * *

WELL, the big, good-natured Celt became popular from the start. Despite his huge bulk and weight he was a good handball player and could toss the weights with the best of 'em, too. He always was smiling, laughing and joking, and kept the gang in good spirits.

One afternoon, Tommy Houck, who was training for a fight that week, couldn't find anyone at the club to box with him. Strolling out on the field Tommy espied big O'Flaherty and asked him to don the gloves and give him a workout.

"Sure, I never had the gloves on in me loife," responded O'Flaherty. "Oi'll get kilt!"

"Aw, gwan!" responded Tommy. "I'm only a featherweight and I couldn't hurt you if I tried. And I won't try, anyway."

"Bedad, Oi'll give yez a go if you promise you won't hurt me," consented big O'Flaherty.

We had trouble getting a pair of gloves on the big fellow, his hands were so huge, but we finally did so. He stuck his big paws out in front of him and waved his arms like a windmill. They hadn't been boxing a minute when Tommy ran into O'Flaherty's boulder of a fist. Big Bob didn't even hit him, just gave him a "gentle little" cuff, but the sheer weight of the big fellow's boulderlike fist knocked Tommy for a goal.

I had been digging up entries for a White Hope tournament Jack McGuigan was holding on Labor Day at the National A. C. of Philadelphia. Jack promised me twenty-five dollars expense money for every entry and guaranteed me remunerative bouts at the club for any one of the newcomers who might make good.

When I saw big O'Flaherty knock out Tommy Houck, I stepped right up with an entry blank and made Bob sign the papers to box in the tournament in Philadelphia. I had him signed before he knew just what he was doing, and he gave me his promise to meet me at the club on Sunday morning ready to take the train for Philadelphia.

I had signed half a dozen other longshoremen and coal heavers as well, and exacted the same promise from them to meet me at the club on Sunday. When the time came Robert O'Flaherty was the only one who put in appearance.

He was dressed in his Sunday best and surprised me by saying:

"I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Monteith, but I can't go to Philadelphy with ye."

"Why, what's the matter?" I exclaimed. "You promised me you would and I've arranged for tickets and everything."

"Oi know," answered O'Flaherty, "but when I tuk me duds home for the good woman to wash nice and clane so that I would make a good appearance in Philadelphy, she would have none of it.

"'Divil a foot ye'll go, an' that's a short mile, Robert O'Flaherty,' she sez."

"Well," I answered, "you'll have to go to Philadelphia and tell McGuigan why you can't fight because he's advertised you. You just come down to Philadelphia with me and see the other fellows box. You may learn something. Here's fifteen dollars to have a good time on and you'll be back on Tuesday morning ready for work. I'll fix things up for you with Mrs. O'Flaherty."

* * *

THE upshot was, after a deal of argument, I got O'Flaherty on the train headed for Philadelphia. All the way down I painted lurid pictures of the fortune to be made in the ring and what a great fighter O'Flaherty was and what easy marks he would have to meet in the Philadelphia tournament.

One minute O'Flaherty would agree to box and the next minute he would change his mind and declare:

"Oi'll not foight at—all—at—all. Shure Oi'll get kilt!"

Well, when we got to Philadelphia, Sunday night, I succeeded in getting O'Flaherty in fairly good spirits with the help of a good meal and a few schooners of his favorite ale and lager. By threats, promises, coaxing and all kinds of arguments I got him to a clubhouse the next day.

The boxers drew for the pairings, and I was fortunate enough to draw the bye for O'Flaherty.

"See, Bob, how easy it is!" I coaxed. "You've won the first bout without even drawing on a glove. Come and see the other fellows box and see how easy they will be for you."

Bob sat at the ringside with me, and as bout after bout went on he would declare: "Bedad I kin lick that felly with wan hand tied behind me back!" or, "Shure, a wan legged gamekeeper could bate the life out of that gossoon!"

He didn't show any sign of fear or trepidation until one great big red headed fellow from Pittsburgh put in appearance. After seeing the Pittsburgh giant knock his opponent kicking, O'Flaherty exclaimed:

"Shure that Pittsburgh mon isn't a mon at all! He's a divil! Scotty, I'll not get in the ring wit' him! Oi'm goin' back to Noo York!"

By talking my head off I finally got O'Flaherty back in the dressing room, where the second drawings were being made. As luck would have it, I again drew a bye for O'Flaherty.

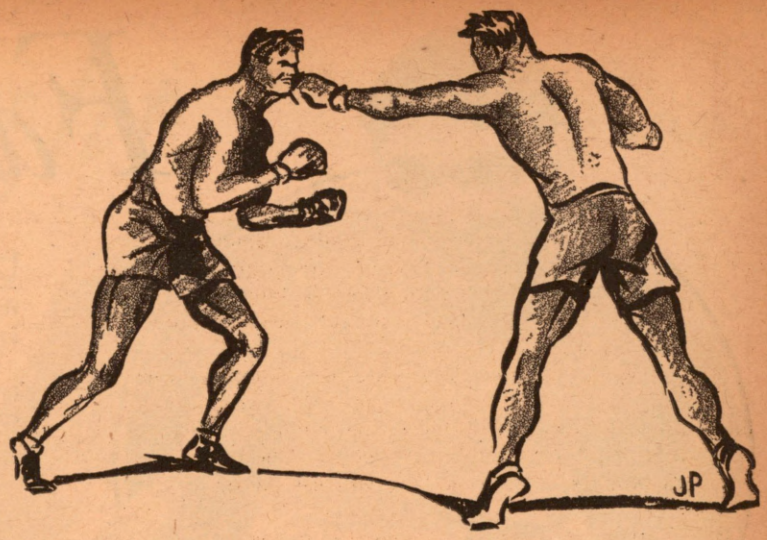
"See, Bob," I coaxed. "You have won another fight without lifting a hand! You're in the semi-finals now, and you'll only have two fellows to lick and win the championship and belt."

"Shure the Ould Bye must be wit' yez, Scotty!" exclaimed O'Flaherty. "There's something screwy about this drawin'! Bedad the divil himself must be preparin' me wake!"

I finally got O'Flaherty into his togs and into the ring, despite his pleas and protests. I induced Johnny Loftus to help me handle O'Flaherty, telling Johnny I had a balky horse and needed assistance.

While O'Flaherty was seated in his chair waiting for his

Scotty Monteith, Harking Back to the Days of the "White Hope" Craze, Tells of the Greatest Laugh He Got in His Ring Career



By SCOTTY MONTEITH

opponent to put in appearance Johnny and I talked our heads off to keep Bob's mind off things. Just when we had him quieted down his opponent put in appearance. It was the big red headed giant from Pittsburgh.

O'Flaherty suddenly stiffened in his chair and gasped:—

"Scotty! Look! Look! It's that divil from Pittsburgh! Oil'll get kilt! Oi'll get kilt!"

O'Flaherty tried to crawl through the ropes on Loftus' side:—

"Get back there!" commanded Johnny. "I'll break this water bottle over your thick head!"

Then O'Flaherty tried my side of the corner.

"Bob," I coaxed, "most of the spectators here are Irish, the same as yourself. If you quit and run out they'll tear you limb from limb!"

"Ochone! Ochone!" wailed O'Flaherty. "Sorra the day Oi ever see the loikes of you, Scotty Monteith! Bad cess to ye! But bedad Oi'll go to me grave loike a man! Oi'll die foightin'!"

"That's the stuff, Bob! That's the true Irish stuff!" we encouraged, and then proceeded to instruct O'Flaherty just what to do. I had noticed that the Pittsburgh fellow had a habit at the handshake of turning around before letting go a blow. So I told Bob that the minute the Pittsburgh fellow let go his hand on the shake to haul off and wallop him on the jaw.

Bob followed instructions to a "t." When the Pittsburgh fellow started to turn after the handshake, Bob nailed him with a right hand swing that was so powerful it dropped him like a log.

He got up at nine somehow or other, but although we yelled for Bob to go in and finish him, O'Flaherty was too scared to take a chance. They just fiddled through the round.

The both of them were so scared of one another that they only threatened and made faces and weird passes at each other in the next two rounds. At the end the judges ordered an extra round. There was no more doing in that round than the one preceding. The judges ordered another extra round. I protested, saying it was contrary to the rules and that a decision must be rendered, adding they mustn't forget my man had scored a knockdown.

My objection was recognized and the judges declared O'Flaherty the winner amid exulting yells from the Celtic portion of the audience.

On the way to the dressing room, Dr. O'Connor, a veteran Philadelphia fight fan, grasped O'Flaherty's hand and told him it was a proud day for Ould Ireland. He told Bob to stick at it and he would whip the world.

* * *

DESPITE the exultation of the moment the first thing that O'Flaherty remarked when he got back to the dressing room was:—

"Scotty, this is a tur-r-rible way for a mon to earn his livin'."

Jack McGuigan was so pleased with the reception given O'Flaherty that he handed me a fifty-dollar bill and told me to give Bob a good time and have him to the clubhouse for the finals the next evening without fail.

I walked O'Flaherty all around Philadelphia the next day trying to calm him down and ease his mind for the night's doings. Despite the fact he scarcely had been hit in his first bout Bob was scared out of his life to enter the ring again.

He balked completely in the dressing room and, pushing me aside, grabbed his trousers and started putting them on, saying he was going back to New York. In my dilemma I rushed to the office and begged of Jack McGuigan for the loan of the championship belt for a few minutes.

Rushing back to the dressing room with it I flashed it on Bob, saying that I had fixed everything up and that the club had presented him with the belt, win or lose, and that all that was needed was for him to get in the ring.

"What a handsome belt!" exclaimed O'Flaherty. "What a wonder-r-ful belt! Shure, it must be wor-r-rth a for-r-tune! Begorrah, an' won't the missus open her eyes when I walk in wit' it! Give the kid a quarter to moind it for me until after the shindy."

I told O'Flaherty the belt was too valuable to trust to anyone to mind, and that I would put it in the club's safe until after the show.

* * *

IN the meantime, I had moseyed into the other dressing rooms and taken a look at the man O'Flaherty was to meet in the final bout. He was a sailor from U. S. Steamship Hancock, which at that time was lying in the League Island Navy Yard.

He had broken his hand so badly in a former bout that they put it in a plaster cast and had to cut the glove to get the glove on.

I nonchalantly remarked that the fellow O'Flaherty had hit in the semi-final bout had been taken to the Hanneman Hospital with a broken jaw.

After I left their dressing room I put my ear to the door and heard his handlers cautioning the sailor, whatever he did to remember to keep away from O'Flaherty's terrible right.

That made things pretty soft for us. The Sailor's right hand, his only good one, was so damaged that he couldn't use it, and he himself was scared to death of O'Flaherty's "terrible right."

Although Bob claimed that his back "hurted him" so that he couldn't climb the steps of the ring and that he was seized with a dozen other fancied ailments, we finally got him into the ring for the final bout with the Sailor.

I couldn't tell Bob to feint, for he didn't know what a feint was. The best I could do was to tell him whenever the Sailor threatened him to wave his right at him.

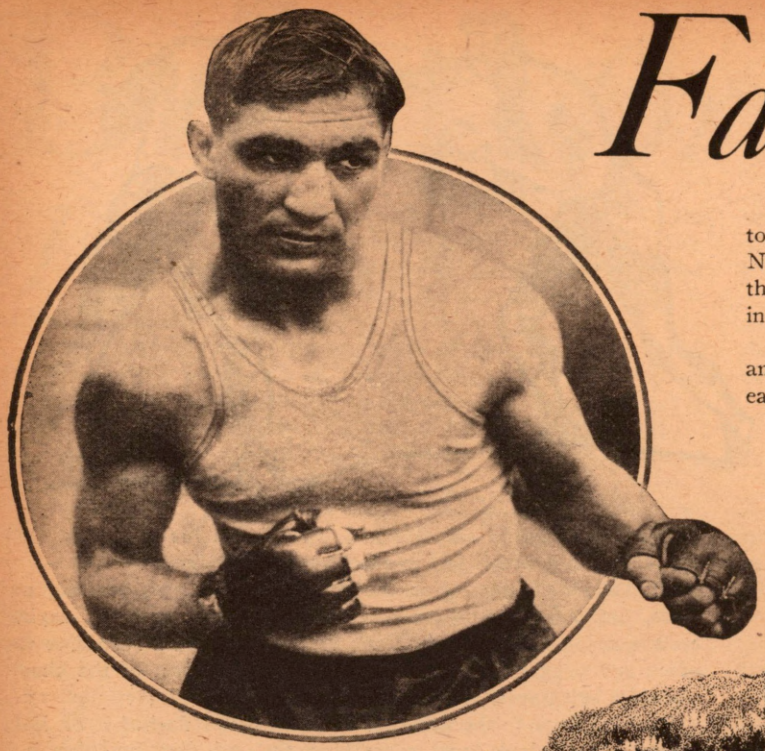
I've seen some funny bouts, but I never saw a funnier one than that final bout in the Philadelphia tournament between O'Flaherty and the Sailor. There scarcely was a blow struck during the three rounds, but on account of O'Flaherty, with his ferocious looks and threatening right, continually backing the Sailor about the ring, Bob was awarded the bout, the championship and the handsome belt.

As we, jubilant and exulting seated ourselves on the milk train in the wee sma' hours o' the morning, bound home for little old New York, O'Flaherty turned to me and solemnly and seriously asked:—

"Bedad, Scotty, will yez tell me how ye found out I was a gr-r-reat fighter?"

(Continued on page 45)

Fame Came



Paul Berlenbach who came to fame like a flash.

IKE WEIR, the "Belfast Spider," an amazing little Jack of all trades, was fighting Australian Billy Murphy in the old California Athletic Club. Jim Corbett leaped to fame over night there by holding Peter Jackson to a 61-round "no contest," the latter tag having been hung on the famous fight by the referee, Hiram Cooke, to save the money of the gamblers who had plunged on Jackson to defeat the slightly-built graduate of the Olympic Club amateurs.

The "Belfast Spider," as was his wont, was doing didoes in front of Murphy. Ike would do flip flops, side steps in front of the ring posts so that the infuriated Murphy would punch the posts instead of the "Spider."

To further tantalize Murphy, Weir, at the time the featherweight champion of the world, turned a forward somersault right in front of Murphy. Billy watched the revolving Weir go through the air and then when Weir landed rather unsteadily on his pins after doing the flip, Murphy, a hard hitter, drove a right for the "Spider's" jaw and a world's title had passed.

Murphy's name ran around the world like a giant centipede. Who was this upstart who had flattened the incomparable little Irishman, he who could play the violin, ride a horse in a race, play the piano and do an Irish clog better than a professional?

Later on Weir knocked him out in six rounds. Young Griffo defeated him for the featherweight title of Australia in Sydney.

* * *

THERE were few fighters who came to fame over night as did Battling Nelson. He had fought around Chicago and one night, in Butte, Montana, he met and knocked out "Spider" Welsh, a little fellow from San Francisco. Welsh, called the "pieman" because he worked at the baking trade, was a terrific hitter. His defeat was a shock.

Battling Siki whose defeat of Georges Carpentier made him a hero over night.

When "Red Sammy" McClintock, Welsh's manager, came back to San Francisco and told us that he had seen a new wonder in Nelson, we laughed at him. Tad, the famous *Journal* cartoonist, then working on the *San Francisco Bulletin,* "rode" Sammy blue in the face.

Then the unknown Battling Nelson came to San Francisco and fought Martin Canole. The speedy Easterner slapped Bat's ears down for fourteen of the twenty round fight and when "Red Sammy" came down to the press row where I was seated alongside of Tad, we began to ride him again.

"Why, he's nothing. Canole is knocking his brains out," said Tad. "Just wait, wise guys," snapped "Red Sammy." "The fight isn't over yet." And it wasn't! Bat began to come on after the fourteenth and then in the eighteenth Canole collapsed standing up. His arms dropped dead at his sides and the referee stopped it. "Red Sammy" McClintock's badinage still rings in my ears?

That was the first time that Battling Nelson really came into the limelight. He did the same thing to Eddie Hanlon who collapsed in nineteen rounds, standing up, just as Canole had done. Young Corbett followed in ten and then we really realized that Bat was great when he went twenty rounds to gain a decision over Aurelio Herrera, hardest hitter who ever lived. Herrera hit Bat with one right hand punch on top of the head and it spun Bat around through the air.

Battling Siki jumped into the headlines overnight when he knocked out Georges Carpentier in six rounds, winning the light-heavyweight title, in Paris back in 1922. The Singular Senegal became the rage and his escapades outside of the ring kept him in the news columns day after day. He went to Ireland to defend his title against Mike McTigue and made the fatal mistake of fighting Mike on St. Patrick's Day night. Who could beat a Celt on that night?

That battle made and unmade two fighters. Siki was murdered in a side street in New York.

* * *

WHEN it comes to making good overnight, Bob Fitzsimmons, fresh from Australia, met Billy McCarthy and knocked him out in eight rounds in San Francisco. When Bob came to the scales to weigh, he told me that he wore eight pairs of tights to bring up his weight. He was fearful lest the matchmaker, thinking him too light, would not let him fight husky Billy.

Bob didn't have to fight more than once to prove that he was one of the greatest of all time. It wasn't long before he had brought the "Nonpareil," Jack Dempsey, down in thirteen rounds in New Orleans, to win the middleweight championship of the world.

Fame came to Willie Jackson in a blinding flash. He knocked out the famed Johnny Dundee with a single punch in Philadelphia at a time when Dundee was rated one of the greatest lightweights in the world.

Over Night

By HYPE IGOE

The History of Boxing Contains the Names of Many Famous Ring Men Who Rode High After Their Few Performances

Johnny had a trick of rebounding from the ropes after backing into them purposely. He had tried the trick a thousand times and always he escaped as he came off the ropes as though flung from a giant slingshot.

Jackson had studied that rebound and, being a sharp hitter, he knew that he might fool Johnny by timing his right just at the moment Johnny made his rebound.

Jackson worked Dundee to the ropes, knowing just what Dundee would do, and started his right on a line for where he thought Dundee's jaw would be on the rebound and BANG!—out went Dundee for the first time in his life!

One hour later, Dundee was seated in his dressing room, still in his tights and nervously repeating:

"What's the delay? Come, come, let's get going!" Then they told him!

Battling Nelson whose fight with Martin Canole started him on the road to fame.

Jimmy McLarnin whose rise was meteoric.

PAUL BERLENBACH came like a flash to fame. He knocked out Jim Roberts in a round when he turned professional and then Paul knocked out ten in a row before he ran up against Jack Delaney's famous right cross in four rounds.

Jack McCormick, a fourth rater, walked into a Chicago ring one night to fight Kid McCoy. They pitied the poor fellow as McCoy, natty, grinning and waving to friends at the ringside, pulled on his fighting gloves. McCormick wouldn't go half a round. The Kid moved in at the bell and they began betting which way McCormick would fall.

Bang! A right hander hit McCoy on the button and the famous "cork-screw" punch artist was stretched out on the floor, cold. Of course it was a fluke victory. McCormick couldn't whip one side of the savage Kid and this was proved when the Kid later knocked him out in six rounds.

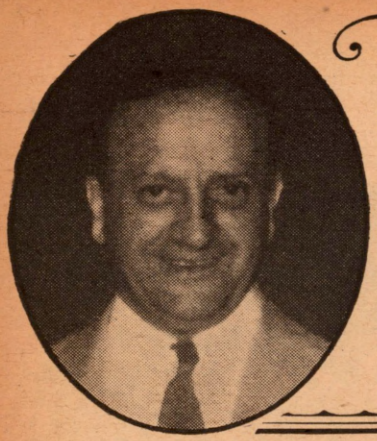
McCoy himself leaped to fame when, after training secretly and letting stories of his boisterous living reach the ears of Tommy Ryan. He caught Ryan half trained and knocked him out in eighteen rounds. A celebrity!

* * *

IN all the history of the ring, no man ever leaped to the top of the ladder as did the Marine, George La Blanche. He was a hard hitter and Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil," having knocked the Marine out in thirteen rounds at Larchmont, L. I., New York, thought that it would be a cake walk when they met again in San Francisco. The gallant Dempsey found that the Marine had trained hard for the fight and had improved. Dempsey was winning when La Blanche made history with a punch which, since that night, has been barred from boxing.

Dempsey, a splendid boxer, was giving La Blanche quite a hiding. They came into the thirty-second round and as Dempsey pressed in, La Blanche suddenly pivoted on his right heel, his right fist extended and at the end of the pivot the blow landed flush on Dempsey's jaw. He went down as though struck by a butcher's mallet. The blow was immediately dubbed the "La Blanche Swing" and later it was designated as the "pivot blow."

It was a rank fluke and the blow didn't belong in boxing. La Blanche, of course, claimed the middleweight title and Johnny Hergert, fighting then as "Young Mitchell," met La Blanche and knocked him out in twelve rounds. Mitchell refused to accept the middleweight title and handed *(Continued on page 40)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

National Interest in Golden Gloves Tourneys Braddock-Gould Suit vs. Jacobs Raises Lid Ring Offers Belt For Bantam Championship

IT is not all gravy for the promoter in the fight game. That was exemplified during the past month when several of the best fights were called off because of illness on the part of one of the fighters. As a result of the cancellation of the Conn-Lesnevich championship bout in Miami and the Lee Savold-Bob Pastor affair in Madison Square Garden, Mike Jacobs and his partners dropped close to $15,000. Yet Jacobs took it all with a grin.

"We must take the good with the bad in this game," he remarked. "We made about $20,000 profit on the Louis-Godoy bout and gave it all back on the next two shows which didn't materialize."

Considering the big turnouts the New York promoter has had in all of his shows since the start of the year, he still is far ahead of the game, and with many fine attractions booked for the spring and summer, Jacobs and the Garden, his partner, can afford to take it on the chin once in a while.

* * *

WEATHER conditions in January and February spoiled excellent shows in many parts of the country, but the Golden Gloves tournaments, staged in various sections, with the leading ones in New York and in Chicago, as usual pulled tremendous attendances. The Golden Gloves amateur tournaments have produced much good talent in the past and this year was no exception. It is from the ranks of the Golden Glovers that many famous professionals have been developed, among them Barney Ross, Joe Louis and Bob Pastor, and this year's crop is likely to send to the money chasing ranks at least one lad who, as an amateur, appears to have all the makings of a world champion.

The boy is Ray Robinson, a lightweight Negro from the Salem Crescent Club of Harlem in New York City. He is a knockout puncher, is fast, and goes about his job like a finished ring performer.

What the Army did for boxing in the dark days of 1917, the Golden Gloves tournaments in all sections of America are doing for the sport today. They have aroused an interest that no amount of professional boxing could bring about, and for that, the sport owes a vote of thanks to Paul Galico, founder of the tourneys; Jimmy Powers, Sports Editor of the *Daily News* of New York, who has carried on since he took the helm, and Archie Ward of the Chicago *Tribune*, the Middle West's big shot in amateur boxing promotion. More than 21,000 persons saw the finals in Chicago and in New York City, the *Daily News* shows over a stretch of six weeks were patronized by almost 100,000 persons.

Those who are always attacking boxing should think of the difference in the fighting spirit of the American lads and those of Central Europe. Here our boys are taught to fight with the gloves in a manly, sportsmanship manner, while "over there," Hitlerism, Stalinism and their likes take the youngsters and teach them how to fight with the weapons of war. Their's is a destructive warfare—a battle to death; ours, an entertaining battle with nature's own weapons, with a handshake both before and after the contest.

The Golden Gloves tournaments throughout the country have proved that boxing is one of the most healthful exercises, a sport that builds up youth, makes for keenness of mind and quickness of eye, and above all, develops courageousness and sportsmanship.

We cannot have enough Golden Gloves tournaments or their likes. More of that and we will have fewer bullies and street corner rowdies, and at the same time we will be developing the virile type of young men, who, if the country needs them in times of emergency, will already have had instilled into them the spirit of fearlessness that made our boys so great on the battlefields of France in the struggle of 1917.

Hitler and Stalin would do well to adopt the American method.

* * *

THE suit against Mike Jacobs brought by James J. Braddock and his manager, Joe Gould, for the recovery of $104,200 which, they allege, is due them in a partnership arrangement, has furnished plenty of additional ammunition to Congressman Kennedy for his fight for a Federal commission of boxing. Congressman Kennedy has taken cognizance of the sworn statement in the affidavits furnished by Gould and Braddock that they own a twenty per cent interest in all heavyweight championship fights staged by Jacobs over a period of ten years, dating from Braddock's loss of the title to Joe Louis, to prove his case that not only does a monopoly exist in boxing as he has already said in public, but that the heavyweight title is owned by a combine, thus strengthening his charge of "trust." He has enlisted the services of the Federal government in delving into this part of the case.

The suit will undoubtedly be settled out of court, because Mike Jacobs, as the world's greatest promoter, won't permit himself to be dragged into court, where considerable that is not public property at present will become so if the case is aired. If court action is necessary to decide the suit, the case will develop into such proportions that boxing will receive a black eye and won't recover from the blow for many years. It will be another Black Sox scandal, but this time in boxing instead of baseball.

It will be recalled that Braddock twice sidestepped Max Schmeling in a championship match arranged by Madison Square Garden in order to fight for Mike Jacobs and the Milk Fund in Chicago, where, win, lose or draw, Braddock stood to reap a fortune. In addition to obtaining a guarantee of $350,000 for the fight, Braddock and Gould were placed on Easy Street for ten years, so they have sworn in filing suit, by their additional agreement with Jacobs that they would share in the profits of all heavyweight championship promotion for that period.

To the public, such an arrangement means the selling of a title. There can be no other explanation. Whether Joe Louis was good enough to whip Braddock at the time without such an arrangement makes little difference.

Louis wanted the fight. His mentors wanted the fight. Promoter Mike Jacobs and his colleagues wanted the fight badly, as it would be the means of breaking the monopoly on heavyweight championship contests held by the Garden and would give to Uncle Mike and his partners a firm grip on all future championships for a decade at least.

Thus the runaround given to Max Schmeling, the leading contender at the time, and the runout of Braddock on the fight and the Garden, is more readily understood by the public. It's an ill wind that's blowing, boys. The lid is partially off and before this mess is cleared, there's no telling how far the affair will reach. That Congressman Kennedy will use this case to the limit in pressing his issue, there can be no doubt.

THE recent "championship" fight in Toronto between Lou Salica and Georgie Pace, which ended in a draw, didn't settle anything. It didn't clinch Pace's right to the title nor did it cause Salica's prestige to take a drop. Like the Armstrong-Garcia battle, it ended with both sides claiming victory.

Pace, the N. B. A. champion, met in Salica the first tough, experienced lad he has faced in two years. The boys put forth their best and pleased the Toronto fans, but the result left the class leadership in the same position it was prior to the contest. Before the fight, an effort was made to have THE RING recognize the bout as for the world title, and to award a belt to the winner, but this was refused on the ground that Tony Olivera and Little Pancho were entitled to as much consideration in the final choice of an international champion as was Pace.

Olivera, scaling 120 pounds, whipped Sixto Escobar just before Sixto gave up his crown, and Tony also fought a draw of ten rounds with Little Pancho, then lost to Lou Salica. In a return engagement, Olivera carried off the honors. In the last fight with Salica, according to the official records of the California State Commission, Olivera weighed 118¼ pounds.

The bantamweight championship muddle can easily be settled if the N. B. A. will do as much to force Pace to meet Olivera or Little Pancho as it has to see that he gained its official recognition as title-holder. If Pace will agree to meet Olivera, and Olivera will agree, if he wins, to face Little Pancho, THE RING will donate the handsomest belt it has ever awarded for the bantam class to the winner of the Pace-Olivera fight. Olivera has agreed to THE RING's terms. He has agreed also to fight in Toronto for Jack Allen if Allen can arrange a Pace-Olivera fight, the winner to gain the world championship, or elsewhere, if Allen can't land the match. By his "no contest" fight with Benny Goldberg in Detroit, THE RING's No. 1 bantam, Kayo Morgan, has eliminated himself and now only Olivera, Pace and Little Pancho remain in the running.

If Pace is really anxious to demonstrate his superiority and gain international recognition, he should not hesitate to accept Allen's terms for a fight with Olivera or with Little Pancho. If such a fight cannot be arranged, THE RING will attempt to match Olivera with Little Pancho in a return engagement in California and will award the belt to the victor. Although Peter Kane was originally designated among those qualified for the eliminations, the war has temporarily halted his career, hence he is not being considered.

The matter is one for Pace's manager to decide. If he wants to clinch international honors, all he has to do is to beat Olivera and Pancho. On his showing against Salica, Pace proved he is not entitled to the N.B.A. honor thrust upon him. He is not the outstanding bantam and certainly proved he is only on even terms with Lou Salica. He must clinch the honors by fighting for them.

* * *

THERE seems to be quite a dispute over the decision in the fight between Henry Armstrong and Ceferino Garcia. The consensus among the Coast writers is that Henry won the fight and that Referee George Blake erred in calling the battle a draw. Our own representative at the ringside, Eddie Borden, scored the fight in Armstrong's favor. According to his opinion, Homicide Hank won by a margin of two rounds.

The fight didn't draw as much as the promoters had expected, but I can see no reason for complaint with a net of $60,000. That's big money in any man's country, this time or at any other time. A return engagement, now that the men fought such a vicious battle in California, would be a $100,000 shot for outdoors in New York, if backed by a high class under card.

Although advertised as for the world middleweight championship, there was no title at stake, even if we were to grant that Garcia is the world middleweight crown wearer, a point on which THE RING does not agree with the New York fistic fathers and the New York scribes. Garcia is the New York champion and Hostak is only the N.B.A. title holder. Neither holds a world title until such time as one eliminates the other.

That is one reason why no middleweight championship was at stake in that contest.

The second is that there could not have been a title at stake even had Garcia been the recognized world title holder, because a champion under the rules of boxing is entitled to defend his crown at the class limit. The middleweight division is 160 pounds. Garcia, under the terms of his contract, was forced to make weight for Armstrong, the welter king. He had an agreement to weigh in at 152 pounds tops, but came in one and a half pounds overweight.

It seems to me that the sports writers would look into such matters before going haywire over championship fights. Unfortunately we have reached a stage in boxing where the majority of scribes accept without comment the word of press agents. They don't think for themselves, nor analyze situations that arise. They should know, as should the promoter, and the boxing commission that sanctions a "title" fight that no championship can be at stake when the title holder is compelled to come to the scales weighing less than the limit of his class. Ed Van Every, the *New York Sun's* boxing expert, alone of all boxing writers, pointed that out.

If a title holder normally scales less than the class limit and of his own accord feels he is at his best at a lower weight, that is different. He has that privilege. But when a contract automatically compels him to weigh below the limit when, as a matter of fact, as in Garcia's case, the champion would be stronger at the higher weight, no championship can be involved. The fight then becomes a handicap match and not a title match.

* * *

MAX WAXMAN and Jack Dempsey, co-managers of Red Burman, one of the outstanding heavyweights, THE RING's No. 7 man, have released charges of conspiracy to the newspapermen that carry considerable weight. They assert that there is a conspiracy to freeze Red Burman out of the heavyweight picture and their arguments cannot very easily be disputed.

They take a potshot at Jimmy Johnston for his runout of the Detroit match that Jack Kearns had arranged, and bitterly condemn the actions of Mike Jacobs and Colonel Kilpatrick, president of the Garden, Mike's partner, for weaning Pastor away from the Burman match in Detroit.

They assail Johnston for having first publicly announced at the

(Continued on page 38)

James J. Braddock (left) and Joe Gould, his manager, who are suing Mike Jacobs for $104,200 as their share of heavyweight championship fights promoted by Jacobs. It is their contention that they have an agreement whereby they are to share in 20 per cent of all heavyweight title fights for ten years from time Jimmy lost his crown to Joe Louis.

From All Walks of Life

Famous Boxers Have Been Recruited From Many Trades and Professions — Institutions of Learning Have Provided Their Share in Recent Years

By TED CARROLL

ALMOST every known trade and quite a number of professions have made contributions to the collection of ambitious young pugilists who make up the ranks of the army of hopefuls seeking fame and fortune in the ring. It has always been thus since the earliest days of pugilism. The lure of fistic glory has always cast a spell upon those engaged in occupations other than boxing.

The great champions of the past were recruited from many and varied fields of endeavor. The polished Corbett and the scholarly Tunney at one time toiled as obscure members of that vast army of clericals known as white collar workers. Corbett earned his daily bread in the teller's cage of a San Francisco bank, and Tunney in his younger days, worked as a humble and industrious clerk, on the West Side docks of his native New York.

Jim Jeffries carried the label of his youthful calling right through his ring career. He was known as the "Boilermaker" during his fighting days. Jack Johnson was a roustabout, a wandering fellow, who did his share of freight-hopping and lived by his wits, until the ring claimed him as one of its own.

Dempsey was a product of the hobo jungles, a hard bitten, rip-roaring roisterer, who carried the marks of his turbulent early life into his ring performances. Jack Sharkey ran away from home at an early age, and went from the U. S. Navy to the championship. Oversized Primo Carnera was a sideshow attraction, with a traveling European carnival when Leon See stumbled upon him.

* * *

THE custom in the old days was to label aspiring pugs, particularly heavyweights, with the nickname of their erstwhile pursuits. Thus big Carl Morris was always known as the Oklahoma Engineer; Jim Flynn was the Pueblo Fireman; Fred Fulton the Pallid Plasterer, and so on.

The recent Godoy-Louis go has offered additional proof that the mighty Louis, for all his greatness, is not invulnerable and this has stimulated activity among the big boys once more. This means that many a 200-pounder, previously satisfied with the manner of his making a living, is finding his ambition stirred by the golden magnet. That means success in the boxing ring. Once again it seems that farm, factory, mine, and even the hallowed halls of our institutions of higher learning are being invaded by the boxing bug, a pestiferous invisible insect, that makes previously satisfied huskies yearn for pugilistic gold and glory.

Among the aspirants for the ring's highest honor, who might still be sweating over the mysteries of trigonometry, Latin, or English literature in a college classroom, is the man who is at the moment matched to meet Joe Louis for no less than the heavyweight title, Johnny Paychek. At one time John, then known as John Pasek, aspired to follow the more obscure calling of physical training instructor, and with this in mind, dutifully enrolled in Chicago Normal.

The task of assimilating higher education proved a bit too much for John, and following his short tussle with the college text books, he was consecutively a packing house employee, and most recently a bellhop, in a Des Moines hotel. This gives Paychek one of the most varied backgrounds of any fighter around today. Had he continued doing any one of these things, oblivion would have surely been his lot. Instead, he faces a golden opportunity, and as a contestant in a heavyweight title bout his name will gain world-wide fame.

OF course, Bob Pastor's collegiate background is well known. The New York boy was good enough to play second string fullback on the New York University eleven, and from all accounts he was a better than average student, who would undoubtedly have gained his degree but for his decision to follow the more lucrative trail of pugilism. With the possible exception of Steve Hamas, who was capable enough to beat men like the former champion, Max Schmeling, and clever Tommy Loughran, Pastor ranks as the best of the collegiate clouters as far as actual achievement in the ring goes.

Although he was never exposed to higher education, one of the most promising heavyweights came close enough to it to be included in our collegiate category. After young Charley Ketchuck had completed a Frank Merriwell career at Union-Endicott High in Binghamton, N. Y., he received offers of athletic scholarships from no less than six universities desirous of making use of his football abilities.

Faced with the necessity of making a decision between the ring and the campus, Ketchuck chose the ring, and as far as he has gone seems to have decided wisely. The effervescent Jersey Jones, his guiding genius, still prattles of having his charge pick up the threads of his academic career when his fighting days are done, but with a young man of Ketchuck's prospects in tow, Jones doesn't particularly regret Charles' decision. With proper schooling, there is no better young heavyweight prospect in the field today than Ketchuck.

* * *

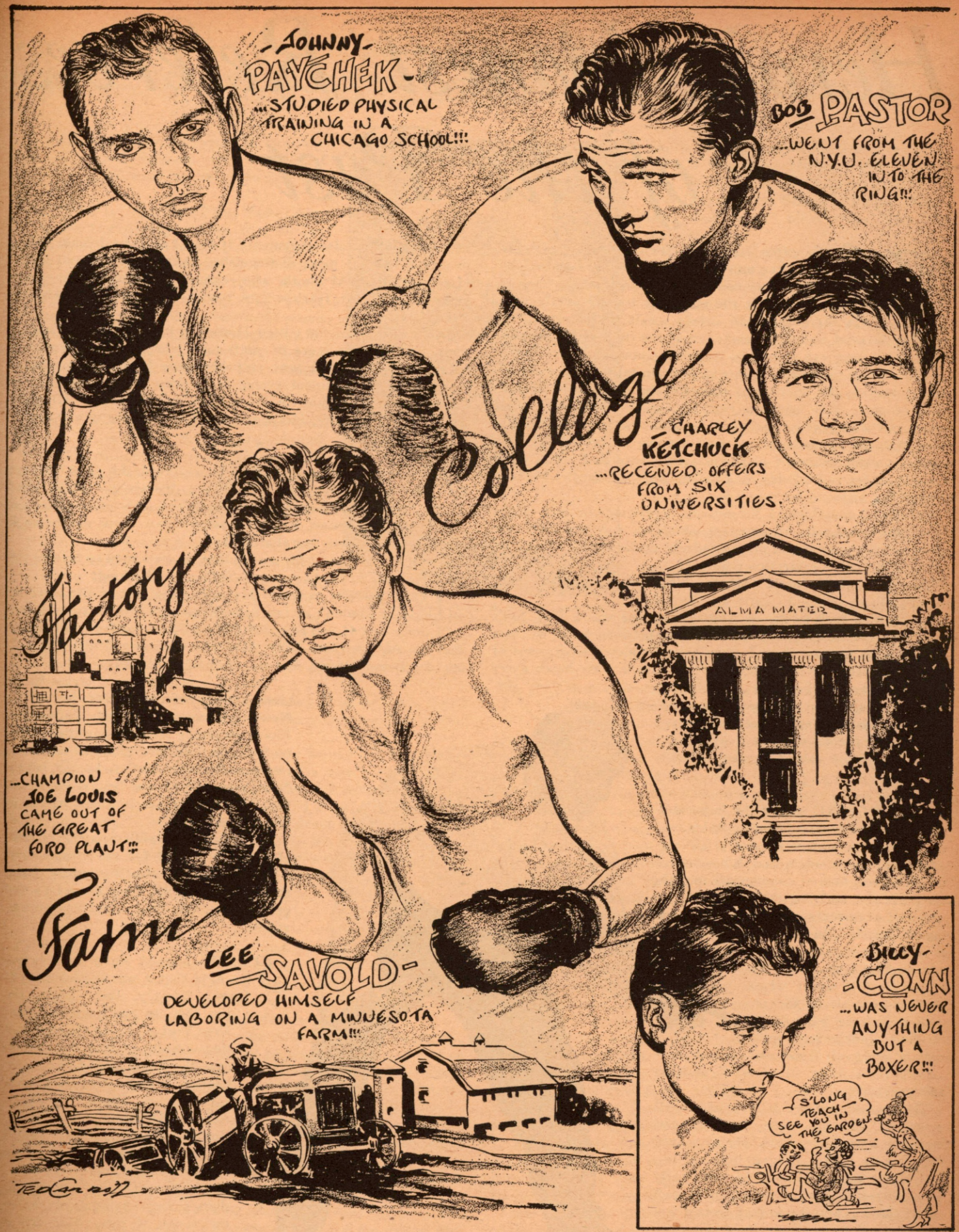
AS might be expected, most of the newcomers who make up the ranks of the promising heavyweights served their apprenticeships for their wearing trade doing jobs that called for considerable muscle and physical exertion. The champion himself, Joe Louis no less, was one of these. The Brown Bomber put his juvenile strength to good use as a day laborer in the great Ford plant in Detroit before amassing a fortune with that same powerful equipment in the ring.

Big Roscoe Toles toiled as a millhand in the steel mills of central Ohio before the boxing game got him. One of the most eye compelling of the new crop, 6-foot, 9-inch, 200-pound big Ben Moroz was of such mastodonic proportions that by the time he was fifteen he was doing a man's work in the Midvale Steel Mills just outside of Philadelphia.

Nineteen years old and still growing, no one knows just what dimensions the young giant, Moroz, will finally attain. Manager Bill Duffy is already faced with a scarcity of rivals big enough to get in there with the gargantuan Philadelphian. Too big for the steel plant, big Ben, surprisingly agile and talented for so huge an individual, may one day thank his size for having led him into the roped arena.

The early-to-bed, early-to-rise routine of farm life should be great preparation for the rigors of the ring. If this is so, Lee Savold should consider himself fortunate, for the blond Norwegian, who impressed New Yorkers like few heavies have in his Madison Square Garden debut against big Jim Robinson, spent his boyhood days "down on the farm" outside the town of Marshall, Minn.

Charley Retzlaff was the most recent farm product to make any kind of a bid for heavyweight honors. Charley's chores down on the farm put plenty of dynamite in his right but added little ruggedness to his makeup. Savold seems better equipped than



was his farmhand predecessor. He is a hitter, too, but his hard working youth has given him a compact, powerfully knit physique that Retzlaff lacked.

Many fine fighters, both past and present, like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "just growed" into the boxing business, with no stop-over at anything else during the gap between boyhood and manhood. Conspicuous among these worthies who were never anything else but natural fighters, is *(Continued on page 41)*

Heroic Honest Referees of the Past

HOW often have you attended fights, watched the referee move about in the ring, occasionally separating the contestants, sometimes issuing a warning, and at the end of a round, quietly walk to his corner and calmly await the sound of the gong for the next round? Round after round the same procedure, with nary a worry to cause him any uneasiness.

At the end of the fight you've watched him tally his score sheet, hand it over to the announcer, wait for the decision to become public property, then leave the ring, his night's work over. If the verdict met with popular approval, he walks back to his dressing room with the applause of the fans ringing in his ears, but if contrary to the judgment of the majority, boos and hisses greet him. He smiles as he holds his head up high and pushes his way through the aisles to his quarters.

No fear of molestation! No anxiety over what the mob might do to him because the decision, of which his vote was only one of three, was against the man popularly declared the winner by acclaim! No police protection required!

It's just another night's work for him, and he's glad it's over —that's all.

But let's go back to the days when Grandpa was a Boy. Let's delve into the misty past for a contrast between what we now see and what we saw then. I often have wondered what some of the old referees, the men who took their life in their hands every time they stepped into the ring in my younger days, would say were they alive today and sat with me at the ringside of one of Mike Jacobs' shows, enjoying boxing as it is staged under Commission rule!

* * *

REFEREEING one of the important old tough bare-knuckle fights under the ancient London prize ring rules was no pink tea, indeed. It required a fearless, game man of considerable experience, speedy and logical judgment, to settle all arguments and finally render a square decision, in the face of a desperate armed mob, who had no fear of the law or the devil. It surely was a very risky task in the old days to referee some of the thrilling butchering mills, with a gang of desperados almost constantly threatening all sorts of violence and vengeance.

The modern referee is invariably well protected. He has quite an easy and harmless duty to perform. He may even occasionally render a rank decision and violate the rules considerably, yet finally bow himself out of the ring in perfect safety. He has nothing to fear from a few protests and jeers of the indignant fans, whose howls soon fade away in the shuffle.

But how far different it was in the old days, with the desperate mobs at ringside, watching every action of a referee, waiting to jump on him for the slightest mistake, foul or false judgment! It would be very difficult indeed to pick a finer or more distinguished example of the old school of referees than Al Smith, who reigned supreme for some forty years as an honest, fearless fistic manager, promoter, stockholder and referee.

Smith died at the old Gilsey House, on Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, some score of years ago, where he had lived over thirty-three years and held probably some $3,000,000 in wagers on sporting and political events from time to time. He had an international reputation for his honesty and fairness in all sporting affairs, especially. His word was his bond the world over.

* * *

IT was Honest Al Smith who refereed the bout between John L. Sullivan and John Flood, known as "Bull's Head Terror," on a barge on the Hudson River, opposite Yonkers, in April, 1881, a contest I saw. I came down from my home in New London, Conn., for that bout.

It was much against his wishes that Al consented to referee this mill. He said to the backers of Sullivan and Flood:

"I can't possibly referee this fight, I've got a thousand bet on Flood. It wouldn't be fair to Sullivan under the circumstances."

"I don't care if you have $20,000 on Flood, you're good enough for us, Al," insisted Billy Madden, who represented John L. and the Boston crowd that was backing Sullivan.

"John L." was a mere novice in the game at the time, and very few of the New York experts knew much about him. Flood was quite well known and popular on the East Side, where he had won many rough and tumble battles. In fact, all the New York crowd was behind Flood and they intended to have him win, by fair or foul means.

But not if Al Smith was the referee! He wouldn't stand for any shenanigans! That's the reason the Bostonians pinned their faith in Smith. They knew he would give them a fair deal under any circumstances.

* * *

SMITH learned some days before the fight that it was the intention of Jimmy Wakely, Billy Borst, Jim Irving, Jim McCabe and numerous other New Yorkers to cut the ropes and throw Sullivan into the river in case the latter looked like a sure winner, because they had bet a fortune on Flood. So when Referee Al Smith stepped to the ringside on the poorly lighted barge that sporty night, he said in a clear, sharp commanding voice:

"Gentlemen, I understand that there's some talk about cutting the ropes, if this young fellow from Boston has the best of the fight. Now I've got a thousand dollars bet on Flood, but I intend to give both men absolute fair play. If there's any foul interfer-

Charley White, known as "Eagle Eye," one of the greatest and most efficient officials in the old days. He officiated at many great battles.

By A. D. PHILLIPS

On November 28, A. D. Phillips celebrated his 88th birthday. The following morning he died suddenly. A few days before, he completed a new series of fireside chats, stories of the old days in American boxing history. There are six in all. As a memorial to him THE RING is publishing these stories posthumously. His contribution is of historic value. This is the fourth article.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

ence against the Boston boy, I'll stop the fight and give Sullivan the decision. I mean this, gentlemen, so let us be fair and square."

But "John L." so amazed the New Yorkers by his electrifying wallops that he became almost an instantaneous pugilistic idol, even to those New Yorkers who had intended to throw him into the river. Jimmy Wakely, Charley Johnston and other Gothamites not only became Sullivan's warm friends, but backed him for thousands in many of the old champion's brilliant battles after his slashing victory over John Flood.

* * *

THE Sullivan-Flood mill, however, was not the only one Smith refereed and decided his own money away. He was the king of sports and referees. Just imagine some of our ring arbiters nowadays deciding their coin away! Jehosaphat! Quite impossible!

The only time I ever saw Smith sad about the loss of anything (he was always a good loser) was the night he refereed the bout between George Godfrey (the first) and Joe Lannon, at the opening of the first big Coney Island Club, which was owned by Boss John Y. McKane in 1892. Smith came to me after the fight in a woeful mood and told me how some fly dip had nipped his valuable watch.

"It's not the value of the watch I feel so bad about," said Smith sorrowfully, "but it was given to me years ago by a very dear friend. I'll give $500 to get it back."

McKane was informed. He immediately hunted up "Flat Nose" Dinny "Sullivan," who was then a sort of a secret service sleuth for McKane, and he told Dinny to get back the stolen watch.

"Don't worry about the yeller ticker. I'll have it for Smith within ten hours," declared Dinny with great assurance. In less than three hours, Dinny came back with the watch, greatly to the delight of the old thoroughbred, who offered "Flat Nose" a big reward, but he was instructed not to accept a cent for his speedy and clever recovery, and he didn't.

* * *

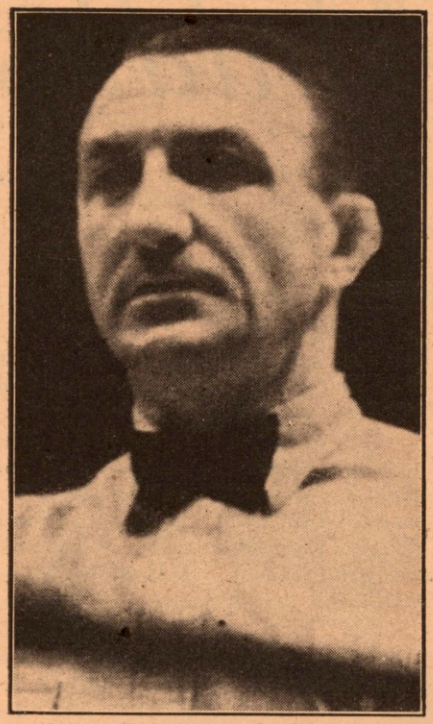
THERE were some wonderful and mysterious stunts pulled off at Coney Island in those old days, under John Y. McKane's reign of catch-as-catch-can tactics. What wonderful tales could be unfolded about those wild pugilistic days, when McKane ruled the whole Island like a mighty despot.

No worthy fighter was ever turned down by old Al Smith. He always admired a gamester, whether he was a top-notcher or just a mere young amateur. One cold winter's afternoon, a rather tough looking young fellow strolled into the Gilsey House in 1880. He told Smith a tale of woe, regarding his distressing condition.

"I'll fight any man and don't mind giving away ten or twenty pounds," declared the pugilist whom Smith had remembered seeing putting up a plucky bout at the New York Sporting Club.

"Start right in getting yourself in good shape. I'll get you a fight," said Smith as he slipped the young fellow a $50 bill.

Al got old Barney Aaron to hunt up another likely fighter of the same weight who needed some ready money and the match was quickly and easily consummated. The mill was staged in the back room of Billy Tracey's noted cafe, on Twenty-ninth Street, just west of Broadway, about two o'clock in the morning. There was quite a select crowd of about fifty fans present, as the guests of Smith. Among them were George Law, Arthur Moore, Dave Holland, Billy Madden, Jere Dunn, Dr. A. P. Ordway, Ed Kearney, Phil Dwyer, John Scannell, Jimmy Wakely, Billy Bennett and other noted New York sporting men.



Arthur Donovan, a leader among present day referees.

It was a hard, slashing battle with the cutting skin gloves. For twenty rounds they battered each other and each bled profusely. Both pugilists had proved to Smith, who was the referee, that they were dead game, so at the end of the twentieth round he stopped the bloody mill and declared it a draw. Then he handed the plucky combatants two hundred dollars each. Far different from what we might expect today.

"Come, boys, have a basket of wine with me," shouted Smith to his enthusiastic guests, who were delighted with pugilistic entertainment. "I've had a lot of queer experiences in the fighting game," he continued, with a hearty laugh, "but this is the first time I ever figured as the promoter, referee and backer of both fighters. That's going some, boys, eh!"

The swell fans laughed and drank merrily when the old King of Sports revealed in detail the many parts he had played in that particular fistic event.

* * *

NO man ever refereed so many hard, important fights in the old skin-tight glove days in the '80s than Frank Stevenson. Stevenson was very popular and absolutely reliable. He was honest in all pugilistic affairs, although he ran the notorious "Slide" and other underworld resorts on the lower West Side of New York City. He was always a just, fearless referee. He never allowed the toughest gangs to overawe or outgame him in any way.

On many critical occasions, ringside thugs held guns to Stevenson's head, threatening his life if he didn't give a decision to the thug's liking, but Frank never backed water. He was always strictly honest in all his fistic verdicts.

Stevenson, chatting one evening about his rough and ready experiences as referee, related this tale to me some forty years ago:

"I was called out of bed one cold winter's morning about four o'clock to referee a bout between two Negro waiters. It was a grudge fight and it took place in an old tumble-down rear stable—a dark, dismal dilapidated shack.

"It seems they had been wrangling all night over a referee and they couldn't agree on anyone but me. I tried in every way to sidestep the job, but they kept ringing my door bell, and I finally had to don my clothes and get on the job," continued the old referee, with a chilling reminiscence.

"Well, those two dusky blackbirds fought and slugged like demons for about a dozen rounds. Both of them took a lot of punishment and appeared to be absolutely game.

"By a strange coincidence, in the twelfth round both swung desperate right-hand punches, and both landed on each other's jaw. Down they went apparently dead to the world. The timekeepers counted them out and their seconds jumped into the ring.

"But I quickly ordered the seconds outside the ropes. Most of the crowd yelled for a draw.

" 'Wait a minute, boys,' I shouted, raising my both arms in the air, 'I'm going to decide this fight on the level. I'm going to give the fight to the first man who gets on his feet.'

"In an instant both the supposedly *(Continued on page 43)*

This Zale's a Real Gale Among Middles

Man Who Upset Hostak Not as Fast as Al, But Is Two-Fisted Puncher

By GENE KESSLER

THE name is Zale, not Gale. But he blows no good for the army of middleweights aspiring to the world's title occupied in forty-seven states by Al Hostak and in New York by Ceferino Garcia.

Tony Zale, another steel mill worker from Gary, Ind., bounced into the fightlight almost overnight with his startling upset over Hostak in a ten-round bout in Chicago on January 29. That was his eighth straight victory, six by knockouts. It climaxed six years of professional glove pushing and gave the managerial firm of Sam Pian and Art Winch another contender, in the person of Tony Zale.

When Zale entered the ring as a four-to-one underdog against Hostak, few conceded Tony the slightest chance. Altogether there was $50 wagered on Zale, by the small bettors who take a fling at such odds, regardless.

Nate Druxman, Seattle promoter, who has a lot to say about Hostak, announced that if Zale could win the non-title fight he would gain a whack at the crown in a Seattle match this spring. That inspired Tony to withstand the flailing blows delivered by Hostak—take everything Al could pitch—then come back with punishing blows to win the decision.

A hitch has developed in negotiations for a return Zale-Hostak match at the weight in Seattle, which indicates Al wants no more of Tony.

The 12,000 Chicago fans who saw Hostak pelt Tony with at least seventy punches in the fifth round, wondered what was holding the steel mill boy erect. Then, when Tony finished that round by rocking the champ dizzy with a booming straight right, the 12,000 fight fans cheered uproariously, sending this local boy to victory.

* * *

A GANDER into the Zale household at Gary will give the answer . . . . what held Zale up under Hostak's bombardment.

There is laughter and merriment in the home of Mrs. Catherine Zale, where this widowed mother and her seven children are happy over Tony's success. Mrs. Zale is opposed to professional boxing as a career. But she is overruled by her five sons, all of whom are boxers. John and Joe, oldest sons, started first and captured medals in the amateurs. Work in the steel mills as bread winners of the large family curtailed their professional careers. Frank and Walter, the youngest, also won in the Gary Golden Glove meets. Tony, second youngest, punched his way through the Gary amateur eliminations and reached the intercity Golden Gloves finals in 1934.

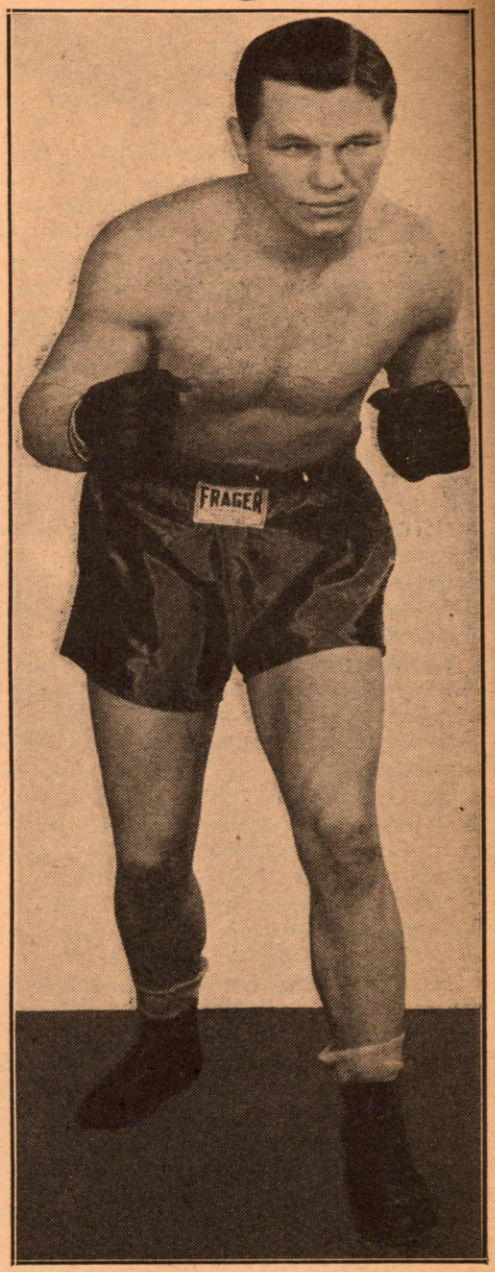
The Chicago coach moved him up out of his class to fight as a light-heavyweight in New York. Tony spotted Melio Bettina ten pounds and scored a first-round knockdown, but lost the decision.

Bettina then went up as a pro to win and lose the world's light-heavyweight title, and now Zale is confident he will gain the 160-pound crown.

Tony is twenty-six. His father, a Polish-American, died when Tony was two and his brothers kept the household together. He also has two sisters, both married. When he first turned pro, brother John managed and trained Tony. Today John credits a two-year lay-off, 1935–36, due to an injury, as a chief factor in Tony's career. "It enabled him to mature before taking the game seriously," John explains.

The record of Tony Zale reads something like that of Jimmy Braddock. It is dotted with reversals—also with K.O. victories. It doesn't really count until he went under the Pian-Winch banner in 1938. "I never really had a chance until then," he explains.

The record shows that Tony was tossed to the wolves early and survived. He met Kid Leonard, Jack Gibbons and Dave Clark shortly after turning professional, being asked to box ten rounds his first year.



Tony Zale, who has made rapid strides in middleweight division.

* * *

EARLY in 1938, Tony started clicking. He beat Nate Bolden twice, and Henry Schaft. Then he ran into a stinging reversal. Jimmy Clark dropped him with a long looping right hand as the bell opened their bout. Tony was still getting up when the referee stopped it. Zale was ready to hang up the gloves. Art Winch went to him and said: "Don't let that worry you, son. You can knock that guy out in a return match."

"All right," said Tony, "I'll try again, if you'll handle me."

Zale, under Winch's training, reversed that defeat by knocking out Clark in an encore. He followed with kayoes over Babe Orgovan, Milton Shivers, Al Wardlow and Eddie Meleski. Then he upset Hostak.

Zale wasn't given full credit for his victory over Hostak. Too much emphasis was placed on the fact that Hostak refractured his left hand, the one he cracked on Solly *(Continued on page* 42)

Movies Lured McLaglen from Boxing Career—

By HARVEY THORNE

Victor, the Rough Man of the Cinema, Was Circus Performer, Wrestler, Boxer, Policeman and Army Officer Before He Gained Fame in the Talkies—His Father a Bishop in South Africa, Encouraged Sons in an Athletic Career—Fred McKay, Brother, Killed in World War

IT'S a far cry from the prize ring to the motion picture lot. Fighters from the days of John L. Sullivan to the present have tried their hand at theatrical work of some sort—vaudeville, the legitimate stage or the screen—but only a few who have attempted to make the grade, have succeeded. It was John L. Sullivan who started the ball rolling, and it was James J. Corbett who reached the top rung of the ladder as a thespian who had graduated from the pugilistic field. What Sullivan and Corbett were to the legitimate stage, Victor McLaglen is to the motion picture industry today. He has made the greatest strides and heads the list of former fighters now parading before the public in the movies.

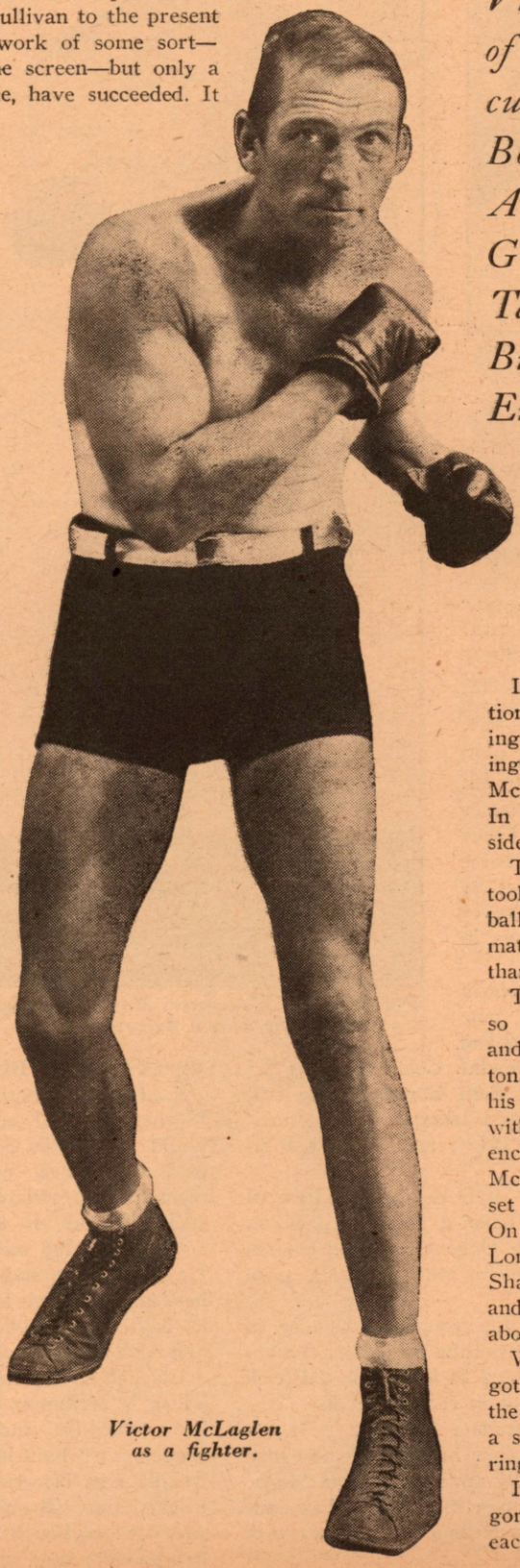
McLaglen as a professional boxer did not reach the heights of Sullivan, Corbett, Jack McAuliffe, Jimmy Britt and Jack Dempsey, among other boxers who became actors, but as a motion picture actor, he rates exceptionally high. His exploits in the ring are recalled by those who followed the sport thirty years ago, but it is his work on the screen that keeps him in the public eye today.

Vic McLaglen, unlike his predecessors who went over to the drama while they were still in their fighting prime, quit boxing for the cinema because he thought the latter a more lucrative field. When Raoul Walsh started filming "What Price Glory," he wanted a "hard-boiled guy," a "tough mug" to play Captain Flagg, so he selected Victor McLaglen to do the job. That Walsh's choice was justified was evident by Victor's wonderful performance, in which he was a "wow."

He looked tough and acted tough. His screen performance was everything that could be desired for the part. All he had to do was to be natural to give a perfect characterization of a human, tough army officer at the front.

But as a movie star, he isn't limited to being tough, however. In some scenes with Dolores del Rio, Mexican beauty, whom grease paint transformed into a French girl, McLaglen typified the awkwardness and carefree spirit of the American Doughboy in his war-time love affairs.

At the age of fourteen, McLaglen ran away from his home in London and enlisted for the Boer War. At the end of the enlistment in the British Army, he migrated to Canada where he joined a prospecting party in the Cobalt silver rush. When Cobalt was wiped out by fire, McLaglen went to Quebec and started his fighting career. He met with success and in three months he was acclaimed the Eastern Canadian heavyweight champion.



Victor McLaglen as a fighter.

It was then that Biddy Bishop, internationally famous sportsman, who still is living in the Northwest, in the State of Washington, took an interest in Vic. He wanted McLaglen to come out to the Pacific Coast. In the meantime, McLaglen worked in a side show as a strong man and a wrestler.

Travelling through a college town, he took one after another of the college's football team and pinned each member to the mat, the entire eleven being downed in less than an hour.

The side show was too strenuous a job, so Vic accepted the proposition of Bishop and hied himself west to Tacoma, Washington. He arrived during the summer and for his first bout, Bishop arranged a contest with Curley Carr. To avoid police interference, Biddy had all hands board a boat and McLaglen, Bishop, Carr and his entourage set out for a small island in Puget Sound. On the way, the boat touched Seattle where Lonnie Austin, Frank Clancy, Mark Shaughnessy, a prominent Seattle doctor, and a number of Seattle sports were taken aboard.

When the island was reached, Bishop got his men busy pitching the ring on the turf, the referee was selected and within a short time, the men were called to the ring and the bout was on.

It was a terrific battle, with plenty of gore spilled. When the contestants faced each other *(Continued on page 44)*

NEW

"Coley" Patrick Welch, Portland, Maine, Irish middleweight with a sock.

ONE of the most promising youngsters campaigning regularly in New England is Coleman Patrick Welch, 21-year-old Portland, Me., Irishman, who has belted an enviable path through a long line of capable opposition in recent months. "Coley" is his nickname.

Managed by erudite Chick Hales, old-time featherweight campaigner, Welch has catapulted to the driver's seat of New England's middleweight division, with only Boston's Henry Chmielewski ranked a notch above him.

To date he has racked up a grand total of fifty-one victories in fifty-four attempts, which is anything but mediocre for a youngster just arriving at the voting age. Coley has been set back on three occasions, twice by chunky Henry Chmielewski and once by the veteran Harvey Massey. He has never been knocked out, losing close decisions in each reverse.

In 1939 he clicked for twelve victories in thirteen times at the post, garnering nine knockouts in this string, three decisions and an eight-round split verdict to Chmielewski. Coley flattened Sal Cannatta, Joe Ricciotti, Rony Caret, Sam Shumway (twice), Danny Devlin, Hookie Jackson and Enzo Iannozi; copped point victories over Tony Fisher, Jimmy O'Boyne and Vincent Pimpinella.

The Portlander got away in grand style during the turn of the New Year by handing Howell King a thorough licking. Following this win, Welch stopped Babe Orgovan in eight stanzas and then added Irish Jimmy McHale to his string by gaining an easy ten-round victory.

Veteran observers who have seen the young Portlander in action are loud in their opinion of this youthful Irishman. A two-handed puncher with fistic cyanide loaded in both dukes, Welch has been showing constant improvement in recent months.

He is a confident, swaggering youngster bubbling with enthusiasm and fighting spirit. Welch thinks he can lick any man in the world his weight and is especially anxious to have Manager Hayes go after the top class of competition. Chick has done an expert job of bringing Coley along, feeding him fellows with the same amount of experience.

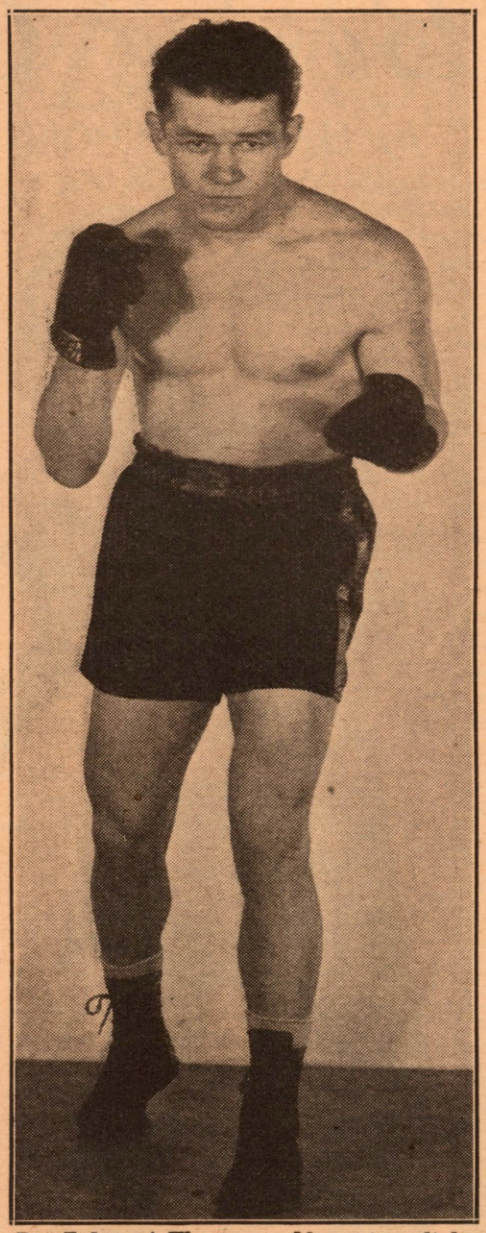
Now that he has acquired sufficient experience, the climb is on, and according to Welch there'll be nobody to stop him until he captures the championship bauble for middleweights.

New England fandom, to each and every man, is betting that nothing will, either.

* * *

BALTIMORE, which in the past has turned out many good fighters in the lower divisions, has a young featherweight, who with improvement, should make the grade. His name is Joe Catalfamo, and he looks very much like Melio Bettina. Joe is a graduate from the amateur ranks. He is five feet, seven inches, and scales 128 pounds.

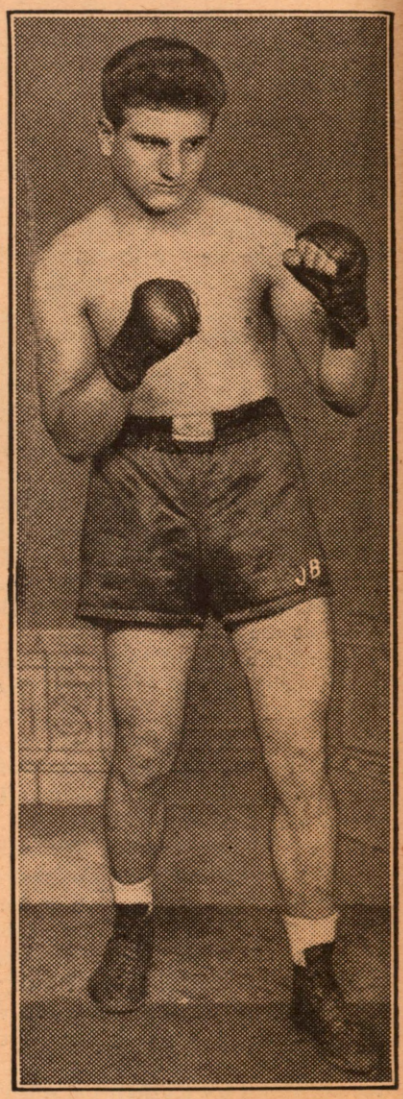
In his fight with Harry Gilmore on February 15, which he won handily, he showed considerable promise. Baltimore scribes have high hopes for Catalfamo.



Pat Foley of Worcester, Mass., is a lightweight with a fine record.

JOHNNY BUCKLEY, the man who has handled several world champions in the past ten years, among them Lou Brouillard and Jack Sharkey, is trying hard to develop another. He has a fine stable of boxers and from among his boys, he should be able to land at least one on top.

Chief in this group are Tiger Warrington, leading contender for the Canadian light-heavyweight and heavyweight titles; Lou Brouillard, who rates high as a light-heavyweight now that he

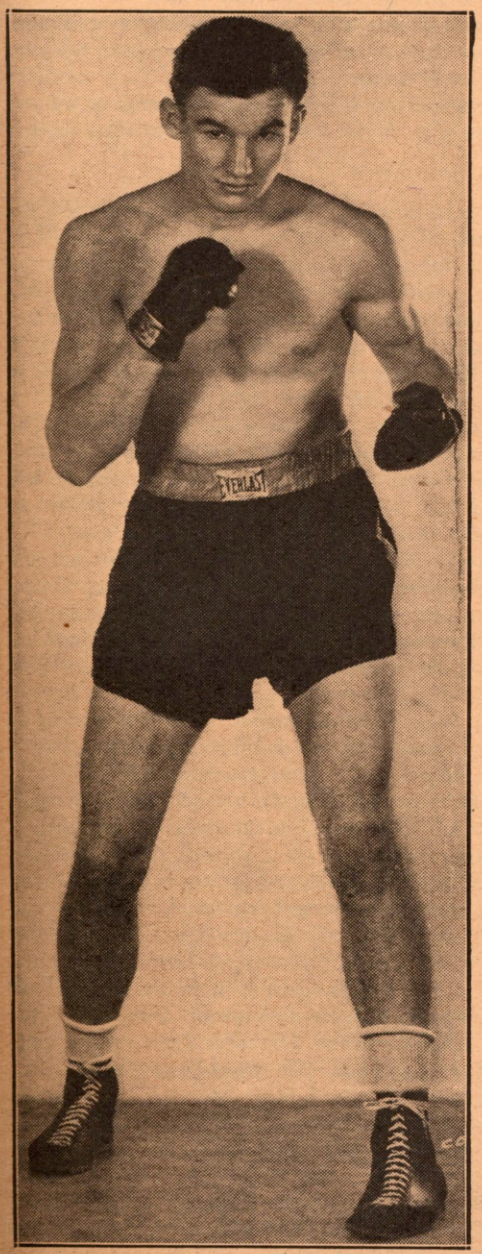


Joe Bellotti, a lightweight from Williamsport, Pa.

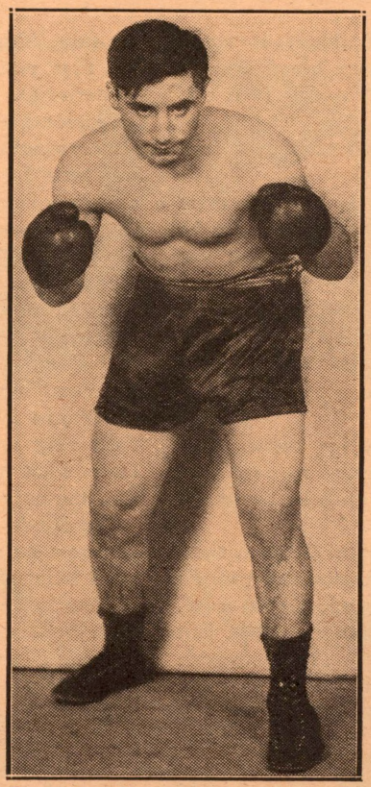
FACES

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

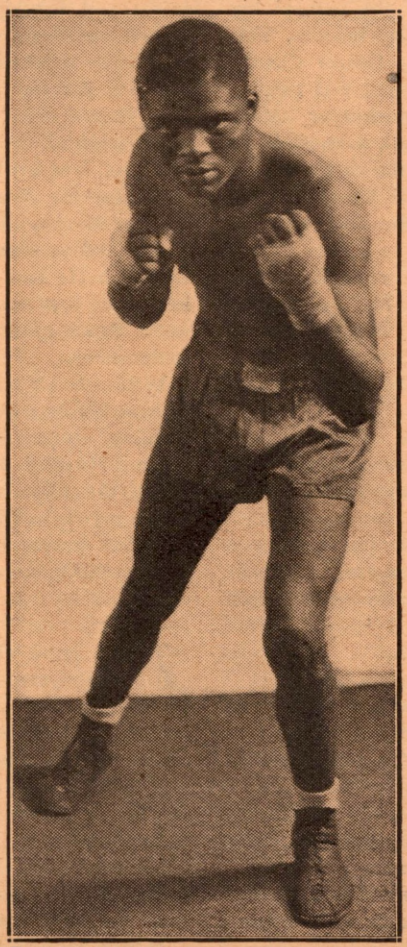
By RIGHT CROSS



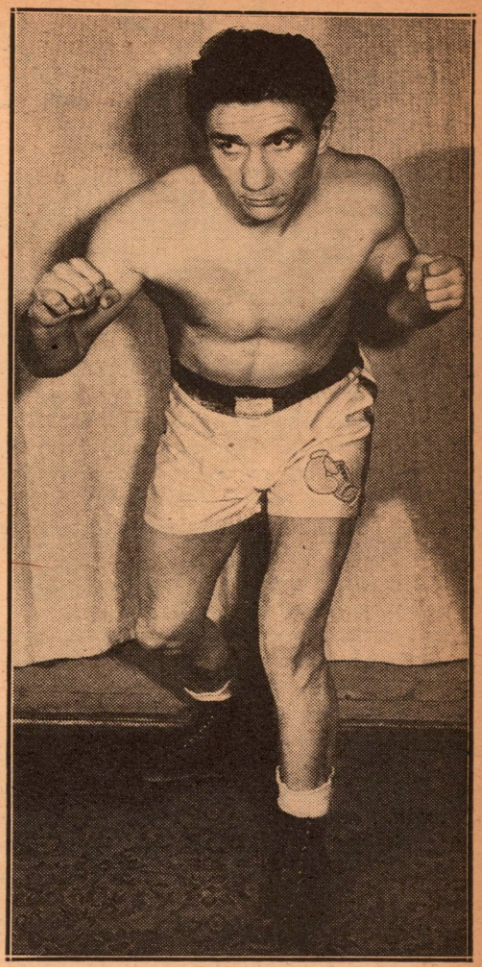
Johnny Shkor, a promising heavyweight who is being trained by Jack Sharkey and Johnny Buckley. He is a fine white hope.



Joe Catalfamo, a featherweight from Baltimore.



Buddy Millard, a heavyweight, who hails from Indianapolis.



Mike Gamiere of Cleveland, who, though stopped by Jackie Wilson, is coming back with a bang.

has retired from the middleweight division; Honey Mellody, a splendid lightweight; Johnnie Shkor, a heavyweight from out of Baltimore, who looks promising; and Pat Foley, a fine lightweight contender. Others are Roy Kelly, light-heavyweight; Clint Moran, heavyweight; Irish Jimmy O'Boyne, middleweight; and Johnny Seeman, middleweight. Foley, who hails from Worcester, from where Brouillard came, is a little fighting demon, a good club fighter, pleasing and aggressive.

* * *

MIKE GAMIERE, handled in the Middle West by Mike Carriere, is a lightweight who jumped into the front rank by his sterling performance against Wesley Ramey, whom he defeated in a nip-and-tuck contest. It was in Cleveland where they clashed, and Wesley was down twice. Back in 1935, Gamiere won the Barney Ross trophy in the Chicago Golden Gloves tournament for all around ring generalship.

Gamiere began his professional career on September 23, 1936, when he won over Kid Chocolate in six rounds. Then he beat Emory Morgan and Young Terry in the same number.

He started his 1937 campaign with a two-round kayo over Andy Blasie and rolled up six more victories, four by knockouts, before he lost his first bout to Dominic Mancini in ten. Jimmy Vaughn did the same trick, and then Gamiere lost only one fight and drew once out of *(Continued on page 44)*

RANDOM

FIGHTERS have done a lot of things to make victory come their way, but we have heard of only one who kicked the bucket in order to win. That one was Kid McCoy.

It happened when the Kid found his hands full in a fight with husky Dick O'Brien of Maine.

He tried every trick he knew—including his famous corkscrew punch—but he couldn't kayo O'Brien. He could cut him, but he couldn't daze him. It was one of those fights where the claret was flowing freely. This gave the Kid an idea.

In his corner during the rest before the fourteenth round, the Kid turned to his seconds. "Keep your eye on the stop watch," he ordered, "and ten seconds before the end of this round, tip me off. Yell 'Buffalo!' so I'll know it's you and not somebody else in the crowd."

The gong clanged, the Kid sprang out of his corner, and O'Brien, fresh and clean after the rest, came across to meet him. They sparred around and the Kid took it easy until he heard the cry of "Buffalo!"

McCoy let fly a sharp, unexpected jab that caught O'Brien right on the nose. Then, as O'Brien's seconds put his waterbucket up on the edge of the ring, the Kid stepped blithely over and kicked it off.

They had been cleaning up O'Brien nicely between rounds. But in this old-fashioned building there were no pipes at the ringside and they didn't have time to run out after more water. At the start of the fifteenth round, when O'Brien showed up all covered with blood from his damaged proboscis, the referee took one horrified look at him and stopped the fight!

* * *

THE Kid was full of tricks, and towards the end of his career, he had to rely on his cleverness very heavily. You probably remember the time in a bout with Petty Officer Curran of England when he had his front teeth knocked out, was getting awfully tired, and wanted a drink. He spied the timekeeper setting a tall Scotch-and-soda on the edge of the ring, took a knockdown punch right in front of the glass, and downed the drink before anybody could interfere. Then he got up—despite Curran's yells of foul—and fought the Petty Officer around the ring to earn a draw.

In that fight, he pulled another trick that wasn't so well known.

Petty Officer Curran was a very cautious boxer. McCoy couldn't get to him. Every punch he threw was blocked. He resorted to feinting, but he couldn't feint the Englishman out of position. Every time McCoy pretended to start a punch the chary Curran pushed out both gloves to block.

The Kid was puzzled about this for a couple of rounds and then decided to experiment. He feinted—not at Curran—but three feet to the right. Sure enough, the Petty Officer moved his gloves over there, exposing his chin.

McCoy swung a right cross through the opening and gave Curran an awful jolt. But the Kid didn't have dynamite enough in his punch that time to stop the Englishman, and he never could get his cautious opponent to repeat the mistake.

* * *

MOST successful boxers, being very well co-ordinated, would be good at other sports if they tried. Usually they don't try because the muscles they develop in the new exercise interfere with fighting.

Eons ago, when we were young, we used to throw wild lefts and rights at a patient gentleman named George Blake. The same Blake who has earned fame as a referee.

He had an oversized right glove that covered him like a breastplate. We suspect now that he wore it to flatter us tads on our punching power, more than for self-protection.

He had some very clever youngsters (ahem) under his wing at the time. Skipping over the present writer (as they all did, after the first punch) there were Jackie Fields, destined to become welterweight champion; Fidel LaBarba, slated for the flyweight championship; August Gotto, who won the national amateur featherweight title by licking Tony Canzoneri in the finals. There was little Joe Salas, a Mexican with a wallop, who kayoed dozens of sailors from the fleet. There was Joe Woods, who became amateur heavyweight champion, and was the only man we ever heard of who tackled BOTH the boxing and wrestling champions of a country.

As a professional, Joe beat Don McCorkindale, the ruling heavyweight in South Africa. He gave up fighting, and returned a half dozen years later as a wrestler. He grappled to a draw with the South African title-holder, Van der Walt.

We just mention these fellows that Blake coached because, by their ring records, you knew when he told them something he knew what he was talking about. And one of his principles was that the only sport which is good for boxers, is boxing.

He didn't want any swimmers or tennis players or gymnasts or wrestlers among his glovemen. The other sports gave the men good builds, but not for boxing.

Now having laid down this principle, we're sneaking up on you with the story of a man who violated this rule in a startling fashion and got away with it.

* * *

SHORTLY before the first World War, Willie Ritchie, the lightweight champion, went over to London to give Freddie Welsh a crack at his title. The fight was very even. At the end of the nineteenth round, Referee Eugene Corri had credited each man with 81½ points. In the last round he gave Welsh five points and Ritchie four. This margin of one point out of 86½ caused conscientious Corri to relieve Willie of his title and to crown the vegetarian Welsh king of the lightweights.

Willie Ritchie returned home to brood about this decision. The war started. He fought Welsh again, in 1915, in a ten-round, no-decision affair, but couldn't get his title back. He fought less and less frequently for a few years, finally winding up as an instructor for American soldiers when we entered the war.

After the Armistice, Willie went down to San Francisco and was asked to meet the new, great lightweight champion, Benny Leonard. He had been out of the ring, wasn't fighting, and didn't have time to train in the regular fashion. In fact, he was working up a dancing act for the stage and was competing in a golf tournament.

Willie decided that since he already knew as much boxing as he was likely to learn, he would use the dancing and golf as a training routine. He stayed in the golf tournament.

On February 21, 1919, he reached the semi-finals of the golf event, the Olympic Club championship. He played and won a tough match in the afternoon. He took a shower, got a rubdown, and rode downtown to the Municipal Auditorium in a taxi. There, before 20,000 people, he fought Benny Leonard.

* * *

THE legal limit for fights in California in those days was four rounds. Turning back to newspaper accounts of the battle, we find that "Ritchie gave Leonard the toughest four rounds he ever had in the ring. His right-hand smashes had Leonard in trouble."

The fight was a no-decision affair, but the fans were so sure Ritchie had won it, that they carried him out of the ring on their shoulders.

The next day, Willie went out to the Lakeside course, played in the finals of the golf tournament, and won it by the smashing score of six up and seven to play!

Where were Willie's nerves?

The day of a fight, boxers are supposed to be on edge and

SHOTS

By
ROBERT EDGREN, JR.

cranky. That was when he booted the semi-finalist out of the golf tournament. The night before a final match, golfers are supposed to be jittery. That was when Willie was giving Leonard the "toughest four rounds he ever had in the ring."

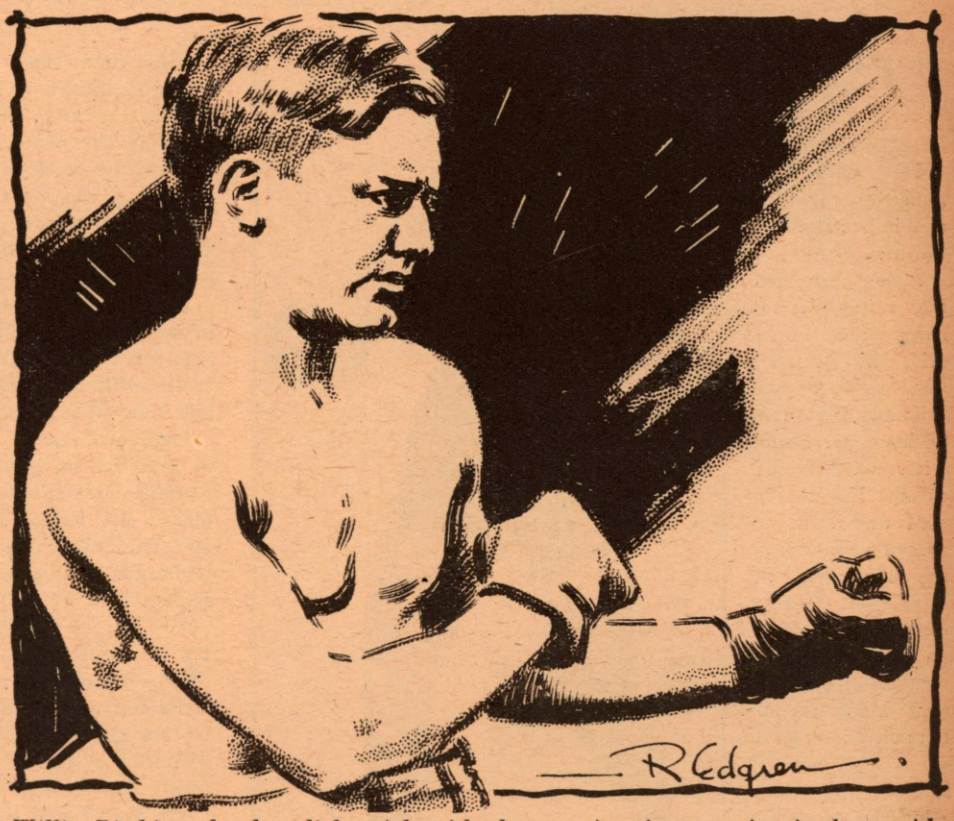
Of course there have been plenty of fighters, and good ones, who played golf. Jimmy McLarnin, Freddy Steele, and Harry Jeffra have toured eighteen holes in the seventies. The golf didn't seem to stiffen up their muscles. But how about that stage dancing Willie did?

The only other dancer-fighter we can recall at the moment was a huge fellow who stepped from an adagio team into the heavyweight ranks. He fought Jack Johnson. Later he became many times more famous as a movie star than he ever was as a fighter. From the roles he has played, and the rough, seamed, muscular lines of his face, you'd never guess that he'd once been on a dance team. We're speaking of Victor McLaglen.

* * *

BUT then, you can't guess the end of a man's career by its beginning. What promising jockey became heavyweight champion?

Jack Dempsey's the man. Before he was 13, he rode and did very well. After that, he grew so fast, he had to give up his career on the turf.



Willie Ritchie, who lost lightweight title by margin of one point in bout with Freddie Welsh.

Standing beside some of the men he fought, he looked small enough to be a jockey. There was big Carl Morris, 6 foot, 4 inch Irish-Cherokee Indian. (That should have been a fighting combination!)

Dempsey fought him in New Orleans and hit him so hard with the first punch that Morris fell on his face, with his mouth open and his tongue stuck out. It was covered with rosin when they rolled him over.

There was 6 foot, 6 inch Jess Willard. If you have seen the recently revived movies of his bout with Dempsey, you'll know what happened to him. He regarded Dempsey as too small a man to do him any real damage.

"I'm not worrying about what Dempsey can do," he said before the fight. "At Havana, when I won the title, Johnson broke my ribs in an early round with a left hook. It didn't bother me while I was still warm. But after the fight, when I cooled off! Wow!

"He broke my cheek bone with a right-hand punch. I heard the bone crack. It didn't shake me or affect my fighting. No matter how hard Dempsey can hit, he won't hit me any harder than Johnson did, and any punch he can land won't have any more effect."

The day before the championship go with Dempsey, July 3, 1919, Willard gave out a statement to the papers:

"I think this will be the easiest fight I ever had, because I can stop any man who will come to me, and Dempsey will come. The faster he comes, the better it will suit me . . . ."

This statement ought to be consoling to sports writers. Here was a real, fur-lined, porcelain-mounted expert, a champion of the world. He was sure he had it figured out. But if there is any way in which he could have improved on the inaccuracy of that prediction, we don't know what it is. Since then Jess has changed his mind about Jack Dempsey as a fighter. He laughed when this prediction was shown to him recently.

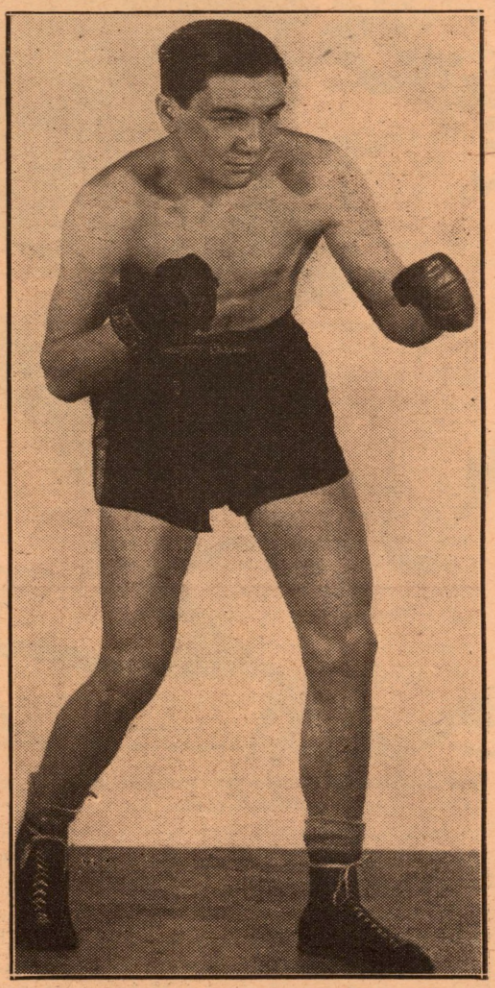
A LITTLE of this and that . . . . Famous alibis: Christmas afternoon, 1896 . . . . Coney Island A. C. Two feet of snow on ground . . . . Steve O'Donnell vs. Peter Maher . . . . O'Donnell could outbox Corbett . . . . IN GYMNASIUM John P. Dunn, Master of Ceremonies . . . . "ORDER PLEASE." Bell for first round . . . . Maher advances, giving O'Donnell vicious look . . . . O'Donnell seized with congestive chill, backs away . . . . Maher follows, shoots right to jaw . . . . O'Donnell counted out, thirty seconds . . . . After regaining consciousness and dressing, O'Donnell, standing on Hotel Sagamore steps, overcoat collar turned up . . . . Query: "Why didn't you do some fighting?" . . . . Answer: "The divil didn't give me a CHANCE TO GET STARTED!" . . . . Gift titles, which failed to stick: 1905, Jeff decided to retire . . . . "What'll I do with the championship?" he inquired with a look of perturbation on his intellectual countenance . . . . "Toss it to one of the boys," suggested a passerby . . . . "Never thought of that," said Jeff . . . . "Hey, Marvin, you're the champ" . . . . Then came the ballyhoo for Marvin Hart, the new "champ" . . . . The reaction was raucous laughter on the part of Tommy Burns, George Gardner, Phila Jack O'Brien, Mike Schreck, and others . . . . Jeff's goat suffered, and he said: "Hey, Marvin, I was only joking about the title . . . . Whereupon, Tommy Burns proceeded to give Hart a trimming . . . . Mike Schreck stopped Hart twice, once in 21 rounds, once in 4 rounds . . . . Title didn't stick . . . . Time 1891 . . . . Bob Fitzsimmons on his arrival in Frisco was "tried out" in California A. C. with Frank Allen . . . . Broke Allen's wrist . . . . Matched with Nonpareil Jack Dempsey at 154 pounds ringside . . . . Fitz stood 5 feet 11¾ inches . . . . Fitz scaled 150½ . . . . Dempsey 147½ . . . . Dempsey's backers aghast . . . . Dempsey punching bag for Fitz, but very game . . . . Fitz's succeeding weights: For Hall, Creedon, Maher, 163½; Corbett 165 . . . . Corbett in 1892 against Sullivan, 178 . . . . Sullivan 212 . . . . Corbett against Fitz, 184.

MAKING THE GRADE

By EDDIE BORDEN

VICTOR DELLICURTI is a name in boxing that has come up with a bang in the last ten months. Prior to that time, he was just a good club fighter, but his victories, his stirring ring battles, his punching qualities and his general ring demeanor, have brought him to the front and now he rates one of the best middleweights in the world.

Victor is of Italian parentage. He quit school early to go to work and for a time he aided the family by becoming a truckman's helper. At the age of seventeen, he worked in a rug factory. He found the job tiresome and after seven months he joined the C.C.C.



Tami Mauriello, former Golden Gloves welter champion, who is making good as a professional.

It was during his stay at the camp that Dellicurti got the opportunity to don the padded gloves and engage in some real glove contests—something he'd been interested in for several years. After winning two bouts at the C.C.C., the former rug bather entered the Golden Gloves and scored four knockouts in his first amateur tournament. Then, after two more victories, Dellicurti turned pro and since joining the money ranks he has won 30 of 36 fights at this writing. He fought 2 draws and lost 4 close decisions.

In the above two paragraphs is crammed the 22 years of Vic Dellicurti's life; a very ordinary life for a most extraordinary ringman. Until a year ago, Vic was considered just a mediocre fighter. He really sprang into public notice when, acting as a last-minute substitute, he gave the clever middleweight, Georgie Abrams, a severe thrashing. Not only did Vic spot his foe ten pounds, but dropped him early in the tussle and won as he pleased. That was the real start of his amazing fistic career.

From then on, after winning a series of spectacular battles over a number of the best welters and middleweights around New York, Dellicurti began to be looked upon by fight fans as an outstanding pugilist. Victor's style had caught the fancy of boxing devotees. His aggressiveness and hard punching has held them ever since.

* * *

WHAT makes the sturdy Italian-American extraordinary, one of the most talked-of sock artists in the squared circle today, is this, that although he's only a 147-pounder, Victor Dellicurti's pugilistic prowess has brought him close to the top of his own class and also that of the 160-pound division.

Vic Dellicurti is mild-mannered, soft-spoken and modestly shy outside the ring, but once he faces a man in a boxing contest, he sheds his gentle robes and is a fighting demon. He becomes a veritable destroyer, with port and starboard projectiles, as damaging weapons.

This remarkable ringman is powerfully built and amazingly strong. He punches with lightning-like swiftness and crushing force. He is as rugged as he is courageous.

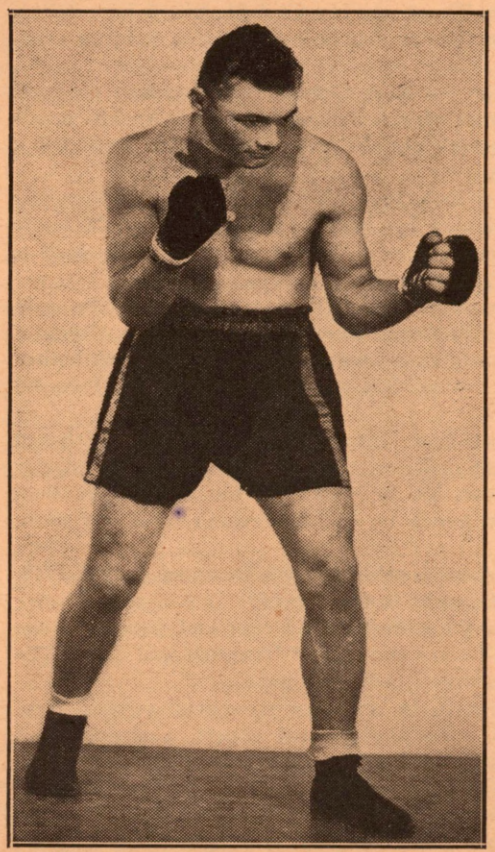
He can shake off head-numbing wallops and come charging in with the strength of a bull and the ferocity of a wildcat. His keen eyes and quick brain rarely fail to aid him in getting away from swift and destructive attacks. He is extraordinarily calm and relaxed in the ring.

Dellicurti stands straight and appears to be not at all difficult to hit. Yet he is swift and elusive and is ever eager to trade wallops with the most devastating punchers in the game. What makes the Italian-American youth startlingly dangerous is the fact that he is tough and tireless. He can take wicked blows without flinching and come back with terrific, accurately placed slams.

* * *

VICTOR'S steady march up the fistic trail has been phenomenal. After vanquishing middleweight Georgie Abrams he competed against the Canadian welterweight champion, Sammy Luftspring, and triumphed over him with little effort. Walter Frankin, a strong fast-punching middleweight, was next; the result was another victory for Victor.

He then added the mean-fisted Cal Cagni to his increasing list of victims. The shifty and ring-wise middleweight, Johnny McHale, bowed in defeat under Dellicurti's sharp punching. Then came the rugged and thoroughly experienced welterweight, Pete De Ruzza. He found himself unable to cope with the speedy fists of Vic Dellicurti. The game and aggressive Mexican middleweight, Augie Arellano, tried to halt Victor's winning streak, but failed.



Ernie Vigh, Newburgh's star middleweight, a rugged, two-fisted scrapper.

Those are just a few of the sterling scrappers the Harlem mittster has disposed of. They are mentioned here merely to serve as an example of the calibre of fistic opposition Dellicurti has hurdled and can cope with. Thus far Victor Dellicurti has succeeded to do his fighting fairly and his winning decisively. He hopes to get a crack at the title this summer.

THERE was nothing spectacular in the early life of Ernie Vigh. None of the adventurous roamings that have colored the lives of other lads who have finally settled down to boxing as a career have touched him. Ernie first saw the light of day—or it may have been the dark of night—on July 3, 1919, in Carteret, New Jersey. Two years later his family moved to Roseton—a small town four miles from the city of Newburgh.

It was in High School—called Newburgh Free Academy—that Ernie Vigh, at the age of 14, tried his hand at boxing and succeeded to win the middleweight championship of the various schools which held boxing tournaments. After graduating at 17, Ernie found that getting a job was far more difficult than learning a trade. He finally went to work for the Conway Brothers, owners of one of the biggest and cleanest farms in the Hudson Valley. Fruit trees was their most important department, and Ernie worked in the packing house. His job was to see that the fruit was properly cleaned and not bruised.

Vigh returned to Newburgh two years later and took part in four amateur fights—winning 3 by kayoes and one by decision. Then he came to New York and under the management of Domonic Laviano and the handling of Harry Christie, had his first pro fight.

It was at the Queensboro Arena. His opponent was the clever and experienced Joey Steinfeld. The contest had the elements of comedy and drama in it. Ernie Vigh was young and strong and ambitious. It was his first showing in a Metropolitan ring before a crowd of over five thousand people. He was just a kid from the sticks—but he was determined to show New York fight fans that he had the fistic stuff that real champions were made of.

Steinfeld, on the other hand, was making a comeback after being out of the ring for 3 years, when he had been considered a top flight lightweight. He too, was determined to show the fans that he was still good. The chubby young farmer with the straw colored hair would serve as a fine instrument upon which to play a sweet fistic tune and thus charm the boxing fans, thought Joey.

But when the bell clanged, chaos cut loose! The calm-faced farmer tore out of his corner like a tornado and gave the experienced boxer no opportunity to show his cleverness. Ernie slammed him with both fists—missing a great number of punches, but when he landed, Joey knew he was hit. Sometimes Ernie fell through the ropes when he missed a deadly swing and other times Steinfeld was sent through the ropes when Vigh did not miss but connected. The bout was called a draw. And Ernie Vigh had made good in the Big City.

His rise since then has been meteoric. To date Ernie has had 37 professional fights. Twenty-six of them he won by knockouts. Ten by decisions. He lost but two. And the other ended in a draw.

* * *

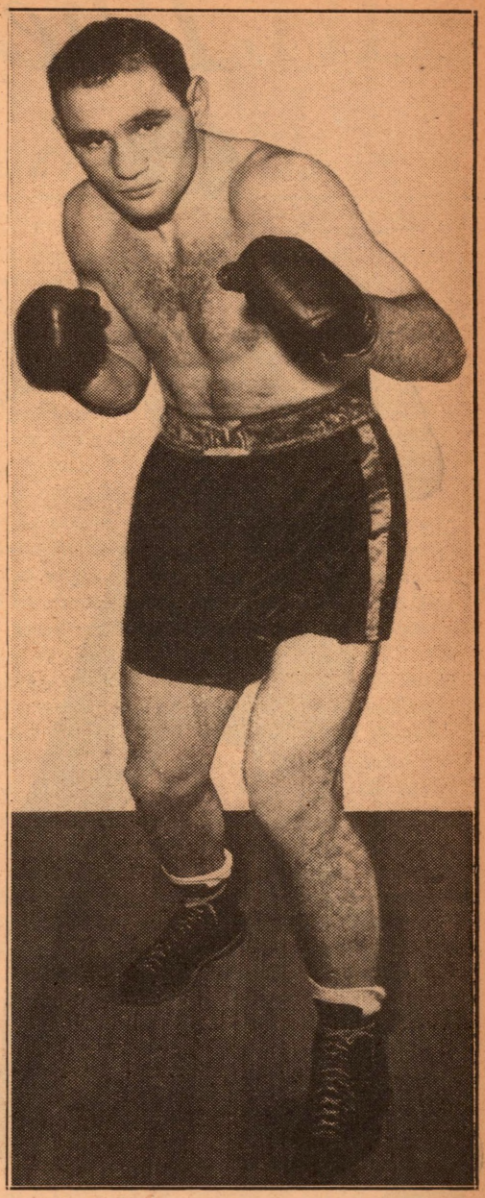
VIGH is probably one of the most improved youngsters in the business today. He has learned how to carry himself in the ring, how to avoid a punch, how to feint a man into position, and how to punch. He is considered one of the most devastating punchers in the ring, having dropped nearly every man who opposed him. In action, Ernie is a replica of Joe Louis. He has the same stance, the same "dead pan," the same manner of stalking his prey, the same light-footed movements, the same lightning-like swiftness to strike when he sees an opening, the same terrific force behind his driven fist and the same shy modesty that characterized the great heavyweight champion.

As for the decisions Ernie Vigh lost, one was very close, Larry Kellum taking it by a hair's breath. The other was to Bep Van Kleveren, a clever and thoroughly experienced middleweight. Old-timers have remarked that Ernie Vigh is a scrapper who has everything necessary to become a great ringman.

He is possessed of fighting courage and an aptitude to absorb fistic knowledge. He has both the desire and the determination to make good. He can take a hard wallop and come tearing into his foe with renewed vigor and ferocity—like a tiger leaping at its prey. It was for that reason that he is dubbed the Blond Tiger.

FIGHT fans have become aware of Ernie Vigh as a terrific puncher. There is something strangely fascinating in the spectacle of watching one man drop to the canvas from the sharp punch on the jaw by another man. It is something that has made Joe Louis the most popular champion in the world today. And it is making Ernie Vigh a dangerous opponent for any middleweight to face in the ring as well as a great favorite with the fistic customers.

He is a lad who is possessed of courage, skill, a fighting heart, determination and fists that drop opponents like a ball knocks over pins in a bowling alley. With those assets, Ernie can't fail. He'll make good with a vengeance. After all, his brother Julius did it. He became a mighty good heavyweight some years ago. So why can't Ernie? He can, and he will—especially with brother Julius helping him.



Victor Dellicurti, one of the world's outstanding middleweights, who is rated high by THE RING. *He hopes to get a chance at the title this year.*

* * *

INCENTIVE is the mighty power which drives men to achieve the impossible. Next to it is the fervent desire to follow—and even to emulate—the hero of our dreams. The hero, or the idol, of Tami Mauriello's dreams was that grand little fighter, Tony Canzoneri. Ever since he was ten years old—that was nine years ago—Mauriello idolized Tony. It was about that time that Tami decided he would like to be a fighter—just like Canzoneri. And so throughout his days in grammar school he dreamed about a ring career. The dream persisted during his three years of high school—as well as the time he spent looking for a job.

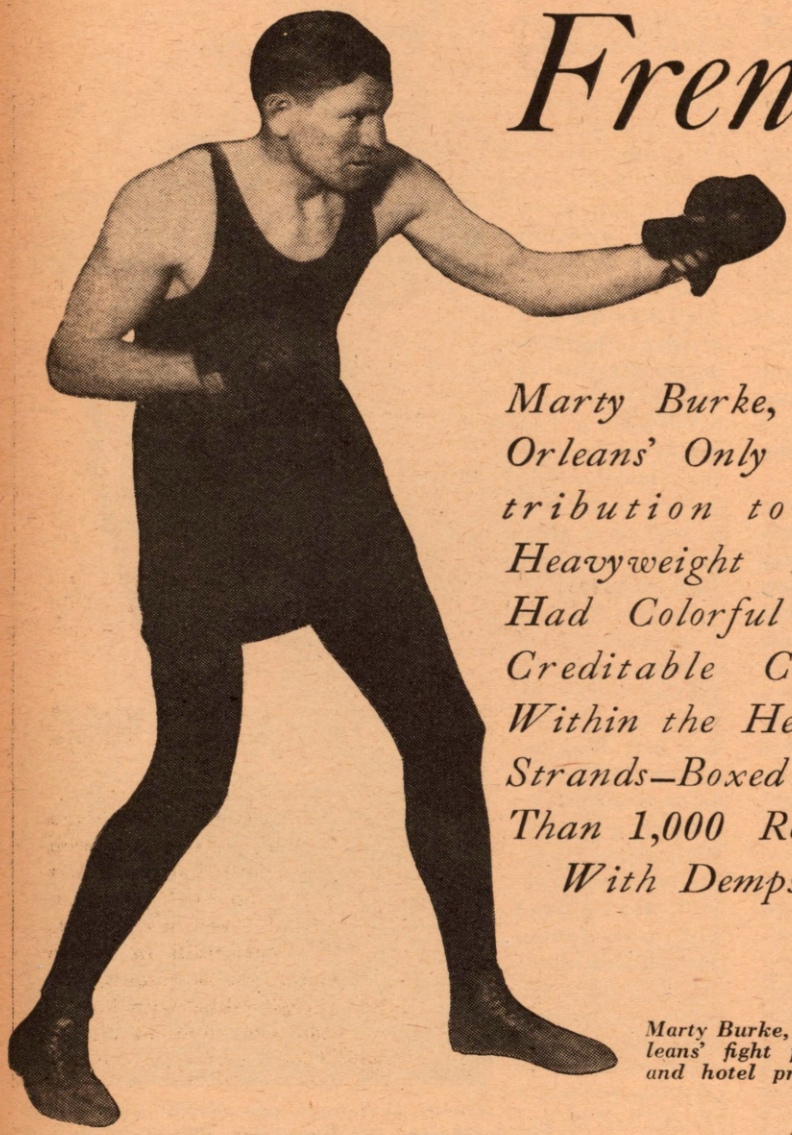
It might be added here that poverty is also an incentive which will drive men to desperate means to earn a living. Mauriello comes from a large family. And a large family must have large accommodations and lots of food. In a family which is both large and poor, everyone who can help must pitch in and do so.

Tami, a sensitive and intelligent lad, wanted desperately to do his share. But he soon discovered that finding a job was about as simple to do as to discover a remedy for growing hair. So he gave it up and decided to follow his childhood ambition—become a boxer—and perhaps become a successful champion like Tony Canzoneri. Then he could support his entire family.

Thus it was that Tami Mauriello entered amateur boxing tournaments. Fifteen months of battling *(Continued on page 42)*

The "Harp" from the French Quarter

By DON GALLAGHER



Marty Burke, New Orleans' Only Contribution to the Heavyweight Rank Had Colorful and Creditable Career Within the Hempen Strands—Boxed More Than 1,000 Rounds With Dempsey

Marty Burke, New Orleans' fight promoter and hotel proprietor.

THE old French Quarter in New Orleans has always been a place where visitors or residents who were skilled in the art of self-defense could count such fact as a definite asset what with rough-house sailors, dock wallopers and tough hombres of every character and description roaming the narrow streets and alleys at all hours of the day and night. A French padre in the Quarter thirty years ago encouraged the youths in his parish to become adept in the science of boxing not only for their physical well-being but for their own protection as well.

He constructed a ring in the basement of his church and held weekly bouts among the boys of his congregation. In the parish was a tall, rather frail Irish lad of twelve named Martin Burke who was considered something of a sissy since he never engaged in boxing or other sports. Furthermore, his main pastime was reading books and this together with the fact that he was an honor student in the parochial school, made him almost a total loss in the minds of the other boys.

One night, however, Martin's father, who was a policeman and a native of County Galway, Ireland, induced the boy to accompany him to the parish boxing bouts. Martin was fascinated by the whirl of gloves and the following day he sought out the Padre and asked if he might not participate in the next show. His theory was that if the other boys could box he could do so, too. His dad had no objections. In fact, he was certain that his boy could box.

THOSE who were present the following week when Marty Burke at the age of twelve made his debut in the ring, gasped with amazement. Here was something truly phenomenal—a natural boxer—a boy who never before had worn a pair of boxing gloves, feinting, weaving, side-stepping and throwing quick punches as though he had been schooled by a champion. This lad took to boxing like a country preacher takes to fried chicken.

Before long, Marty Burke was champion of the parish, then champion of New Orleans, and not a great while later, he became simon-pure king of all Dixie. In 1918, weighing 155 pounds, he went to Boston and won the National A.A.U. title in both the middleweight and heavyweight divisions. No other man of his weight before nor since has held the Amateur Heavyweight Championship of the United States. He was known as "The Harp from the French Quarter."

* * *

BACK in New Orleans, with all the glory and success that amateur boxing could ever offer already his, Marty decided to forsake the sport he had grown to love and enter a business career. But then a strange thing happened. A young fighter from out of the west, named Jack Dempsey, was billed to fight one Carl Morris in New Orleans and having arrived in the city several weeks before the date of the fight found no boxers available with whom he could work out.

Someone suggested that the Amateur Heavyweight Champion of the United States lived in the city and might accommodate Dempsey by boxing with him daily. Dempsey and his manager, Jack Kearns, called on Marty Burke and explained their predicament and that very day Marty started boxing with the man who right then was probably the greatest fighter of all time.

This was Dempsey in his prime—Dempsey the killer—the relentless tiger—the savage Manassa Mauler—the Dempsey just before Toledo! The world did not know then how great Dempsey was—but Dempsey knew, and Marty Burke knew the minute they exchanged punches, that nothing but death could stop Dempsey from becoming the champion of the world. So impressed was Dempsey with the speed and science of Marty Burke during their many workouts preceding the Morris fight in New Orleans, that he beseeched Marty to team up with him as a sparring mate.

So impressed was Marty with Dempsey's prowess that he decided to do it. Thus were Marty's aspirations for an immediate business career sidetracked and his destiny was cast with the fight game.

He worked with Dempsey until three days before the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo. On the afternoon of July 4th, 1919, when Dempsey was winning the title from Willard, Marty Burke was winning his first professional engagement in his home city. After his professional debut, Marty was off on a career in the prize ring that saw him going against the greatest fighters of his time—and always with credit to himself and to the sport.

Between his own engagements, *(Continued on page 45)*

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

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Luis Angel Firpo

WAS born at Junin, a small town just outside Buenos Aires, Argentine, on October 11, 1896. Has two brothers and a sister. Left Junin for Buenos Aires when four years old. Attended school there. Enjoyed sports.

Quit chool when fifteen years old to study chemistry. Worked in one of Buenos Aires largest drug stores. Remained there for six years, then, at age of twenty-one, became a pharmacist. At the age of sixteen was six feet tall and scaled 170 pounds. Grew rapidly.

Became interested in football and played with some of the best teams in Argentine. Was rough, but a good soccer player and was in demand. His rough tactios resulted in several players being badly hurt, one with a broken collar bone and as a result, Firpo quit the game. Liked to engage in sports and took up swimming, horseback riding, running and eventually boxing.

Started as an amateur when at a celebration of the drug clerks of Argentine, a tournament was staged and he entered and carried off the heavyweight honors. Boxing was in its infancy there but he did pretty well and entered several other amateur tournaments.

Chile was the only country in South America where boxing was popular, so he decided to go there.

Went to Santiago and there made his first money in pro field. Liked the game so much that he decided to stick at it.

In boxing, he was a throwback to the stone age. Wild as a March hare but had a powerful kick in his punches. Had a face that looked as if it were hewn from granite. His eyes, nestling beneath a shaggy beetling brow, were singularly piercing. Forehead low, typical of primitive man, and above it a thatch of bushy hair.

Firpo had marvelous endurance. Could assimilate terrific punishment. His style of fighting gained for him the nom-de-guerre, "The Wild Bull of the Pampas."

Comes from Italian and Spanish parentage. His people moved to Argentine shortly after their marriage. Amassed a comfortable fortune then lost it. Firpo at times was a bootblack, stevedore, bottle washer and performed many other jobs. Father born in Genoa, mother, of Spanish natives of Argentine. Inherited his build and size from mother.

Had just one asset, could deal a terrific smash with the right hand. Otherwise knew very little about the boxing game. Came to New York in 1922 and immediately attracted attention because of his appearance. Was unkempt, wore same celluloid collar for days and baggy trousers. Was desperately in need of funds and finally received a tryout in New Jersey where he made good. Clubbed out a number of third and fourth raters in Skeeter State and then was taken in tow by Jimmy Deforest who taught him the rudiments of boxing. When his fame came, he dismissed Deforest to save expense and it was this that caused his downfall in Dempsey fight. Had he a good second in his corner, he would have emerged the world champion.

The giant got $100,000 for the fight with Dempsey in which he was floored seven times and was kayoed in second after he had put Dempsey through the ropes. His early victims were Sailor Maxted, Joe McCann, Italian Jack Herman, Jim Tracey, Bill Brennan, Jack McAuliffe, Jess Willard, Homer Smith, Joe Downey, Charley Weinert and Jim Hibbard before he tackled Dempsey. After Dempsey bout, fighter returned to Argentine and went into real estate and automobile business, but failed in both.

Harry Wills

HARRY WILLS, born in New Orleans, May 15, 1892. Height, 6 feet 3½ and weight, 212 pounds. Started out as a longshoreman, hauling bales of cotton, and took to boxing through necessity, personal protection. Became extremely clever and soon found himself a much-talked about battler. Began his career in 1911 and continued through 1927, his last fight being with Paulino Uzcudun, by whom he was knocked out in fourth round. Previously had lost on a foul in his most important contest in years, to Jack Sharkey at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, in 13th round.

He met mediocre opposition at start of his career and he used his punching power and height to good advantage to stop many opponents. Showed great promise from start. Was clever and good hitter. Started as professional in 1911 but it wasn't until his final fight in 1913, when he met Joe Jeannette, that he faced a first class opponent. Thereafter he fought the cream of the division, mostly Negroes.

Scored nine knockouts in 1913, won two decisions and went ten rounds to a draw with Jeff Clarke. Best opposition came in 1914. Scored two knockouts at expense of Rough-house Ware and Kid Cotton, then met Sam Langford in no-decision bout of 10 rounds. Boxed another no-decision mill with Jeannette then followed with slashing knockout victories over Soldier Elder, Pete Everett, and Battling Brandt.

Continued to display his knockout punch to advantage by stopping Charlie Miller and Charley Horn in one round each. Whipped Charles Grande in four and Jim Cameron in four before he was matched again with Langford. Met his first knockout in that fight, stopped by Sambo in fourteenth. Was then whipped by Sam McVey in 20 rounds and later beat Sam Langford in return mill in twelve rounds. Following year beat Langford in 20 rounds, and in very next contest, Langford turned tables with knock-out in nineteenth. Wound up year with 20-round victory over Jeff Clarke and a five-round kayo of George Cotton.

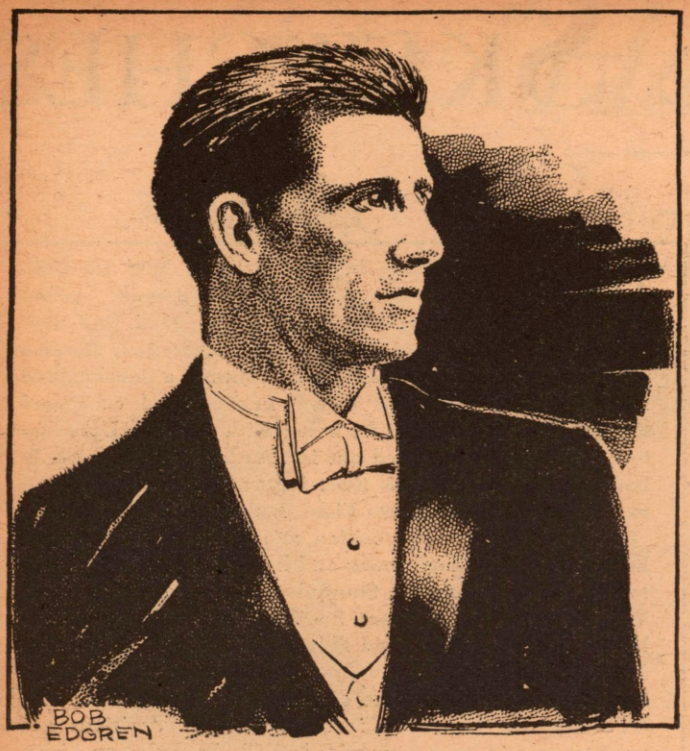
Thereafter he was a busy fellow, though in 1917 he broke his hand and had to retire for a time. Belted out Fred Fulton in three rounds and added to his knockout record the names of Bill Tate, Ray Johnson, Jeff Clarke and Gunboat Smith, Buddy Jackson, Clem Johnson, Tut Jackson, and Kid Norfolk. Then he went after Jack Dempsey.

Was Jack Dempsey's Nemesis. Trailed him for many years but though three times signed for a championship fight, Dempsey ran out of same and, because of that, Wills accepted the bout with Sharkey, to prove his right as challenger for Dempsey's crown. The result was a shock and ended Wills' championship aspirations.

One of ring's most clever boxers. Had a reach of 84 inches and was fast as a streak with his left that acted like the fangs of a snake. His color alone prevented him from reaching the top. Was considered a top flight boxer for many years. Fought so many times against colored people because of his inability to get white men to oppose him.

Received an opportunity from Tex Rickard on September 11, 1924, to show against Luis Firpo in what was regarded as a tune up for a fight with Dempsey, but Wills fell down badly. Firpo, who had been slaughtered by Dempsey the previous year, lasting the full twelve rounds. In June of that same year, Harry won a thrilling bout from Bartley Madden in New York City in 15 rounds.

Among his most notable battles were those with Langford and McVey. He fought McVey eight times, Langford seventeen times, Jeannette four and Jeff Clarke five.



James J. Corbett, the master boxer.

Corbett Hit at Lil' Arthur

Before Jack Johnson's Victory Over Jim Jefferies, Gentleman Jim Belittled Qualities of Defensive Fighter

By "THE RING" EDITOR

Through an oversight, part of the following story, "Corbett Hit at Lil' Arthur," was left out of the last issue. We are sorry for the omission. The story should have carried Corbett's reason for writing about Johnson and we therefore are carrying the introduction and part of that which appeared in the April number, in this issue.—[EDITOR'S NOTE.

IN 1932, when George Touhey, Boston historian of boxing, died, his widow, eager that George's collection of fight clippings, some dating back a century, and his books, fall into the hands of some person who would make proper use of the material, upon the recommendation of my friend, "Doc" Almy of the Boston *Post*, contacted me. She came to New York, showed me a few of her husband's belongings, and it didn't require much time for me to acquire the collection.

Four cases reached my office a few weeks later, and for almost eight years I have been engaged assorting the material.

In that collection were also a large number of history-making letters, and autographed photographs from famous sports figures to George Touhey. There are letters from John L. Sullivan, George Considine, George Siler, James J. Corbett, Battling Nelson, Kid McCoy, Mysterious Billy Smith, Billy Naughton, Jack Grace, Joe Choynski, Tom Sharkey, James J. Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons Bob Vernon, George Little, Jack Johnson, Peter Maher, Buddy Bishop, Ed Graney, Charley White, George Harding, Peter Jackson and a vast number of others from equally renowned characters in the boxing world. They have afforded me hours of pleasurable reading because in that collection, we find an interesting link between the early period of American glove wielding and that of the era that ended with the enactment of the Walker Boxing Law in New York.

Recently, I came across one written by Jim Corbett that throws considerable light on the status of Jack Johnson as a fighter, as viewed by the greatest exponent of the manly art, the father of American scientific boxing. In this letter to Touhey, who previously had extolled Fitz and Jeffries, Corbett declares that he is amazed at the high ranking given to the Galveston Negro by most fistic experts. "An over-rated fighter," is what Corbett dubs Johnson.

* * *

IT was the month preceding the fight between Johnson and Jeffries. Jim Corbett had been enjoying a stay in England and Ireland where he went on a visit to his parents' birthplace and to fill a vaudeville engagement. The articles of agreement between Jeffries and Johnson had been signed. Training had gotten under way. The newspapers were carrying their fill of articles on the training of each and based on those reports by the critics, the odds were fluctuating almost daily.

Corbett was riled at the reports of the Negro's confidence. He became angry at statements calling attention to Johnson's cleverness. Particularly was he incensed at an article that had been syndicated, in which it was stated that in cleverness, Johnson stands out as one of the finest exponents of scientific boxing the world has seen since Jem Mace was in his prime, and in other qualities he excells Corbett and Fitzsimmons and therefore should have no difficulty beating the aged Jeffries.

Touhey picked up this item and carried it in his nationally famous boxing publication. He pulled it apart, analyzed the points involved, criticized the assertion and gave his reasons why Jeffries, Fitz and Corbett were better than Johnson. That editorial by Touhey brought a long letter from Corbett, which, from an historic point of interest, is a most valuable boxing document. Here is Gentleman Jim's message:

* * *

"ALTHOUGH I am going to help in training Jeffries, I am not making this statement because of that. I am writing this to you, George, because it gets my nanny to see such ridiculous statements printed in the press about Jack Johnson's greatness. He is a good fighter, but as for greatness, go through his record and show me wherein he deserves such praise.

"I don't know just how good Jeffries is right now. I can't say that his long layoff has helped his condition any, as you should know. But I do know that I'll do my best to whip him into condition to beat Johnson and set at rest for all time all this silly talk that the Negro is the greatest fighter of the gloved era.

"To me, Jack Johnson is an over-rated man. That goes whether Jeffries stops him, as I think he has a fine chance to do, or Johnson beats Jim decisively. If he licks Jeffries, there is little credit to be attached to beating an old man, as boxing goes, who has been out of the ring so long.

"Johnson is just a big, flat-footed, careful boxer. He's never whipped a first class heavyweight in his life. Go through his record and judge for yourself. When his performances were off color, he'd make excuses that his hands were tied because he needed work and as he couldn't get the leading white men to fight him, and therefore he would carry his colored opponents. That may be true, George, but I can't see it that way.

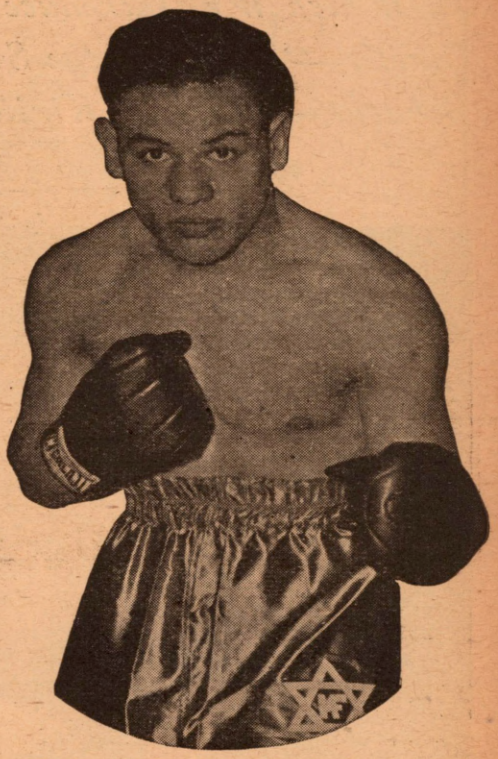
"Joe Choynski knocked him out in three rounds, yet Joe and I fought twenty-eight vicious rounds at Benecia, California. He lost to Hank Griffin in twenty rounds, and fought a large number of draws with fellows who in my opinion would have received the haymaker in four to six rounds had they fought Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Choynski or Jeffries.

"As a fighter, he has never taken a chance unless he knew that he had the other fellow licked. He always played safe. If he thought his opponent could not hurt *(Continued on page 41)*

VETS AND NOVICES

Charley Jerome, a Memphis welterweight, who is a good drawing card.

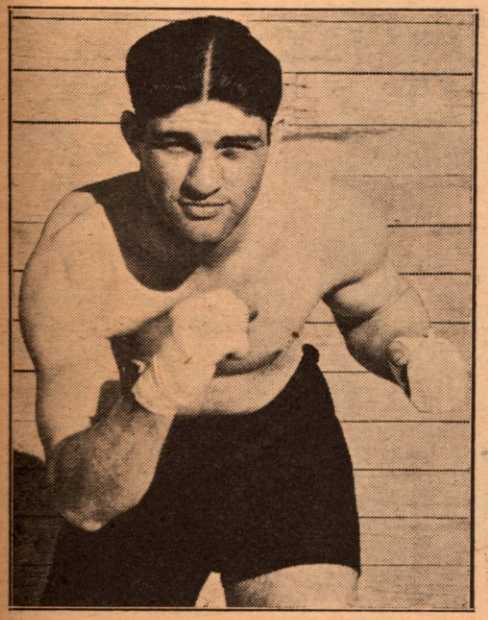
Nel Tarlton, new featherweight champion of England.



Mickey Farber, East Side's favorite lightweight. A pleasing performer.

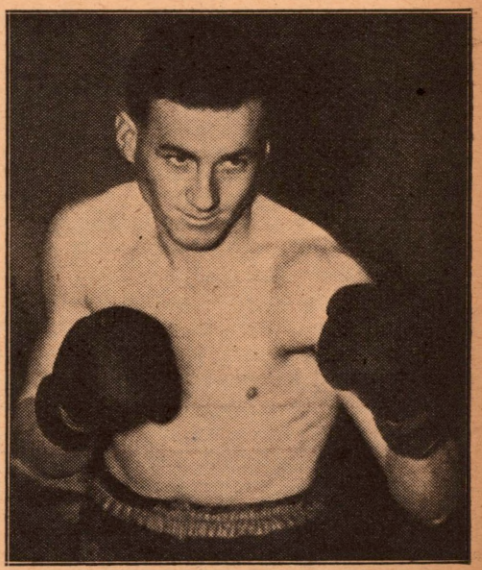
JACK MARSHALL is the claimant of the Texas heavyweight championship. He hails from Dallas, Tex., and is a former army battler. He engaged in 45 contests while in the Army, winning all but two. As a professional fighter he has engaged in 18 contests and won 14 and lost only one. He beat Campolo a few weeks ago, flooring him seven times.

In 1933 and 1934 Marshall won the heavyweight title at Fort Bliss. He was champion of the Philippine Islands in 1936-1937 and then won the championship at Fort Baker, Calif., in 1937. He began his professional career in 1938 in Dallas. He is 23 years old.



Johnny Carotenuto, a Philadelphia light-heavyweight, fighting out of South Carolina.

Jack Marshall, of Texas, claimant of Southern heavyweight title.

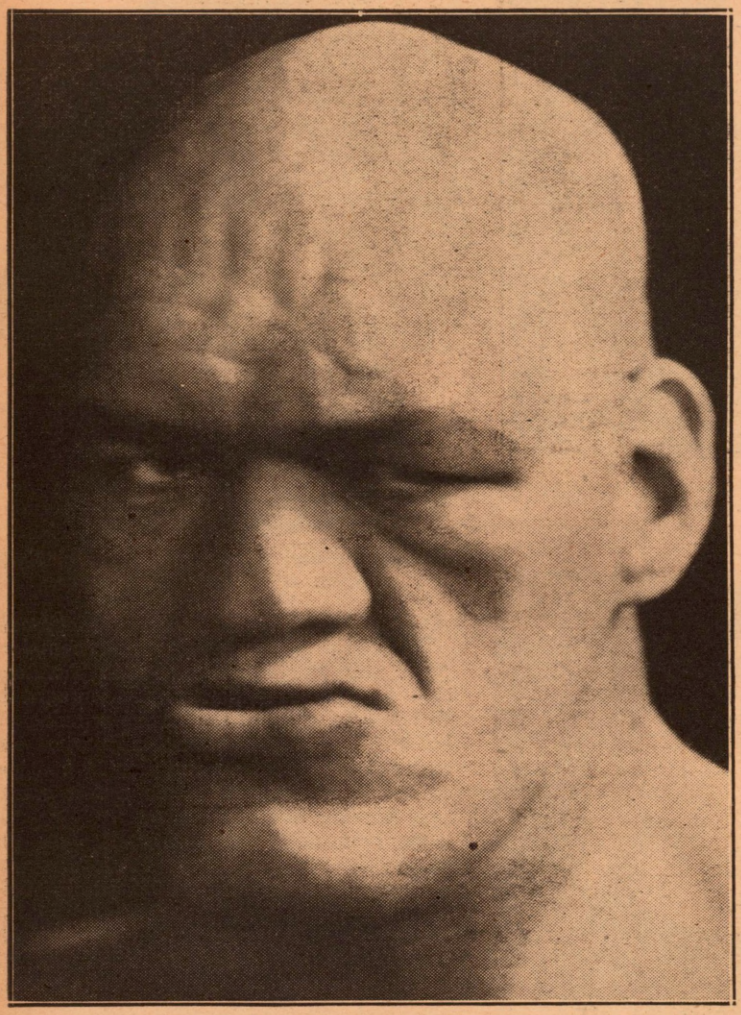


Joe Savoy, New Brunswick welterweight, who is compiling a good record.

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

In Which We Introduce Talent That Is Drawing Well in Eastern Mat Circles—"Popeye," the Swedish Ogre; Zim Zam Zum, John Melad and Von Schacht—Matros Kirilenko, Back From Africa, Tells of World Wrestling

By "THE MATMAN"



"Popeye," the American Swede with the head of a monster.

IT'S open season for wrestling freaks. Now that Carl Pojello has brought from France Maurice Tillet, The Angel, the man whom Harvard professors say is the nearest approach to the prehistoric man seen in many years, Jack Pfeffer, importer of pachyderms of all kinds and varieties, has decided to go Pojello one better by bringing out an American giant who in appearance would make a hit with the Barnum and Bailey circus. Jack is the original importer of freaks. Some of those whom he has placed on exhibition in America were Houlaban, the "Neckless One"; Pinetzki, the man with the endless arms, and Fritz Kley, the German Contortionist whose pretzel act used to take the house by storm, and many others.

Pfeffer believes that the public that attends wrestling shows these days doesn't want the orthodox sport. "They come to be entertained," says Jack, "and they want freaks, bearded giants, contortionists on the programme instead of real honest, dyed-in-the-wool wrestlers of the old Zbyszko school. And that's just what I'm giving them now and they are coming out in droves."

Perhaps Jack is correct. At least so it seems, considering the packed houses that are turning out to see his freaks around New York and The Angel in New England where he is making his headquarters.

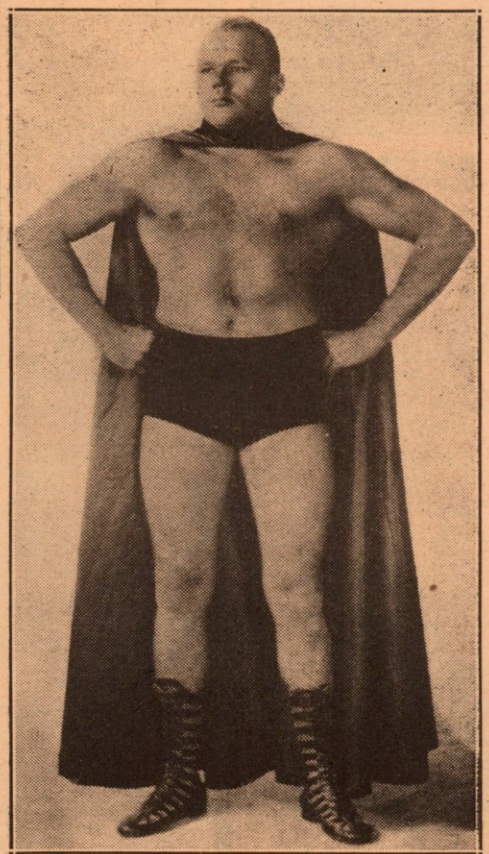
I asked Pfeffer where he digs up his "wild" men and funny men, and he replied:

"Let me give you a few facts about my discoveries. I have a few under contract who would make the management of the Barnum and Bailey circus green with envy, and I really don't know, but what I might even sign them for the circus for a short period. Some are funny; some mean and some so ugly they would scare a child to death. Let's take a peak at the greatest monstrosity the wrestling game has had in its midst—the "Swedish Ogre," the World's Ugliest Wrestler.

His name? Well let's call him "Popeye." That's good enough for the public. His real name? That's not necessary. The wrestling fans don't give a hang. One look at his ugly features and they have no more interest in his name.

"Popeye," the Swedish Ogre, a monster in size and build, stands six feet 2 inches and scales 240 pounds. He has long, dangling arms, swaying gait like that of a gorilla; hands that would make three of the normal man; big fingers the size of frankfurters; a long face, wide cheeks, high cheek bones and a forehead with two protruding bunions on each side big enough to hang your hat. That's an accurate picture of "Popeye."

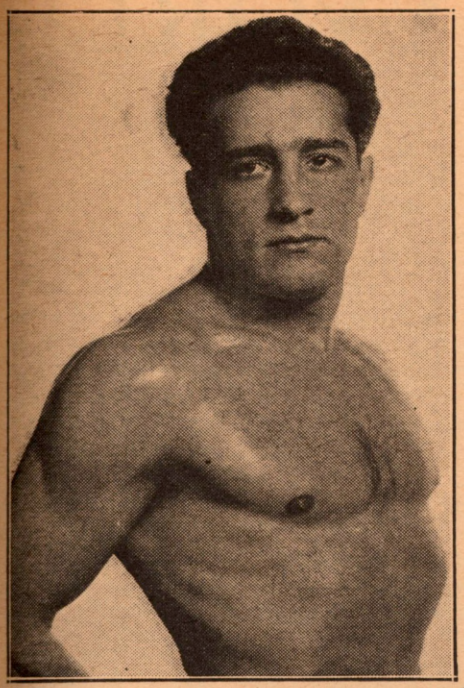
He is a monster in build. His chin seems to be somewhere in the middle of his face and it goes down his chest. He has a flat squashed-in nose resembling a pancake. He certainly is a unique character.



Friederich Von Schacht, former Milwaukee brewery worker.

"Popeye" says that he comes from the Northwest of this country, is of Swedish descent and, like the Swedes, is at home in the cold. He spent several years in the lumber camps of the Northwest, is an expert on skis and admits that he knows nothing about wrestling, but figures that his strength, plus his ugly appearance, are sufficient in these days of wrestling folly to make him a headliner. And he is correct, judging by the turnouts at shows where he has been billed.

He is a good rough-and-tumble expert, the kind of



John Melas, former amateur who is making good as a pro.

Let's chalk one more up for Jack Pfeffer.

* * *

ZIM ZAM ZUM—Who is he???? That is the way Zim Zam Zum is billed. He claims India as his country and Bombay his native town. He says that his ancestors were wrestlers and he carries documents to prove it.

He says he learned his wrestling in one of the Gama schools of wrestling in Bombay and that many of his ring tricks were taught him by the great master himself — Gama. The "Three ZZZ" is a gent with a ravishing black beard, upturned mustachio which would do credit to our conception of Mephisto. He is a surprising individual, quiet spoken, wears flashy turbans and when he removes the headpiece, reveals a clean shaven head.

When he steps into the ring he immediately goes to his corner, squats tailor fashion with bowed head and remains in that position until called to the center for instructions. All the passiveness vanishes, however, as soon as the bell rings. He is a rough, aggressive matman with a repertoire of holds which stamp him a first class wrestling man.

* * *

BUT among the array of mat talent all are not freaks, and Pfeffer has added several top notchers to his string of athletes. Among these we mention *FRIEDRICH OTTO VON SCHACHT*, the Milwaukee Brewer, they call him, because he worked in a brewery tossing barrels around before he was discovered and introduced to the mat. The gent with the long name is colorful. He stands 6 feet 4 inches, is only 25 years old and weighs 240 pounds. He is strong and so far his matches have been won by a display of strength rather than wrestling holds.

Matros Kirilenko, veteran wrestler who has returned from a world tour.

tugging that was in vogue when John Morrisey was American heavyweight champion in pre-Civil war days. He may not look pretty and may not know a thing about the finer points of the mat sport —but he most certainly is there as an attraction.

Zim Zam Zum, who says he hails from India.

Von Schacht, when entering the ring, wears a long flowing cape such as worn by Heidelberg University students. He also wears shoes reaching to the middle of the leg, replicas of those worn by Grecian athletes of old. It is a pleasure to see Friedrich pick up an opponent and the ease with which he tosses him around. The young giant looks as if he is headed for big things.

* * *

JOHN MELAS. A young Greek wrestler only 23 years old and as handsome as they come. He turned professional after having wrestled as an amateur for three years, and has made a hit in New York. From the start he surprised by his speed, clever mat tricks and the way he stood off professionals. With each succeeding match Pfeffer has given him tougher and tougher opposition, but his victories have been consistent even against experienced matmen.

Melas weighs 192 pounds and is picking up more weight. It won't be long before the Greek Adonis tips the scales at 210 pounds, a weight which will enable him to go after the big fellows. John Melas will bear watching. He has about everything necessary for an athlete to go to top of his profession.

* * *

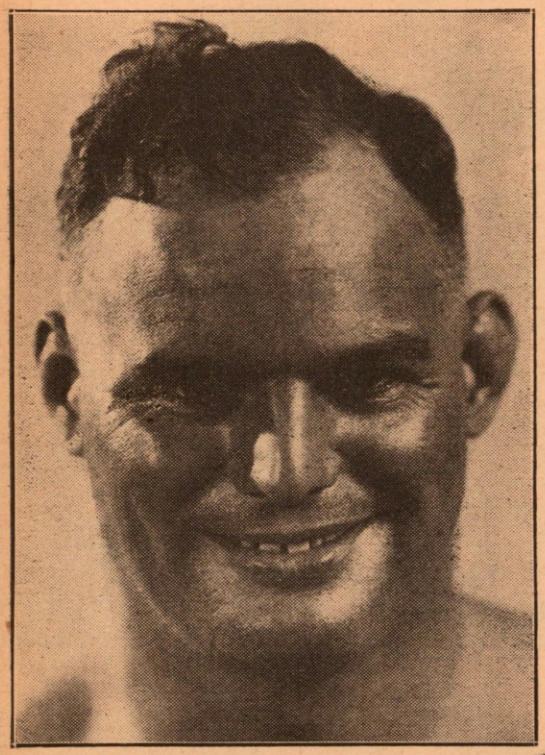
FELIX SLOVIKOWSKI. A Polish giant weighing 260 pounds and standing 6 feet 2. Jack Pfeffer introduced him several seasons back and since then Felix has been stepping along. In spite of his great poundage, Felix is all brawn and muscle, very fast for a big fellow and very powerful.

Slovikowski first showed in Europe where he participated in a number of tournaments. Accustomed to the European style of milling, it was difficult at first for him to master the tricky American style. It took Felix a little time, but today he is an expert at all the specialized American forms of attack, including the tackle which he delivers as well as any of our famed gridders who turned pro wrestlers. None of the American lads has found him easy.

(Continued on page 39)

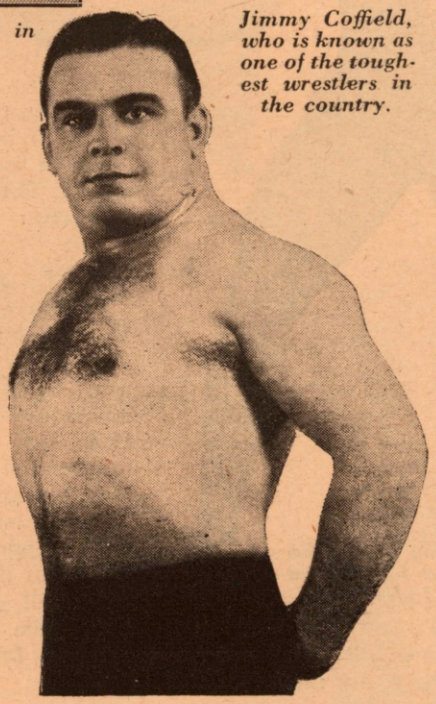
NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL



Harry Kent, one of the best wrestlers in the Mid-west.

BACK in America after a tour of South Africa, Karol Zbyszko is gaining considerable prestige in the United States as a wrestler of extraordinary science. The nephew of the famous Zbyszko brothers, in an interview with THE RING Editor a few weeks ago, stated that wrestling has taken a firmer hold on the public of South Africa than boxing, because it is more spectacular and because many of the natives of Johannesburg, Durban and Cape Town are more wrestling inclined than they are boxing. Dean Detton, according to Zbyszko, is one of the most popular matmen from America that has appeared in a South African ring in many years, only Earl McCready being more of a favorite. Although most of the American matmen have left the British territory since the war started, Dean has decided to stick it out and is doing exceedingly well.



Jimmy Coffield, who is known as one of the toughest wrestlers in the country.

Probably no wrestler on the mat today has had a more eventful career than that of Karol Zbyszko, who was born Karol Nowina Szczerbinski in Krakow, Poland, in 1904. For a young man his age, he has been through the mill and has seen life in many parts of the world, both as an athlete and as a tourist.

Karol has wrestled in many countries of the world—Poland, England, South America, France, Spain, Portugal, and South Africa, and speaks all seven of these languages.

The start of his wrestling career can be laid to his ambition to acquire an education. After attending Jagiellonski University in Poland for two years, where he studied medicine, Karol came to the United States at the suggestion of Uncle Stanislaus, to continue his education at St. John's University in Brooklyn. He spent his summers at Stanislaus' wrestling camp at Old Orchard, Maine, near Portland, and wrestled with the members of "Stan's" training staff just for pastime. Soon he became so proficient he could beat some of the boys.

Then the promoters became interested in Karol. Finally he accepted some matches in California where he wrestled as Karol Nowina, as he did not care to cast any reflection on the well known wrestling reputations of his illustrious uncles in case he should be beaten. At first, Karol encountered opposition from Uncle "Stan," but was able to gain his permission to wrestle two matches in San Francisco, on the plea that he wanted to make his own way and that this was as good a time as any to start. Karol won the two matches on the Pacific Coast, and then persuaded Stan to let him wrestle as Karol Zbyszko.

He stopped off in Chicago on the way back to wrestle Sam Clapham, who was at that time British light-heavyweight champion, and Karol won that match. He then returned to school determined to forget wrestling as a career. After studying for a year, he decided to go back into wrestling because the wanderlust had seized him and he knew that an athlete did a lot of traveling in the wrestling game.

* * *

IN 1927, Karol won the light-heavyweight title in Milwaukee by beating John Kolonis. A year later he was invited by the Phanteum Olympic Association to wrestle Jim Londos in Athens, Greece. Karol wrestled that match before 62,000 people but lost in one hour. Later that same year he won the Warsaw Heavyweight Tournament. All this time his aim was to wrestle scientifically and cleanly, and thereby to uphold the name of his famous uncles.

In 1929 Karol wrestled at all the prominent stadiums and indoor arenas in the United States, including Madison Square Garden, Chicago Stadium, Boston Garden, and others. In 1935 he wrestled the first of three Buenos Aires heavyweight tournaments, finishing second to Wladek, his uncle. The authorities would not allow them to wrestle it off. The following year Karol was second to Lagaretta, the South American champion, and the third time, in 1938, Karol won the series and world heavyweight title.

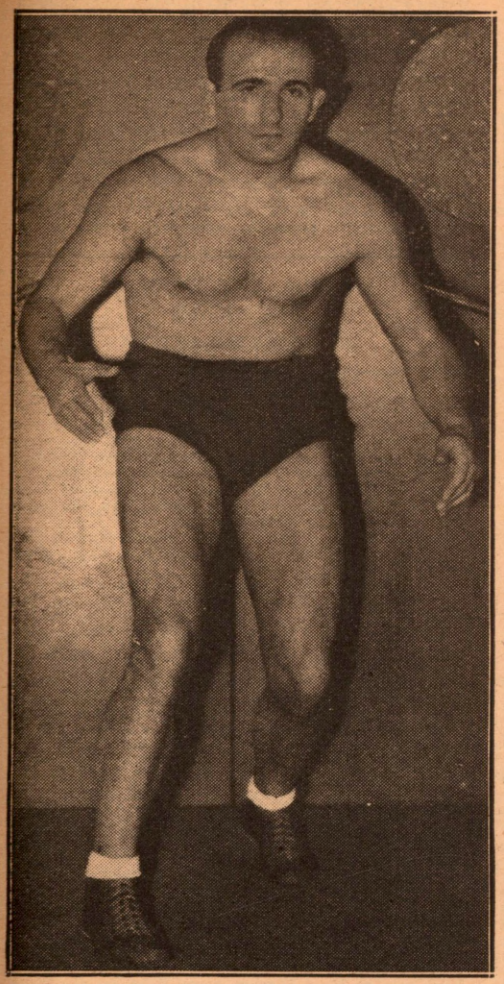
Karol has wrestled Jim Londos four times—once a draw match in Durban, South Africa. Karol was the first man to get a draw with Londos after Londos won the heavyweight title. Their last meeting was in the Grand Palais, Paris, France, when Londos beat Karol. Londos has claimed the international title since that time.

* * *

IN 1936 Karol was incarcerated in Spain when the revolution broke out. He made his escape after two months by boat, minus all his belongings. His sister had a passport and Karol boarded the boat on which she was sailing on the pretext of seeing her off, but remained hidden aboard and thus landed in Genoa, Italy. He was penniless and wrestled a few matches in Italy to obtain money for his fare back to Poland.

Another "high spot" of Karol's colorful career was an eight-day airplane trip from London to Johannesburg, South Africa, where he was to wrestle Jim Londos. Karol arrived just a few hours before the bout and lost it, due to the fact that he had no time to become acclimated to the atmospheric conditions before wrestling.

Last year Karol decided that he was too light ever to win the heavyweight title, and thought he would quit the mat game. An invitation to wrestle the Bulgarian champion, Konstantinoff, in Warsaw, for the Polish War Fund, paved the way for a governmental propaganda job, which he accepted. Then came an offer for a three months' wrestling tour of South Africa, and Karol was released by the government officials who had ever in mind more athletic prestige for their country.



Karol Zbyszko who is back from South Africa and doing well in Eastern mat competition.

When Karol arrived in Capetown, South Africa, he learned of the German invasion of Poland and decided to return as soon as his tour ended and enlist in the Polish Legion. Later, in London a visit with Colonel Kwiatkowski convinced him otherwise, since the Polish leader said that he would be "only one more soldier over there," whereas he could be of more assistance in propaganda work in the United States.

Karol arrived in the United States in January and immediately instituted a drive toward the new junior heavyweight title, which he learned had been inaugurated since he left the country, and for which he is eligible as the weight restrictions allow for wrestlers weighing from 175 to 200 pounds, and Karol weighs 195 pounds. He is unbeaten in that class to date, and appears to be well on his way to winning the coveted M.W.A. title belt.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII by Theodore Yamachika, follows: Hawaiian champion, Paul Jones, successfully defended his title against Jack "Killer" Gacek, two out of three falls, at the Civic Auditorium, Honolulu. It was Jones' fourth defense of the crown. There being no more good opposition for him, Jones left for the States. However, he promised to return in six months to defend his title again.

The influx of junior heavyweights to Honolulu still continues. Latest arrival is none other than the internationally famous Japanese Jiu Jitsu artist, Kimon Kudo, who is bigger and stronger than ever. Returning after an absence of about four years, he drew the biggest house of the year in making his debut. He took the measure of Steve Nenoff by taking the only fall in 47 minutes. Neither was able to gain a fall during the remaining minutes.

THE RING Magazine has featured Kudo often enough so the writer feels no need of adding anything more except to mention one thing. Among the huge Japanese population of the Islands, Kudo is only second in popularity to the inimitable "Rubberman" Higami. Every time Kudo appears hundreds of his countrymen go to see him toss bigger men who outweigh him by twenty or thirty pounds. The Japanese like to see the effective use of jiu jitsu demonstrated and Kudo is their man. Incidentally, Higami is scheduled to arrive in Honolulu some time during the next month, according to Promoter Al Karasick.

Another fellow making a hit on these shores is Whitey Walberg, junior heavyweight champion of Europe. Walberg has been defeated only once by Jack Gacek.

Others who are doing nicely are Tony Bommerito, Count Nicholas Baynalas, Henry Graber and Steve Nenoff.

The writer recently received a card from Ignacio Martinez, Latin giant, who showed in Honolulu not long ago. The post card was written from Tokyo and he was headed for Manila at that time. After Manila he expects to visit the Dutch East Indies before returning to Los Angeles.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Wong Buck Cheung in his hour of sadness. His young wife died on the eve of his battle with Hawaiian champion, Paul Jones, necessitating a substitution at the last minute.

* * *

PAUL C. WINKHAUS of Columbus, Ohio, sends us the following about Harry Kent:

Out in the Middle Western wrestling centers, the good folks who patronize the mat sport are buzzing with comment about a fellow named Harry Kent. They're likening Harry to John Pesek, the Nebraska "Tigerman" who is the mat idol of that section, and when they begin to compare a man with Pesek out in the Corn Belt he must have something on the ball.

Harry comes from Portland, Oregon, and as a kid he was rated the greatest high school athlete in the state of Oregon. Harry won 16 letters while in high school. Kent graduated into Oregon State University at Corvallis, Ore., and in 1927, 1930 and 1931 played a whale of a lot of tackle for State. In the latter two years he was picked on many All-America teams.

Ted Thye, famous northwest promoter and wrestler, took an interest in Kent in 1932 and launched him upon his professional mat career. Unlike the careers of some ex-football stars, the first couple of years weren't all roses for Harry. However, his size and his unusual strength helped a lot and Harry managed to hold his own with all but the very top-ranking stars. In later years he has more than held his own with even these.

Kent gained quite a reputation in the Northwest for his strength. It wasn't a phony one, either. Harry majored in engineering at Oregon State and at various times has worked at this profession.

Once while with an engineering gang in Canada a huge tractor toppled over onto one of the workmen. Kent was nearby and he lifted the tractor enough to keep it from crushing the man to death while other hands dragged the helpless man to safety.

"I never knew I was that strong and I guess it was just the stress and excitement that en-

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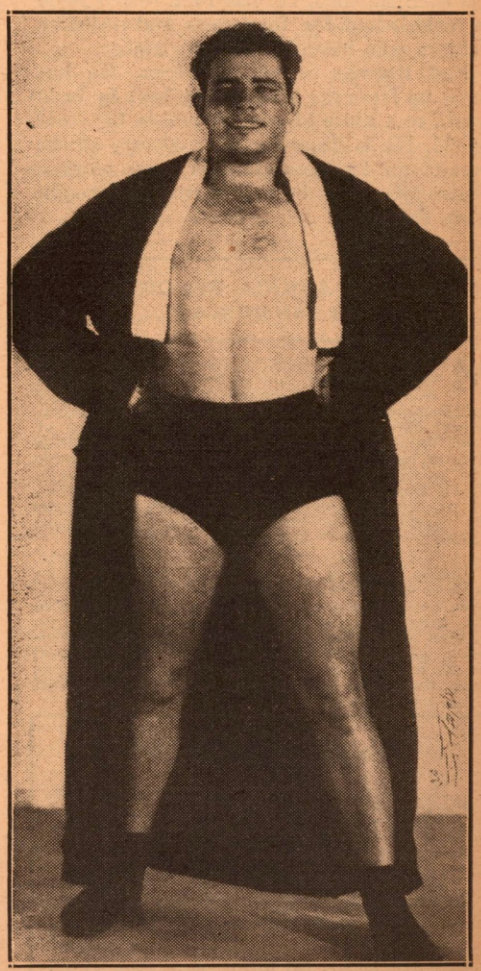

Ignacio Martinez, Latin-American giant who is touring the Far East with success.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 17)

buffet champagne party tossed at Dempsey's Restaurant on the occasion of the signing of the Burman-Pastor match, that he was happy to join Dempsey and Kearns "in this new deal for boxing, the dawn of a new era, an era that would break the monopoly in boxing now held by Mike Jacobs," and then switching to the Jacobs side when Uncle Mike showed Jimmy some real dough —a contract for $20,000 for Pastor's services to fight Lee Savold.

They go still further in their attacks on Johnston with the statement, "Johnston at the luncheon spoke of the maintainance of freedom of action among managers so that fighters could perform for any promoters rather than to allow one promoter to corner the market on all of boxing's best talent, and then deliberately tossed Kearns aside, violating his obligations to Jack."

They call a spade a spade. The letters sent out of the Dempsey headquarters went to the boxing writers in America and copies were also sent to Congressman Kennedy of Baltimore who seeks to establish government regulation of boxing with a National Commissioner.

One cannot blame Messrs. Waxman and Dempsey for being peeved. They have a big kick coming, for Burman has been tossed around. Regardless of what might be said about Burman being a colorless fighter, he has demonstrated his ability to cope with the best. He is willing to fight any heavyweight in the world, Joe Louis included, but has been shunned. He has been tossed aside to make room for foreigners and ordinary fighters who haven't Burman's ability.

Red Burman is an American. He has come up from the preliminary boys by hard work, to a place of prominence in the fistic world. He is deserving of a chance at the best of the heavyweights far more so than others who have been imported or brought from the sticks.

SOUTH AFRICA REPORTS

By KEN DUNCAN

MUCH to the consternation of all the critics and ninety per cent of the fight followers in this country, Tommy Bensch, the rangy light-heavyweight who rules the roost in the heavyweight division, retained his title in the face of a half-hearted challenge by Ben Foord, ex-British Empire champion. Bensch went on the defensive and scored what points he could in counter-work. Foord himself is at his best as a counter-puncher, so one can imagine how dull the affair was from the entertainment viewpoint. The bout grossed $4500.

Laurie Stevens, welterweight champion, who holds a couple of decisions over Wesley Ramey, took the measure of Dave Katzen in two rounds, the latter retiring with a dislocated shoulder. Katzen, a brilliant young boxer with dazzling footwork, plastered the champion with every punch in the copybook in a sizzling first round. Stevens sank them into the body in a typical two-fisted attack in the next stanza, and the accident to Katzen halted what promised to be a ripsnorting little bout. Bob Bradley outpointed Willie Miller in eight bruising, brawling rounds. Miller's eyes were badly cut. In the middleweight division, Tiger Burns T.K.O.'ed Jack Pienaar in three rounds.

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WISCONSIN NEWS

By MATT DOUGHERTY

THE plight of our Finnish friends across the sea lured Milwaukee's "400" to a fistic extravaganza at the Auditorium. Chet Wanvig used other methods, so I'm told, beside personality persuasion in peddling the ducats to our East Side plutocrats, and extorted about $10,000, a small third of which went to the famished Finns. The upper crust made it a soup and fish affair, draped themselves in comfortable boxes at a respectable distance, and viewed the proceedings from polished lorgnettes.

Sammy Angott, whose record calls for a title shot, locked horns—pardon me, arms—with Baby Breese and wrestled through ten strenuous frames to win the decision.

Billy Marquart beat Mexican Joe Silva easily in eight. Marquart simply stood back and measured the Mexican, firing well-timed shots to head and body. But he failed to put Silva down and only hurt him once or twice. Silva rallied weakly in the final rounds.

Tommy Pallatin scored an eight-round decision over Milo Theodorescu. The Roumanian took everything Pallatin dished out without blinking and made an interesting fight of it with his unorthodox tactics. He floored Pallatin in the first but failed to retain his lead.

Showing improvement, Nunzy Ferraro outboxed Marty Collura in five. Collura was outscored throughout, lying back for infrequent right-hand shots. In another fast five-round skirmish, Jack Penneau outfought George Feltes. Feltes pressed Penneau with his usual fast-punching attack, but Jack countered hard right and left uppercuts to take a close verdict.

Steve Souris, Gary, Ind., looked good in the opener by giving a good lacing to tough Carl Schumacher. The card as a whole was pleasing.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—Baby Face Breese had been very active prior to his match here. He fought ten-rounders with Yucatan Kid in Miami and Jimmy Garrison in Kansas City, dropping both these bouts by close decisions. Reports emanating from Florida upon the capabilities of the Yucatan Kid were substantiated by this writer's fraternal source of info just lately. At that time the Kid scored a convincing K.O. over Kid Williams, a clever boxer of the stand-up school. The Kid is a rough, tough customer . . . . Johnny and Frankie Gaudes journeyed to Las Vegas, Mexico, for a match. Johnny failed to become acclimated, was ill before the fight, and lost to Pancho Villa in two rounds. Frankie survived the torrid weather and scored a knockout in two. Johnny, who is one of the most pleasing personalities in the ring today, plans to return shortly for a rematch with Villa, and then go on for fights in Venezuela and Buenos Aires. Simon Chavez, leading featherweight, will be his opponent in Venezuela.

Tony Cianciola lost to the Cocoa Kid before a sore arm prevented his appearance here . . . . Ferraro has been winning at Chicago . . . . Paul Hartnek has been doing good work and winning consistently. Paul's recent draw with Johnny Paychek was forgotten when Paychek was signed for Louis . . . . Breese brought Irish Eddie McGeever and Jack Larrimore here for sparmates. The Breezy One was fined $200 for "unsatisfactory performance" . . . . Manager Jack Laken not only fooled the public and the press but also himself when he sent Silva in with Marquart. Silva is only prelim calibre and those kind of fights can't do him any good.

AMATEUR NOTES—The simon-pures had a field day the last two months due to the inactivity of the professionals. The South Side Armory started the ball rolling with Ray McKnight dropping a close five-rounder to Don Wallenfang. Frankie Kramer beat Bob Bohrens, also in five. The MAC followed with Savior Canadeo whipping Duke Stanton and McKnight scoring over Pete Gaglio in fives. The West Allis Club ran on the same night in which Bob Presser beat Sheldon Anderson. Then the Golden Gloves, where any and every amateur is given a chance, claimed the spotlight. Nearly every division had its upsets. McKnight lost to Doll Rafferty on an unpopular decision. A knockdown in the final round, his only weak moment, lost the fight for Ray. D'Amico lost to Zindler in the feathers, and Rozina outscored Busalachi in the welter division.

The finals of the slugfest crowned the following champions: 112, Joe D'Amico; 118, Dorsey Kemp; 126, Marion Rhoten; 135, Doll Rafferty; 147, Johnny Rozina; 160, Forrest Gee; 175, Larry Chatman; heavy, Arnold Moder. Kemp and Chatman were the only repeaters, having little opposition.

The most encouraging feature of this tournament was the marked improvement in boxing skill shown by the novice division boxers. The large majority were well versed in fundamentals and handled themselves quite capably. A few fought like almost finished amateurs, lacking only the vital, but most easily acquired factor, experience.

LAST-MINUTE AMATEUR FLASHES—Ray McKnight reversed a previous decision by beating Don Wallenfang in five. Frank Guenther, an upstater, scored over Duke Stanton . . . . All Badger Golden Glovers were eliminated before the quarter-finals in the Chicago tournament. Charlie Busalachi showed well against finalist Max Anacona. Leon Haire, St. Louis, who last year took a close one from Matt Mihalovich at the Eagles here, lost in the finals this year at Chicago.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

THE long awaited match between K. O. Morgan and Benny Goldberg finally took place and it turned out to be a "dud." The two Detroit bantams who had designs on the world title, were brought together in a match that had been "hanging fire" for months. But two southpaws together didn't seem to go so hot and Referee Sam Hennessey called the bout "no contest" in the sixth round of a dreary performance.

Pablo Dano, Filipino veteran, and Angelo Callura, Italian bantam from Hamilton, Ont., drew in the eight-round semi-final.

Herb Wiley, featherweight, who is going good lately, iced Joe Frenchy in one round, and Bill Eddy, the former two-time National A. A. U. champ, won over Eddie Scott. Johnny Ryan outpointed Larry Ray in the opener.

Pat Carroll, welterweight pride of Detroit's "Corktown" district, won himself another fight, this time grabbing the scalp of rough and willing Billy Noeske from Dearborn. Noeske is one of the best "action" fighters around, but Carroll had too much class.

Young Kid McCoy, Dearborn's 140-pound sharpshooter, advanced another step toward world honors when he defeated the rough going Phil Saeli in a headliner at Marigold Gardens, Chicago. The shifty blond kid had to turn on full steam to snatch the decision over Saeli, who proved to be an unorthodox antagonist.

Herb Wiley, Detroit southpaw, who fights both bantams and feathers, has definitely thrown his hat into the ring in a scramble for the state bantamweight title, still vacant. The Morgan-Goldberg bout was to have thrown some light on the situation, but the resulting fiasco and suspensions meted out to the participants, leaves the bantamweight class in the hands of Wiley and Charley Parham, a little colored puncher, who has been inactive lately. Parham holds a "win" over Wiley, but the latter's recent bouts stamp him as a favorite to win the title. His last time out Wiley kayoed Jackie Lee of Louisville in the third round.

Other results saw Bill Eddy outpoint Kayo Green, Joe Miehielove stop Ivan Thornton, Julius Piazza decision Bill Crawford, and Jimmy McCormick defeat Chink Gauthier.

Dave Knight, who ran some successful shows at Dearborn Arena last spring and summer, is back in harness. His opening show featured Billy Bengal and Ted Barnes, a pair of prominent middleweights, and saw Bengal come from behind to kayo Barnes in round four. Eddie Pierz outpointed Andy Repasky in a heavyweight semi-final. It was a good fight, Repasky being dangerous all the way.

Bobby McIntire, Detroit lightweight contender, seems to have run out of opponents in the 135-pound division, and is forced to box welters in his bouts around Chicago. McIntire spotted six pounds and made a terrific hit with the fans in his eight-rounder with Tony Motisi of the Chicago C. Y. O.

Bobby Ryan, who boxed amateurs around Muskegon, Michigan, under the name of Bert Franks, keeps busy around Chicago. Ryan, who gained notice around Michigan with his feud with Tommy Morris when both were amateurs, seems to be winning all of his fights.

Eddie Kozole, hard-hitting southpaw of River Rouge, seems to be doing fine lately. Kozole stopped Young Herrera in a round and then made a nice hit in Chicago, as his stablemate, Joe Sutka, dropped an unpopular decision to Cleveland's Jimmy Bivins.

Wee Willie Williams, colored heavy, who has been turning in some good fights at the Fairview Arena, added a couple of wins over Tommy (Butowicz) Burns to his impressive list. Burns gave Wee Willie plenty of trouble on both occasions, but fell short both times.

Joey Miehielove scored a kayo over Ypsilanti's Jack Mathews in a Fairview bout. Miehielove is running up a string of knockouts, and regaining the prestige he lost in his losing scraps with Mansfield Driskell and Young Kid McCoy.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 37)

abled me to do it," Harry said.

In much similar circumstances a short time later, Kent lifted a huge beam off another man while working with a bridge construction gang and these two feats made him so famous in the Northwest he became known as the "human derrick."

In 1936, Kent went to Australia and spent five months wrestling the best in Australia and New Zealand. Upon his return to this country, he forced his way into the top rank of the heavyweight contenders.

Now, after eight years in the mat game, Kent not only has developed into the top flight of the heavyweights, but he's developed himself to the point where he is a marvelous physical specimen. He scales 230 pounds in top condition and stands six feet one inch.

* * *

NEWS of the torso tossers from various sectors: The outdoor season will soon be ushered in and all indications point to a far more successful open air business than has been enjoyed for the past few years. Ralph Mondt's Columbia Park, North Bergen, N. J.; Hempstead, L. I., Arena, under promotion of Jess M'Mahon; the Jamaica Arena, and Meyer Saul's Atlantic City Garden Pier are all preparing for summer programs . . . . Gino Garibaldi won't do much traveling this summer. He doesn't mind short trips but the long ones are out, he says. He will spend most of his time on his large Lyndhurst, L. I., farm. The Larruping Latin loves the outdoor life and every spare moment is spent either on the field tilling the soil or in the barn tending to the livestock.

* * *

The four Duseks, Rudy, Ernie, Emil and Joe, keep wrestling before capacity audiences. The Daring Duseks have kept up the interest in the grappling game and no matter where they are carded, the promoters have the S. R. O. sign handy . . . . Bobby Managoff, the spectacular Chicago Armenian, has endeared himself into the hearts of New England fans in the same manner that has made him so extremely popular in other parts of the country. The patrons of the sport believe that Bobby is ripe for a championship bout . . . . Tommy Rae, the blond bone-breaker from New England, is one of the game's most studious tusslers.

* * *

A recent poll among wrestling fans to find out who was the roughest wrestler they have seen within the past half-dozen years has found that Dynamite Joe Cox, the Kansas City Krasher, stands a close second to Ernie Dusek, the captain member of the Riot Squad. Cox is one wrestler who not only employs roughness in the trade, but also is capable of using every known hold in the business . . . . Frank Judson, former Harvard mat coach, seems to be going better with age. The spectators are won over to the popular star by his sportsmanship in all of his mat engagements . . . . Drop-Kicking Abie Coleman is another veteran who holds his position among the elite. The Jewish luminary has faced the best in the world and has proved himself a thorn in the sides of all those who have risked mat combat with him. He is picturesque and sensational . . . . Don Evans, the sheik from Texas, seems to have gotten back some of the confidence he has lost. The handsome Lone Star Stater has taken on a new lease in life.

* * *

JIMMY COFFIELD—"Baby Face," they call him—is a wrestler hailing out of Kansas City and one of the toughest gripsters in the business. He is relentless and brutal in his every move. Jimmy loves excitement. He thrills on having the fans attempt to "gang up on him."

With Jimmy, it is a case of appearances being plenty deceiving. He doesn't pretend to be a sissy. From the opening gong, the "Mad Missourian" goes to bat. He doesn't waste a moment. He gets down to the business of torso tossing. He has long been known as the bad boy of the mat.

He is a riot provider, and that is the type wrestler the fans want to see beaten. Coffield has turned thumbs down on no one. He is ever eager to take on anyone the promoters provide.

* * *

NEW ZEALAND and Australia, countries that have seen some of the world's greatest wrestlers in the past, may soon get an opportunity to see the famous Jack Sherry, claimant of the world heavyweight honors. Sherry, who, since his arrival in New York, has been kept idle because of his refusal to play ball with the promoters who want him to lie low in matches they arrange between him and some of the so-called big shots, has definitely decided to leave his native land and show his wares elsewhere. New Zealand and Australia want him. THE RING Editor admires Jack for his brave, though extremely costly, stand.

That Sherry is by far one of the world's outstanding matmen is well known in wrestling circles. With Earl McCready, he tops the list of heavyweights. Each has repeatedly shown the public that when a wrestling bout is staged in which either Earl or Sherry is a participant, there can be no previous arrangements as to winner. Their reputation for honest bouts has been such that both Sherry and McCready have found the going tough when it comes to getting the leaders to oppose them.

Sherry made a hit in England, where he was for two years the best attraction. He hasn't lost a match since 1930. He has been tops since, but can't get men like Londos to meet him.

Sherry has no use for the freaks. He loathes the men who call themselves wrestlers because they have a beard or a mustache or can wear a Hindu cloak, though they never saw India. He is purely a wrestler and as such has made a world-wide reputation, and if he gets to New Zealand and Australia, the fans there, who know a great wrestler when they see one, will have a real eye-opener. Australian and New Zealand promoters should waste no time in getting Jack Sherry on the band wagon.

* * *

RAY STEELE, the "policeman" of wrestling champions for many years, is now the owner of a "championship belt," given him when he recently tossed Bronko Nagurski, the National Wrestling Association's world heavyweight king, before a crowd of 8,500 fans, who paid $12,007 to see him perform at Tom Packs' Auditorium in St. Louis. He won on an upside-down step-over toe-hold in 34 minutes and 11 seconds.

Steele declares that he will attempt to get Jim Londos to accept his challenge so that he can clarify the matter of supremacy in the heavyweight ranks. As Steele has been tossed frequently by Londos, there seems to be no reason why Jim should dodge the issue.

Wrestlers in the Spotlight

(Continued from page 35)

MATROS KIRILENKO, one time Russian cossack who turned to a mat career in order to recoup the huge financial losses his family suffered when the Czaristic regime was overthrown, is back in the United States after being absent from these shores since 1937. True, Kirilenko is a veteran of the wrestling sport, but he has lost none of his canniness and his ability to cope successfully with the cream of the crop. Any time Kirilenko answers the gong the fans are always assured that the Russian will be in there tossing more than ninety percent of his rivals.

But what interests the fans most right now is what Matros was doing all the time he was absent from these parts. They are eager to learn how he fared.

It was in the beginning of 1937 that Matros left here bound for Europe. He wrestled in many European countries, including France, Switzerland, Italy, Bulgaria, and Roumania. From there the Russian went to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania; next he visited Japan and China.

"Of course," said Kirilenko, "every country has its own rules of torso tussling and I had to get myself acquainted with their methods. For instance, Europe has the Greco-Roman style; Africa, Australia and New Zealand have the round system; while Asiatic countries pursue the Jiu Jitsu style. Fortunately for me I wasn't lost in any of these branches of body breaking. Having traveled around the world previously, I have gotten myself acquainted with the various methods employed.

"In Africa I got myself a pet tiger. In Japan I was presented with a sword by one of the leading military leaders; in China I received a pair of priceless vases; an Australian Bushman gave me a boomerang; a New Zealander offered me a complete native outfit; Switzerland fans handed me a set of skis; while in France I was given a beautiful painting of an old master. I am going to turn over some of these to THE RING Editor for his museum on boxing and wrestling.

"These omens of appreciation were accepted by me simply because the men giving me these gifts insisted that I have something to remember my visits to their countries. And all I can say is that I surely won't forget my world tour, or rather two world tours.

"Wrestling is booming despite conditions. I see many old faces at the ringside and numerous new ones. This is what convinces me that the world's oldest sport will continue in the spotlight long after other means of entertainment have come and passed."

Fame Came Over Night

(Continued from page 15)

it back to Dempsey. Mitchell and Dempsey were close friends and in knocking the Marine out, Mitchell declared that he had only revenged his friend because of the use of a blow which ever since has been called a cowardly foul.

Mitchell, still hale and hearty, recently was tendered a banquet in San Francisco.

* * *

ONE day, in San Francisco, Joe Thomas waved good-bye to a party of royal rooters and told them that he was going to run up to Marysville and pin back the ears of a young fellow named Ketchel.

"Don't know who he is! Say he can punch! Has been fighting around Butte but I guess his reputation has been built up on setups. I'll be right back. He won't go but a round or two."

Ketchel went TWENTY rounds with the then recognized welter and middleweight champion, so far as the west was concerned.

Thomas got the shock of his life when the unknown Michigan boy stuck the route. They were rematched for a 45-round bout in San Francisco and for thirty-two rounds they fought like tigers. Both were on the floor and finally Ketchel knocked out Thomas. Few know to this day that actually they fought for the welter and middleweight titles. This writer named Ketchel "The Michigan Assassin" and always he lived up to it. Thomas bitterly upbraided Billy Roche, the referee, for his counting over Ketchel on one of the knockdowns.

It didn't take Ketchel long to prove that he was the better man. In a third fight, Ketchel got the decision and in a fourth go Ketchel knocked out Thomas in two rounds.

* * *

MARVIN HART rode the crest one night when they gave him a twenty-round decision over Jack Johnson. I saw the fight, in Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco, and it was the rawest decision ever I saw rendered in a ring. Johnson won every round but because of his exasperating habit of loafing, waiting for the other fellow to lead, they gave Hart the decision. It was popular but it was putrid.

Jim Jeffries came faster to fame than any heavyweight who ever lived. When Jim Corbett was training at Carson City for the defense of his title against Bob Fitzsimmons, DeWitt Van Court, once Corbett's instructor at the Olympic Club in San Francisco, wrote to Jim from Los Angeles, telling him that there was a big youngster trying his luck in a Los Angeles Athletic Club and he thought that Corbett would make no mistake by taking him up to Carson City for a sparring partner.

"He is a boilermaker and is the most powerful man ever I have known," wrote Van Court. Corbett, knowing that Van Court was a keen student of boxing, sent for Jeffries.

Corbett told me himself that he used to box with Jeffries in private and knock him out every day, so green was the fellow! Of course Jeffries will deny this because there is nobody, save Billy Brady, to substantiate Corbett's claims. I doubt that Corbett even permitted Brad to see the bouts. bouts.

Jeffries took Corbett's advice and entered the professional ranks. He started off by knocking out Danny Long in two rounds in 1896. Theodore Van Buskirk went out in two and Jeffries became a sensation. Then he fought twenty-round draws with Gus Ruhlin and Joe Choynski. He took their best punches and kept coming. Then it was patent that here was a fellow to eventually whip Fitzsimmons. They felt that the slender Freckled One would have to knock Jeff out quickly. Then came a twenty-round fight with the formidable Tom Sharkey.

Jeffries moved on to New York and Billy Brady, his manager, thought that it would be a knockout to have Jim spill two opponents in one night. He contracted to fight Bob Armstrong and Steve O'Donnell. Jim had such a tough time with Armstrong over the ten-round route that Jim refused to take on O'Donnell. Then eyebrows were lifted.

"So this is the great California man-eater, eh?" they said. Before many weeks had rolled around, Jeffries was matched with Bob Fitzsimmons for the title and the world was astounded when Ruby Robert was knocked out in eleven rounds. Had Jeffries remained in retirement after quitting the ring, he would have gone down as the most amazing champion the ring ever knew.

* * *

YOUNG CORBETT came like a fellow shot out of a cannon when he fought Terry McGovern at Hartford, Conn. Corbett had been fighting around Denver and attracted the attention of only his townsmen. When he came East to fight McGovern his advent seemed the most hopeless ever to confront a fighter. They were not fighting for the title because it was an over the weight match. The cocky Denverite, always Terry's master, could talk Terry into making the most ridiculous mistakes in the ring. Terry never saw the day he could defeat Young Corbett.

Jimmy McLarnin was not well known to Easterners until he knocked out Kid Kaplan out West. We, in New York, had known Kaplan as a tearing, busy fighter and when Jimmy flattened him New York sat up to the fact that a new wonder had suddenly arrived. Jimmy came into New York and knocked out Sid Terris, Ruby Goldstein, Al Singer and Sergeant Sammy Baker and was made.

Jimmy's punching came to him one night in a Los Angeles ring when he fought Jackie Fields. Jimmy had been a lightning-like will o' the wisp, never dreaming that he had a punch in either hand. He suddenly clipped Fields on the chin and when Jackie flattened out at Jimmy's feet, McLarnin looked down at him in wonderment.

"I didn't know that I had knocked him out. As I looked at him I thought he had fainted. I didn't know that I could hit that hard. I had always been too fast in the ring to realize that I could punch. Pop Foster drummed speed into my head and I was successful. Then when I dropped Fields I began trying my punch out on others and I did all right by myself."

Jimmy's brittle hands, broken in nearly every fight after that, really ended his career. His hands were exactly like Bob Fitzsimmons' freckled fists.

Tom Sharkey, with the tattoed ship on his ponderous chest, got to the top when he mauled Jim Corbett all over a San Francisco ring.

Jim was the haughty champion of the world and elected to spar four rounds with Sharkey. The Sailor, like Dempsey, didn't know how to spar. When he heard the bell, Sharkey knew it meant a fight and in this case he ripped and tore into Jim like a mad bull. They had to jump in and stop it. If they hadn't, Sharkey might have flattened the dapper James who had trained on apple pie and ice cream. It taught Corbett a lesson and never again did he enter the ring out of condition.

When Jack Dempsey whiped Carl Morris in Buffalo, Jack Curley, who managed Morris, returned to New York and began to sing the praises of the new wonder who had humiliated his Carl.

We thought that Curley was merely trying to make round house excuses for Morris. Often have I recalled his words:

"I saw the greatest fighter up in Buffalo I ever laid my eyes on. He will whip Jess Willard in three or four rounds. There never has been anybody like him," said Jack.

Charley Murray of Buffalo came to town and told me the same thing: "Dempsey will knock out Willard in four rounds," Murray said and he would have hit it on the head had not the stupid custom of reverting to a round which has just been completed, designated that Dempsey won his world's title in the third round. He couldn't have won in the third because that was finished and Willard had walked to his corner to await the bell for the fourth. He "retired" before the bell rang for the fourth.

The Boxing Writers' Association of New York is going to take up this matter and in the future fights will be tabbed as having been lost in the round to come, because the writers are going to insist that when a man can't continue the bell shall be rung and the man automatically will lose in the round which was to have come along. It is assinine to say that Willard lost in a round in which he fought the full three minutes. Nobody seems to know where that interpretation of the Marquis of Queensberry came from. Indeed the good Marquis makes no mention of it in his rules.

The Marquis wrote:

"The rounds to be of three minutes' duration, and one minute's time between rounds."

Those who stick to the Toledo way of scoring a third round victory for Dempsey, THE RING Editor included, say that the minute's rest in between belongs to the round just finished. I say that it belongs to the round coming up because it is a minute lavished on preparing each fighter for the round to come.

Lee Savold, who was taken ill just before his scheduled fight with Bob Pastor, landed in the middle of the picture in three fights. A hard hitter, he went ten rounds with Buddy Baer, knocked out Maurice Strickland in three and scored a three-round knockout over Jim Robinson in Madison Square Garden. A victory over Pastor would put Savold right into the ring with Louis! Lew Jenkins, the Texas cavalry man, scored eight straight victories and each succeeding triumph has brought him closer to a title bout with Lou Ambers.

There Comes One Night

(Continued from page 11)

Jeffries may be said to have made the crouch famous. But it wasn't an original notion with him or his mentor, Tommy Ryan. Some of the bare knuckle gladiators battled in a decided crouch attitude, as you may see by looking at oldtime pictures of those worthies.

Frank Craig, "Harlem Coffee Cooler," who went to England in the nineties and whipped British middleweights and heavyweights by the dozen for a year or so after his arrival there, boxed in an extremely low crouch, and this stance helped largely to win his victories. The English pugs were completely non-plussed by the colored lad's curious style, and it wasn't until Dan Creedon and Frank (Paddy) Slavin whipped Craig that he ceased to be a mystery to the Britons and developed a losing streak.

George Kerwin, a Chicago lightweight who was considered a good bet for championship honors around 1898, was endowed with the sobriquet of "The Mystery" by boxing writers of that period, who couldn't understand how a boxer who threw to the winds all recognized scientific rules, could beat so many good men.

Kerwin didn't crouch when in action, but he fought in wide-open fashion, both hands held low at his sides, seemingly caring nothing about maintaining a guard. His speed was a thing to wonder at, and, Godoy-like, he hustled his opponent perpetually to the ropes, showering punches that came from any and every angle with the speed of light. He didn't class as a stunning puncher, but he was an artist at slipping his head, and an excellent judge of distance. These qualities, combined with speed and great capacity for soaking up punishment without turning a hair, accounted for his many successes.

After Matty Matthews whipped him in twenty rounds, and Eddie Connolly kayoed him, Kerwin suddenly went to pieces, proving easy for men he could once have beaten easily, and retired from the ring. But for a while George had 'em all guessing!

* * *

IN 1925 Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo was considered one of the most promising contenders for the middleweight title. He was a really brilliant boxer, equipped with a stiff punch, his record included 34 knockouts. Among the prominent men he whipped were Jack Delaney and Maxie Rosenbloom. It looked like Jimmy was "going places." The Buffalo fans idolized him, and he was a sure-fire drawing card anywhere.

Slattery and Dave Shade were matched for a bout at Madison Square Garden. Shade was a formidable performer. He carried a devastating wallop, fought in a low crouch, and was exasperatingly hard to land on decisively. The unorthodox Shade tactics proved Slattery's undoing.

Jimmy simply couldn't penetrate Shade's turtle-like defense. Most of the Buffalo lad's shots went wild, while Dave rushed him, pounded his body, and had him gasping for breath and groggy before the fight was two rounds old. In the third an overhand, looping right hit Slattery squarely on the jaw and ended the proceedings. It was another case of an exceptionally fine scientist being unable to outguess a thoroughly unconventional boxer!

Yet Slattery won twice from Maxie Rosenbloom, and the latter defeated Dave Shade on two occasions. The Shade crouch didn't bother Maxie to any extent, whereas it completely flabbergasted Jimmy!

* * *

GENE TUNNEY took the worst beating of his career from Harry Greb during a fifteen round affair which deprived Gene of the light-heavyweight title, which the latter held in 1922. Greb was another unconventional boxer. He didn't rely on a crouch to puzzle opponents, but his whirlwind, buzz-saw style of attack, hitting from all points of the compass, bewildered most men who faced him.

Tunney, cool-headed as he was, just couldn't pace himself or get set for accurate punching on that eventful occasion. Greb swarmed all over him from bell to bell, and there was no room left for argument when Harry was pronounced the winner.

But Gene, dogged, methodical and a keen student of pugilism in all its finer shades, was the sort of person who reaps benefits out of painful experience. He was able to analyze calmly the causes for his defeat and profit by the knowledge obtained. Having doped out the vulnerable spots in Greb's offensive, he was ready for Harry again.

In 1923 he regained his title, winning by a generous margin. Greb wasn't satisfied. They met in a return match, and this time beat off Harry's hurricane attacks with comparative ease. Greb stayed the fifteen round limit, but took punishment enough to stop most men.

Twice after that Tunney and Greb crossed arms. Both battles were no decision affairs, but on each occasion Tunney was his master beyond a shadow of doubt and was so declared by unanimous consent of the newspaper critics. Gene had solved the Greb problem very effectually.

That's how acute thinking by an intelligent athlete worked out in one case! One wonders if Joe Louis' mental processes will be equal to the task of figuring out ways and means of counteracting Arturo Godoy's eccentric assaults when the South American gets another shot at the world's heavyweight championship crown.

Corbett Hit at Lil' Arthur

(Continued from page 32)

him, he gave a good exhibition but if he figured he faced a good hitter, he would make sure of his ground by playing safe.

"That's not the type of fighter I call great. Johnson has never whipped a first class heavyweight in his life. It makes me laugh to hear that Johnson has as much cleverness as I had in my best days or that he is anywhere near the equal of Bob Fitzsimmons!

"Why, man alive, Johnson's footwork compared to mine, is the difference between a bear and ballet instructor. Johnson cannot hit an opponent while he is in motion. Fitz and I could do that quite easily. Johnson has to set himself to land a blow, and I don't think he can take real punishment. I've often thought and still feel that way about it, that if Johnson ever meets a fighter who is punishing him, he'll quit.

"The fact remains that Johnson has whipped only a few real, classy heavyweights, most of them of his own race, and quite a number of mediocre fighters, most of them colored. One of his greatest battles, his toughest, was against the great middleweight, Stanley Ketchel, and Stanley dropped him before being knocked out.

"If Johnson had been in the field as a competitor for heavyweight honors when Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy and myself were in the ring, he would have been a mark for any of us. I don't want to belittle Johnson nor take any credit from him for his rise to the top of the ladder, but it makes me tired to see him praised to the skies as the greatest or one of the three greatest fighters of all time, George, when you and I, and thousands of other close students of boxing know that he doesn't deserve such ranking. The years will prove that, mark my word, George."

Considering the many stories that have been printed about Jack Johnson's greatness, this hitherto unpublished epistle is of world-wide interest in the field of pugilism.

From All Walks of Life

(Continued from page 19)

the light-heavyweight champion, Billy Conn. The cruiserweight king, who is also rated a potential heavyweight threat, was haunting Johnny Ray's gymnasium in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh, almost as soon as he could walk.

Billy didn't like to go to school, the prospect of having to work appealed to him even less. Outside of boxing, the only interest he had was drawing pictures. Boxing, at which he was more gifted, looked lots more lucrative, and at an age when most boys are sitting in a schoolroom, Conn was already a professional fighter.

The same thing applies to Pat Comiskey. Pat's older brother was a boxer, and Pat was raised around the smell of resin dust, and the boxing ring was his first and only means of ever making a living.

A couple of heavyweight hopefuls from the vast state of Texas, Jack Marshall and Buddy Scott, have picturesque backgrounds. Scott is the most recent addition to the ranks of the rah-rah ringmen. Buddy, who gave an excellent account of himself against Pastor last year, attended college and won many titles while a varsity boy. Marshall, free swinging gamester from the Panhandle country, dropped a preliminary decision in the Garden, but bounced right back a week later to score the year's biggest upset when he all but demolished big Valentin Campolo in Newark.

Marshall, a former minion of Uncle Sam, served in the U. S. Army along with Lightweight Lew Jenkins. He is the first former member of our fighting forces to create any kind of a stir in the heavyweight doings in some time.

"Where do they come from?" has always been an interesting query when applied to seekers after heavyweight honors. One never knows just what background will spawn the next heavyweight champion of the world.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 29)

as a simon-pure won him a quantity of prizes, the Golden Gloves welterweight title and got him the ring experience necessary for professional competition. He lost but two out of some forty amateur bouts.

In the Tournament of Champions, Mauriello defeated three champs from three different states but lost the final bout to Corky Dulgarian. He was sent to Chicago, however, to compete in the 1939 Inter-City Golden Gloves Tournament, but lost to Vernell Williams. Returning to New York, Tami triumphed in several more amateur contests and was sent to Cuba, where he won two bouts. He then came back to New York, defeated Paul Klang, who served as a bell to ring out his amateur career and ring in his professional one.

* * *

TAMI MAURIELLO was an instantaneous hit. His speedy style won the hearts of the pro fans. A tall and somewhat slender-looking youngster, the Italian lad bears no resemblance to a fighter. But at the sound of the bell, opposed by the most vicious foe, Tami goes to work on him like a terrier on a cat.

His long legs carry him across the ring and gloved fists begin to play an immediate tattoo on the face and body of his adversary till the latter would swear he was boxing an octopus. Mauriello can shoot two stinging jabs a second. Sometimes, he even manages to send in a short right after the two jabs.

Notwithstanding his speed and the many punches he tosses. Tami is at all times cool-headed and knows exactly what he's doing. He is quick-minded and has the sharp eyes of a hawk; thus he rarely misses an opportunity to take advantage of an opening.

In his third pro fight, Tami met the man who defeated him in the Tournament of Champions, Corky Dulgarian, who had also turned pro. Many of the fans who attend only amateur boxing came to witness this battle—for it had every indication of being a battle indeed. But it wasn't. It turned out to be a slaughter instead—with Tami Mauriello playing the role of executioner.

The swift-footed Italian boy speared his chunky foe with rapierlike jabs and shot over head-numbing rights that soon had poor Corky bleeding and staggering, and had the fisticustomers feeling sorry for the game Dulgarian. From Mauriello's masterful demonstration that evening — Corky hardly laid a glove on him—it was difficult to conceive how the pudgy Armenian could have gained a decision over him.

* * *

TAMI marched right on, winning bout after bout in handy manner. He isn't a deadly puncher but he hits hard enough to daze and stagger his foes, and to beat them with so many swift-pouring punches that the referee generally stops the contest and awards Tami a T.K.O. victory. His punching power is improving, however, as his last three foes will testify. Mauriello finished two of them in one round each; the other lasted two heats.

He is what is known in fight circles as a sharpshooter, which means his punches rarely fall short of their mark. A sharpshooter has a priceless asset; because those two busy fists—when they continue to hammer away at a man—will soon reduce him to a helpless hulk, ready for the *coup de grace*. It has been remarked by many fistic experts that Tami Mauriello is speedier, cleverer and more of a sharpshooter than is our light-heavyweight champion, Billy Conn. Whether this is so, this column is not prepared to state. It is willing to admit, however, that both are exceptionally fast and clever boxers.

When not in the ring, Tami is a bright, quick-witted and friendly lad. He is good-natured and courteous. Tall for his weight—he stands 5 feet 9 inches—he will doubtless grow heavier as he fights on, and become stronger and a harder puncher.

His manager, Jimmy "Lefty" Remini, says he hopes Mauriello will hurry up and grow into a light-heavyweight so that he could match him with Billy Conn and thus prove what many of the fistic experts say—that Tami is speedier, cleverer and more of a sharpshooter—is true.

"In the meantime," adds Remini with a shrewd grin, "he'll clean up the welterweight division."

Tami Mauriello has as his idol Tony Canzoneri. He hopes to do as Tony did in the ring. He hopes also to catch up with Vernell Williams, who defeated him in Chicago, just as he did with Corky Dulgarian, who has won over him.

Corrections

In our last issue in our Quiz, through a typographical error, two items were listed incorrectly. Pete Latzo was welter not middleweight champion and the name of Abe Adell should have read Abe Attell.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with five out of eight you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—If a fighter is knocked through the ropes, how many seconds are allowed him to get back into the ring?

2—How many rounds did it take Jack Johnson to stop Jim Jeffries. Where was the battle fought and who refereed?

3—What titles did the following hold—Abe Goldstein; Cannon Ball Eddie Martin; Pete Latzo; Johnny Wilson; Freddie Miller; Henry Armstrong; Bob Fitzsimmons; Jackie Fields; Jimmy Wilde and Ad Wolgast?

4—Can a world championship fight end in a draw?

5—If a referee decides a fight in favor of A; one judge in favor of B and the other decides the fight a draw in a state where three officials are used to judge a bout, who is the winner?

6—What fighters are identified by the following: The Sydney Cornstalk; The Boston Strong Boy; The Tipton Slasher; The Long Count; The Will O' the Wisp of the Squared Circle; The Herkimer Hurricane; Two Ton Tony; The Human Windmill?

7—What fighter received the sum of $900,000 for one fight, the largest in ring history?

8—Name the foreign heavyweights who held the world title.

This Zale's a Gale

(Continued from page 22)

Krieger's tough chin in their first meeting. True, the Slashing Slav fractured the fourth and fifth metacarpal bones of his left hand. Hostak had full use of that left, however, until midway in the sixth round when he obviously flinched from pain. Other stars have won fights under similar conditions.

Joe Louis had practically the same injury after the third round in his bout with Tommy Farr. Joe couldn't hook any more, but he still used the left, even in pain, to jab out the decision. Barney Ross went into the Ceferino Garcia fight in New York with a fractured left hand. He couldn't strike a hard blow with it, but he used the wounded hand to jab and feint for openings to shoot his right and successfully defended the welterweight crown.

Hostak quit using his left and refused to lead to Zale through the last four rounds because every time he raised his elbow to punch Tony punished him severely with right-hand sledges to the ribs.

* * *

HOSTAK is a whirlwind puncher, make no mistake. In the first round he machine-gunned Zale, scoring a two-count knockdown. In the fifth, as we stated, he poured on leather misery. His free-wheeling left hook and whistling straight left drove Zale from rope to rope. Hostak exploded with everything in this round, shot his bolt in quest of a kayo and when Zale stood up under the typhoon, Al was out of gas.

The instant Al let up his devastating attack, after two and a half minutes of continuous punching, Tony leaped in with a hard right and Hostak finished the sensational round more groggy than Zale.

Zale punished Al through the rest of the fight with a knifing straight left to the face and a zooming right to the body.

After the bout, when the Commission physician was examining Hostak's hand, Al tipped his condition by pointing to his ribs, which had been belted a dark crimson, and saying:

"Never mind the hand, Doc. See what's broken here!"

Against a less durable jaw than Zale's, Hostak would have scored a first round knockout. But Zale is tough, and triggers dynamite with both fists. Tony has a sharp left jab, a short left hook which proved deadly enough to bowl over Al Wardlow, no set-up for any middleweight, and a hard, straight right. Tony lacks the speed of Hostak.

Since that victory, Tony beams with confidence. He knows he can take all the champion of his division can deal, and cannon winning counters. This Zale will be a mighty hard man to beat now. Don't sell him short if he gets that promised whirl with the Seattle Slasher.

Heroic Honest Referees

(Continued from page 21)

knocked-out lads jumped to their feet. What a howling and jeering they got from the tough crowd! They called them fakers, quitters, and everything they could lay their tongue to! There was almost a riot. I sent the fakers to their corners and waited until the crowd quieted down.

"'I won't stand for this fake,' I said sternly. 'Either you fight it out or I'll declare it no-contest.' I also ordered the stakeholder, Jim Barkley, not to give up a cent of the stake or gate money.

"The fighters seemed quite refreshed after about ten minutes rest, and they started in again, hammer-and-tongs, and for five rounds made quite a slashing fight of it. In the sixteenth round, they became very wild and desperate.

"They butted, choked one another, hit below the belt and committed all sorts of fouls, so I threw them out of the ring and declared the fight no-contest."

* * *

STEVENSON was a great admirer of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. He refereed most of gallant Jack's great championship battles, which were fought in the '80s with the punishing skin-tight gloves.

A New York sports writer, while on a visit to Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1887, was induced by Sam Freeman, then the sporting editor of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, to witness a fight to be staged at Uniontown, Pa. The proposed melee was a match between two brawny iron puddlers. It was another grudge fight, and it was partly agreed that Freeman was to officiate as referee.

When Freeman and the New Yorker arrived on Main Street at Uniontown, they found the sheriff and a couple of his deputies standing guard in front of the building where the proposed fight was to take place. An ugly rough crowd of disappointed fans hung around in groups, muttering all sorts of vengeance on the sheriff and the promoters.

After a secret conference with the promoters of the affair, Freeman informed his New York friend that everything was off and they might as well hop back to Pittsburgh at once. But the New Yorker, who had been chatting with the sheriff, thought different. "Let me try him out, Sam. He seems rather a regular sort of fellow," said the Gothamite as he walked over toward the big gun and jail official and started to pow-wow with him.

It didn't take the New Yorker long before he got into the good graces of the sheriff and with a little soft diplomacy, induced the latter to partake of a few inspiring beverages at a nearby saloon.

Under the genial influence of the inspiring liquor, the sheriff suddenly opened up: "You can fix this thing up. I want four tickets for the fight or there won't be any fight. Get me?"

Get him! Yes, the New Yorker nearly dropped senseless! He rushed over to Freeman, got the four tickets and all hands quickly hopped up into a loft over a store where the ring was erected and the two iron puddlers and their seconds were huddled in two separate small rooms off the main loft.

The roughneck fans quickly crowded about the ring. There was a long, tiresome wrangle over the referee. The backers of one of the fighters refused to agree upon Freeman, claiming he had written some uncomplimentary remarks about their man in the *Dispatch*.

The wrangle over the referee went on for almost an hour with the tough crowd howling in disgust for the fight. Finally the sheriff had to take the bull by the horns and declare himself.

"I'll appoint the referee," shouted that gentleman of authority. "There's a sporting writer here from New York. He knows the game and doesn't know either man. I appoint him referee."

* * *

THERE was a howling cheer, while the New Yorker tried to hide away in a dark corner of the loft. He didn't fancy the job a bit. But the sheriff and all hands insisted. So the slugging combat finally got under way.

What a terrific slaughtering butchery it was between the two powerful men! No science! No anything but slug, smash, butt and bull each other like two wild animals!

What a job for a referee with the blood spurting and the husky puddlers wrestling, fouling in a sort of a rough and tumble fracas! Lucky in those days the referee stood outside the ropes. Lucky in one way, but rather unlucky in another, for in this case, two desperados held guns to the referee's back, threatening to blow holes through his kidneys if he attempted to decide on a foul or give any decision, whatsoever.

The poor New York referee was in a hot hole, expecting to be croaked any moment. Between one of the rounds, he appealed to the sheriff and that worthy official with his three deputies promptly threw the desperate gunmen headlong down the stairs.

This quick action rather smoothed the roughnecks down a bit, until finally one of the bloody puddlers landed a knockout blow on the head of his opponent, who went down and out like a log and the show was over. The New York referee was none other than Arthur Lumley, editor of a sports sheet, one of the best informed boxing men in the world. What remarkable, thrilling and truthful tales could be told of the dazzling adventures and desperate risks the game old referees of the bare-knuckle days ran, in officiating as ring arbiters.

What desperate chances old Dick Roche, Jim Keenan, Yank Sullivan, Billy Mahoney, Charley Johnston, Eph Holland, Harry Hill, George Silver, Jere Dunn, Jimmy Colville, Al Smith, Phil Clare, Jimmy Wakely, Bill Bradburn, Jimmy Newell and a host of other fearless men took! They were worthy, upright referees in their heyday, thoroughbreds who frequently risked their lives without any financial compensation whatsoever.

Refereeing was a matter of honor and honesty in the old days and not commercialism.

* * *

ONE of the greatest referees in America, the sports public called him. So well liked was he as a boxing official, that he was dubbed "Old Eagle Eye." When he was the third man in the ring, there was never any doubt about the affair being a square-shooting one, and when he called 'em at the end of a mill, all hands paid their bets without a murmur.

"Good Old Eagle Eye" was born on the lower East Side of Manhattan, in the Fourth Ward of New York City, the district that gave to the boxing world many celebrated pugilists and sports characters. He entered the field of sports at an early age and thrived on it throughout his life. In his youth, he cultivated that rare good judgment, necessary for a man who contemplates a referee's career. In-between his sports activities, he dabbled a little in politics and as in boxing, he made good.

It was he who brought to the front Casper Leon, the great little Italian bantam, who became a world champion under Charley White's tuition and handling. He also helped train Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons. But it was not so much as a handler of boxers as it was in refereeing that Charley made himself famous the world over.

During his career, he refereed some of the greatest and most important fights in American ring history, and because he was invariably right, there seldom was an argument about his decisions. He was at the ringside in Nevada during the Johnson-Jeffries fight, in which he acted as alternate referee. Tex Rickard had him on hand to take charge in the event of a slip-up.

When Warren Barbour, now United States Senator from New Jersey, was an amateur, it was Charley White who managed and seconded him in the national tournament at Boston and it was through Charley's fine work that Barbour came through with flying colors.

* * *

HE was a stand-by in the Horton Law days of fighting in New York. So fine a reputation did Charley have for honesty and good judgment, that those in charge of the Coronation Week exercises at the National Sporting Club of London sent for him and honored him by permitting the American to judge and referee some of the fights in which his countrymen appeared.

Fair play was always his motto. He officiated at more than 1,500 battles, some of them with champions as the contestants. His last big contest prior to his death in New York at the age of fifty-six, following a year's illness, was the bout in Madison Square Garden on March 25, 1916, between Frank Moran and Jess Willard.

Among the other prominent fights in which he was the third man in the ring were the Jeffries-Corbett, Fitzsimmons-Sharkey, at Coney Island, Fitzsimmons-Ruhlin, Walcott-West, Maher-Ruhlin, Walcott-Mysterious Billy Smith, Walcott-West, Walcott-Creedon, Jordan-Dixon, McGovern-Erne, Erne-Gans and the famous Young Corbett-McGovern battle at Hartford, Conn.

At one time in his career he was the owner of a stable of horses. He founded the Clinton A. C. in 1887 and turned out many amateur and pro champions there. At one time he was sergeant-at-arms of the Democratic State Committee.

When old-timers discuss referees, they invariably place Charley White, "Good Old Eagle Eye," among the foremost boxing officials of all times. Few referees had anything on him.

Movies Lured McLaglen

(Continued from page 23)

for the fifth round, it became obvious that McLaglen was the stronger and more vicious puncher and that his opponent couldn't last much longer. He didn't. He was knocked cold with a right to the jaw that raised him off the ground and landed with a thud to doze off into dreamland.

A month later at Aberdeen, Wash., McLaglen defeated Emil Schock of Tacoma, in a vicious 20-round affair.

Then came the highlight and also practically the end of McLaglen's career in a meeting with Jack Johnson. The world champion had just returned from Australia where he took the title from Tommy Burns and to get a little extra change, he consented to a six-round, no-decision match with Vic, the bout to take place at Vancouver, Canada. McLaglen exhibited plenty of courage in that bout, but found Lil' Arthur his master. Johnson won the fight, but it went into the records as a no-decision mill with McLaglen lasting the limit.

Following the battle with Johnson, McLaglen and his brother, Arthur, decided to go back into vaudeville. When the company went broke, he and Arthur journeyed to Hawaii, then toured the Fiji Islands, Tahiti and went on from there to Australia with their act.

They were in Australia when the Kalgoorlie gold rush started and joined the other prospectors. Both found the going pretty tough. They nearly died from want of water in the desert. Many of the prospectors passed away, but the hardy, well conditioned McLaglen brothers were among the survivors.

During the World War, Victor McLaglen served as a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers in Mesopotamia. He saw action on various fronts.

Few people know that Fred McKay, former South African boxer, the man who couldn't take it when engaged in ring battles, but was a hero on the battlefield, was a brother of McLaglen. Fred died a hero's death in the British attack on Turkey during the World War. He exhibited the courage of a lion in the face of the enemy, yet when he took part in boxing bouts in this country, he seemed to fear injury every time he faced an opponent.

Victor and his brother, Fred, were members of the Winnipeg police force. When they quit, Fred became a bartender at the Savoy Hotel and later turned to boxing. He won the championship of Canada by defeating Walter Adams at Dauphin, Manitoba, then came to the United States where he boxed under the name of Fred McKay. He was stopped by Gunboat Smith in two rounds; was knocked out by Carl Morris in the first and was stopped by several others. As a fighter in the ring he was a failure, but as a soldier, they came no braver than Fred McKay.

Brother Arthur likewise was a boxer. He was knocked out by John Wille of Chicago in the second round.

After the World War, Victor spent much of his time at the National Sporting Club of London, where he was a favorite. He was matched to fight Frank Goddard, former heavyweight champion of England, and Victor received a severe beating in that battle. Victor was knocked out in the third round.

That affair proved to McLaglen that his fighting days were over, he then being 29 years old, and he got a job in England in the movies. It was there that he met J. Stuart Blackton, motorboat enthusiast and cinema producer, and Blackton offered him the male lead in "The Glorious Adventure" in which he proved a great success. Since then his movie career has been a busy one. His great success was as Captain Flagg. He won the Academy Award for his work in "the Informer." He starred with Lady Dianna Manners in "The Glorious Adventure."

Victor McLaglen is a linguist and a bird fancier. He is an ardent boxing and wrestling fan.

During the World War, when Victor was a captain in the British Army, his father was at home ministering to his people. When the call for aid for the war wounded was made by societies designated for such purpose, Bishop McLaglen astonished the British ministry with an announcement in the *All Sports Weekly* to don the gloves for five rounds with any bishop, age or weight no bar, for the fund for disabled soldiers. The announcement caused intense perturbation among the staid members of the church, but only a laugh from the bishop at the uneasiness he had brought to the members of his church.

In fact, fearing that his challenge would bring no response, Bishop McLaglen went a step further—he extended his offer to any sports editor his own age. The Bishop apparently was teased from his religious devotions to the more material affairs by an article that had been printed in a London paper about Victor McLaglen and his profession. The father lost no time to take the writer to task and to throw his support to his son's profession by a willingness to engage in a public boxing match, with the stipulation that all funds be turned over to the wounded.

In commenting on the caustic article in the London paper, Bishop McLaglen wrote:

"Why is it astonishing that a man who chooses to fight in the ring for money, should be the son of a bishop or a man of considerable educational attainments? All of my sons served in the war, and I should be ashamed of anyone who could not use his hands. Neither should I wish to see them undergo the long periods of work and training necessary to attain the fine physical condition required for a contest, without payment.

"Boxing is a splendid sport. I should like to see it followed by the youth of the world. If we had more of that, we would have less combat with deadly weapons and more settlements of disputes with the weapons that God has given to man—his hands. I see nothing contrary to Christianity in boxing. It is a good, wholesome sport. The opposition is solely the nonsense of those who have forgotten that they are men living in a world of men and not of Victorian old ladies."

This brought about considerable comment in the London sports circles, with a bravo for the Bishop from South Africa, whose son, Captain Victor McLaglen, was then in training for his contest with Joe Goddard.

New Faces

(Continued from page 25)

nine contests the following year, Petey Sarron alone scoring over him in ten.

Last year Gamiere engaged in eight tough battles and lost three, to George Zengaras, Dave Castilloux and a return engagement with Wesley Ramey. This year, after beating Ramey, he was knocked out by Jackie Wilson in one round then outpointed Ray Sharkey in ten.

* * *

IN Williamsport, Pa., there is a young lightweight, Joe Bellotti by name, who, if he does as well in the professional field as he did in the simon-pure, should make good headway. As an amateur, Bellotti had eleven bouts and won all. He turned pro last October, and up to this writing he has engaged in five bouts and won each by a knockout.

He stopped Billy Gandi, York, Pa., in three; Jimmy Jones, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in four on two occasions; Morris Brown, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in four, and Jimmy Getol, Harrisburg, Pa., in fifth. He is nineteen years old, stands five feet, seven and one-half inches, and is of Italian parentage Eddie Le Roy is his manager. Le Roy is also the promoter and matchmaker of the American Legion Athletic Association of Williamsport.

* * *

INDIANAPOLIS has a giant Negro heavyweight who looks quite promising. His name is Buddy Millard. He scales 185 pounds, stands six feet, three inches and is only nineteen years old. He was born in Houston, Texas, on September 13, 1920, and is now living in the Hoosier State.

As an amateur Millard had eight contests and won them all. He won the Southern light-heavyweight championship for Negro fighters in 1937, and in 1938 he won the heavyweight crown. Both were won in New Orleans tournaments.

As a professional he has engaged in nineteen bouts and has scored a victory in each. He beat Sammy Slaughter, twice; Tiger Jack Wright, three times; Willard Bassett, Young Harry Wills, Webster Epperson, and knocked out Bob Thomas, Soldier Hicks, Tiger Smith and Harry Hicks. On January 29 he knocked out Thomas in Terre Haute in six rounds.

Watch Millard, say Indianapolis scribes.

* * *

LOUIS BOROSSO, JR., of the Catholic Club of Memphis, has a young star in Charlie Jerome, who has compiled an excellent record. He is a crowd pleaser and a good fighter. He is only twenty and has been in the boxing game for two years. The fans of Memphis have taken kindly to him, and their enthusiasm has been a big help in bringing out the best that is in him.

Charlie does all his training at the Catholic Club. He started his boxing career in August, 1937, when he lost a close decision to Mexican Joe Dundee, and then came back with a string of victories, among his victims being Albert Tapp, Nick Broglis, Battling Strohm, Don Burton and Raymond McNutt, before losing a close one to Tommy Freeman, former welter king, and to Ben Brown. Since then, he has fought many stars and has had his share of victories.

The "Harp"

(Continued from page 30)

he remained as chief sparring mate for Dempsey because a strong and enduring friendship had sprung into existence between them. Marty, in all, boxed over a thousand rounds with Dempsey which of itself records him as one of the greatest defensive boxers of all time, because Dempsey in a boxing ring never knew the meaning of pulling punches—he was always out for the kill.

Twice he boxed Gene Tunney to a standstill in 15 round encounters, and weighing only 170 pounds, he met the giant George Godfrey in two very close ten rounders when every heavyweight in the land was ducking that much vaunted colored battler. Harry Greb, Billy Miske, Johnny Risko, Al Reich, Fred Fulton, George Chip, Bob Martin, Tommy Loughran, Larry Gaines, Chuck Wiggins and Willie Meehan are only a few of the top-notchers Marty met in his colorful and creditable career.

Singularly enough, he has been the only heavyweight New Orleans ever contributed to the fight game and they will tell you in the Crescent City today that they wish another like him would come along. Clean-cut, honorable and charitable, Marty Burke, is now a highly respected property owner, business man and promoter in his old home town. And the bar in his Supper Club in the old French Quarter, on the walls of which wandering artists of the Quarter have painted life-like pictures of great boxing champions of the past, is something that tourists write home about.

In addition to his hotel and bar, Marty is owner of New Orleans' famous fight club where he stages bouts for the colored boys and he is a director of the Auditorium Club where the leading shows of Louisiana are staged. He owns a gymnasium and is a hustler in everything he undertakes. He is one of the most lovable sports characters in the South.

"Bummy" Got His Lesson

(Continued from page 5)

even and gave two to Al and seven to the winner. My card showed Davis the winner of only the second and fourth rounds, yet the fight was a pleasing one to view.

Ambers had displayed brilliance on many occasions, but never such brilliance as he flashed against Davis. He was at his best. He had everything—hitting power, cleverness, a splendid defense, a furious attack and the coolness of a cucumber. He simply glittered. The crowd sang his praises, and deservedly so.

In all his previous big contests, Davis, as in the case of Louis, found a stand-up target to shoot at and took advantage of it. Against Ambers, he found a bobbing, weaving fighter whose shiftiness was such as to become a real annoyance. Whereas others stood off to avoid the Davis clout, Ambers rushed in, was ever the aggressor, and actually caused his greatest damage at close range fighting. He permitted Davis to hold and then shoot up rights to the chin, swing lefts and rights to the side of the head and caused Al too much worry to enable him to think how best he could meet that tantalyzing attack.

Only in the second round was Ambers hurt, when Davis' left crashed with telling effect to the mid-section. Then came a terrific left to the liver and the Herkimer Hurricane's legs quivered. It seemed he might be dropped, but he regained his equilibrium and fought back viciously for the rest of the round. In the fourth, Davis again had the better of the exchanges, but that was the end of Al's progress.

In the eighth, Davis, exasperated by his failure to connect with his Sunday punch, turned to southpaw fighting, but it was all the same to Ambers. He kept piling up the points the same as he did in the previous sessions. Just to prove to Al that the change was a useless one, Ambers peppered him with everything in his repertoire in the ninth and tenth.

It looked like the finish via the knockout route for the Brownsville welter in the ninth when after bumping heads with his rival, Ambers cut loose with a barrage that ended with a right crash to the jaw just as the bell sounded. It was the best round for Lou.

And just to show that he could carry on the pace to the very end, Ambers pursued his man relentlessly in the final round. Al was all in. He held, kept looking up at the clock and made grimaces that indicated his dislike for the treatment he was receiving. He was slapped dizzy. Davis, like others who figured Ambers on the downgrade, must have changed his mind after the final gong sounded. He must have realized that Lou's speed and his punches, light though they might be, must never be taken too lightly.

It takes years to build up a good fighting machine but it takes very little to tear it down. Davis must keep that in mind. He must remember that when he follows a profession that makes of him a public character, he must carry himself in a manner that earns for him the whole-hearted support of that public.

If he keeps that before him, trains faithfully, gives up bad company and uses socks only in the ring where they will benefit him most, he may yet become a world champion. The future is in his hands. Ambers showed him what a real champion must possess and it isn't too late for "Bummy" to learn. He is a great prospect—one of the best in his division. He is a magnet at the gate and should take advantage of the opportunities the fighting game is giving him.

In the meantime—my hat is off to a real fighter—Lou Ambers.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 42:

1—A fighter has only ten seconds within which to get up regardless of where he is, once he is down, but in some states it is stipulated that twenty seconds be given a fighter who is outside the ropes, to get back in the ring, ready to resume the contest. Most states have only the ten seconds rule.

2—Johnson stopped Jeffries in 15 rounds, Reno, Nevada, Tex Rickard refereed.

3—Abe Goldstein, bantam; Martin, bantam; Latzo, welterweight; Wilson, middleweight; Miller, feather; Armstrong, feather, light and welterweight; Fitzsimmons, middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight; Fields, welter; Wilde, flyweight; Wolgast, lightweight.

4—Yes, a world title bout can end in a draw.

5—Such a bout would be called a draw since no one fighter received the majority of votes.

6—Sydney Cornstalk, Paddy Slavin; Boston Strong Boy, John L. Sullivan; Tipton Slasher, Benny Yanger; Long Count, Gene Tunney; Will O' the Wisp of Squared Circle, Young Griffo; Herkimer Hurricane, Lou Ambers; Two Ton Tony, Tony Galento; Human Wind Mill, Harry Greb.

7—Gene Tunney received $900,000, the record, for his second fight with Jack Dempsey.

8—Foreign heavy championship holders were Tommy Burns, Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera.

Belt for a Belt

(Continued from page 13)

The next minute he asked me how soon a match could be arranged with "that man Johnson for the championship."

When we got back to New York, O'Flaherty insisted on showing his belt in every Irish saloon on Eighth Avenue, and you know in those day there were almost three to every block. O'Flaherty's championship belt was good for a couple of rounds of drinks in every saloon we encountered and, believe me, Bob didn't miss any of them.

Well, along about noon Robert decided to take the belt home and square things with the good woman. He insisted that I come with him and see how delighted the missus would be with the wonderful belt.

We went up the three flights of stairs to the tenement in which the O'Flahertys resided and rapped on the door.

Mrs. O'Flaherty opened the door a crack, took one look at her illuminated better half and exclaimed:—

"So, 'tis you, is ut?"

"Hie, me coleen, yis, 'tis me," returned O'Flaherty. "An', me darlint, just cast your beautiful eyes on this wonder-r-rful belt Oi've brough' home to ye."

"Belt!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Flaherty, "Belt, is ut? Begorrah, ye blackguard, Oi'll give yez a belt all right!"

And the irate spouse hauled off and smashed O'Flaherty over the head with something that looked like a rolling pin.

I didn't stop to see what it was. Considering discretion the better part of valor, I dusted down the stairs with the hall echoing with O'Flaherty's "Ouches!" "be aisys" and groans.

That was the last I heard of Robert O'Flaherty. Inquiring of his whereabouts a few days later I was told that my White Hope had accepted a job as a coachman.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

ANOTHER year has passed and I am sending this note and enclosures, together with my very best wishes for your getting a fair share of any good luck there may be knocking around in the new year, and that you may also be blessed with good health and good friends.

Over here, things are very awkward, the boxing and wrestling game being badly hit by the existing war conditions. Many of the boys have joined up with different branches of the Services. Promoters are therefore experiencing great difficulty in securing suitable lads to match, and they also have trouble finding suitable premises in which to stage a show. I am quite frozen out in Portsmouth, all halls being in the hands of the Military. Another snag is the police regulations as to the number of persons allowed in any entertainment.

The old established National Sporting Club, of which I have had the honor of membership for many years, has discontinued its popular weekly tournaments, but a few of the boys are trying to organize shows, and prominent among the present providers of the world's best sport are Syd Hulls and Jack Solomons in London, Johnny Best in Liverpool, and one or two of the old brigade in Scotland. They are keeping the game alive, but I am sorry to say there is a deal of unwanted trouble here, between the promoters and the British Boxing Board of Control.

The Board has as honorary members some of the finest sportsmen in the world. Their names are honored wherever they go, but they have no control over the organization that is supposed to watch from all angles the game of boxing, and few of these gentlemen know anything about the business side of the game.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Enough about our troubles. What about the game in that wonder land of flowing "milk and big money"? I follow your big shows with great relish, and the only fault is that I am not with you to help with the "rooting," but from all accounts you are not short of good lads and I am still on the search for a world beater, whom I am hoping to find to put on at the Garden for a world title. I can almost see you smiling.

You know what I mean, someone who can take on some of your tough guys. I recently had a note from Tom Heeney, who appears to be quite satisfied with his present life. Also a note from good old Charlie Harvey. At times it is good to refresh one's memory. It diverts one's thoughts from the tragedies of today, but I am confident that if we don't win the world's title, we shall win the war and the respect of all good thinking people. We are fighting for Christianity.

Please convey to any old friends whom you may meet my best wishes and tell them the old "Limey" still cherishes many pleasant memories of visits to Uncle Sam's territory, and in conclusion may the great "Nat" never be bitten by the human "gnats" who infest our sport.

All the best. Believe me to remain,

UNCLE JOHN MORTIMER,
Southsea, Hants, England.

* * *

ACCORDING to a recent edition of your RING, you seem to doubt my claims to the title. Let me say here and now that of all the wrestlers in the country who claim the title, it appears that I am the only one who is ready and willing to meet John Pesek. No introduction is needed concerning the ability of Pesek, of that I am sure. Londos has sidestepped Pesek for all these years, and yet you say Londos is a claimant.

Pesek, as you know, hasn't lost a bout in years. I am willing to wrestle Pesek. Who of the others that claim the title is willing to do the same? Nothing would please me more than to see the situation cleared up. Your efforts in the past have been genuine and sincere, and I would like you to continue them in behalf of a great sport that has been crucified by men who claim the title yet are not willing to defend it against worthy challengers.

I trust that you will in the future realize that my championship is recognized in as many states as is that of Londos.

For your information you may write Mr. Heywood Allen, Seelbach Hotel, Louisville, Ky., who represents independent promoters in the Middle West and West as their president. I have their recognition and also that of Eastern commissions in various states. I hope, Mr. Fleischer, that one day your efforts to have one legitimate champion, recognized by all states, will come about, a champion who is willing to wrestle all worthy opponents and not bar men like Pesek and Sherry.

BOBBY BRUNS,
World heavyweight champion wrestler.

* * *

I HAVE been out of London for some weeks and consequently only recently learned of the passing of A. D. Phillips, your respected father-in-law. I trust it is not too late to tender my sincerest sympathy.

His passing, along with that of Bob Edgren, has left a gap amongst the chroniclers of sport that will be difficult to fill. They were a link with the past, and so few of the old-timers are left today.

I can recall reading articles by "Dad" Phillips in the old *Police Gazette* and later in our magazine. I followed his vivid telling of the story from Milo to Londos.

Yes, they have both gone to their Valhalla, but their names will linger just as people listen to the thud of leather and stop to watch two men wrestling in a ring.

There is quite a little talk going around the sporting circles over here to the effect that Farr and Doyle may meet in a bout soon.

CHARLES "SPIDER" MASCALL,
London, England.

* * *

NO doubt when you first look at the address below you will say, "Well, who can this be?" But if on second thought you'll remember that I am one of many lads who read your RING and happen to be one who took your "Universal Boxing" course back in '33. I wrote you last, if you remember, in the spring of 1935 when in the lumberjack industry, asking information re. a bad ankle with which a friend suffered for 3 years, and wasn't it oil of wintergreen and some other mixture you recommended?

Well, Uncle Nat, your advice certainly did the trick and gave my friend relief. I'm thanking you now on his behalf. And I am thanking you personally for the benefit I received from your "Boxing Course and Modern Wrestling" which I bought in 1933. While on the subject of good books, I still am a RING reader, and if you will I want you to please quote me a price on the finest Ju-Jitsu Book you have on your shelves, and I would also like to own the Revised Edition of "Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods."

Nat, I always had to work long hours to make a living, but gone are the days when I used to take a morning cold shower under a water bucket punched full of holes; when I used to do my road work over a cordway trail in the Bush, with black flies and mosquitoes clinging to me for a free ride; Rather crude, but those days still bring back to me a tingle of enjoying, pleasant memories, too.

But out here at Camp Borden, we have all the facilities—showers, baths, the mat, everything one needs to keep in proper condition. We are all rarin' to go across and to do our little share towards making this world a better one for all people, regardless of race, color or creed. That's the feeling here and a fine one, Nat, because with that in mind, we do our daily bit to get into fighting trim and when the time comes for us to face the common enemy, we'll face it with the same confidence we have done in

boxing matches before the war. Let's hope that when we get across, THE RING magazine will follow us to the trenches.

BOB AND JERRY,
Camp Borden, Ontario, Canada.

* * *

DURING the past three years I have often planned to write to you my appreciation of THE RING but the postman here is not as regular as the letter carrier who serves the Garden and usually we are unprepared for a courier. However, I am certain there will be one in a week or ten days, hence this little "chat." It was the reading of Trevor Wignall's masterfully written article in the November issue that prompted me to sit down on this beautiful day, when I would much rather prefer to take a long jaunt over the barren plains, and write to you.

Good weather is very rare at this particular time, mid-January to mid-February being our worse period of the year for storms. Anyway I have just returned from a three weeks' stay in a native camp and do not feel the need of much execise for a while. Then, too, THE RING has brought me such great pleasure and entertaining as well as instructional reading over a period of fifteen years that it is well worth the sacrifice. Trevor Wignall has expressed most accurately and in a manner far more expressive than my personal talents are capable my own sentiments concerning THE RING and its Editor.

If I remember correctly, it was in 1924 that I first made the acquaintance of THE RING. I never missed an issue until some years later when I left home to study for the priesthood and even then understanding superiors permitted me to receive it in vacation periods. Since I arrived here kind friends have subscribed for me.

The police boys and traders eagerly devour its contents and I have forwarded it to other posts with the stipulation that it be returned. I have bound the copies I have received. In the States I made many friends for it, too, by words of praise and acquainting others with it.

Your editorial comment is the first article to which I turn, then the monthly results. Articles are read when there is a moment of leisure. I receive it in packages of two or three. Mail reaches Churchill once every three weeks in winter and once each week in summer.

Churchill is 200 miles south of here. There is a dog team en route here now and I expect the January issue when it reaches here probably Monday or Tuesday. Adams Hats broadcasts are heard very distinctly here and even at Chesterfield Inlet 200 miles farther north. This year thus far I have been away from the settlement most of the time but expect to be here for a while now and will hear the Louis-Godoy battle—I hope. We heard all the important contests last year. The last bout I heard was the second Ambers-Armstrong battle.

I am not going to offer my opinions on past and present boxers. May I add that I admire your conduct and your judgments made in the controversies that arose after the second Louis-Schmeling fight? It seems to me that a man in your capacity needs the patience of an Eskimo.

What about the Eskimo and his adaptability to boxing? Rasmussen claimed to find natives further north who were skilled in a kind of boxing. I have found none who would make any progress not that I have tried. I am here for a different purpose but I mean from my observation and experience they would not be adapted. Their chests and legs are well developed—two very important factors, I know, but they have not the speed, character for the sport. They are slow, patient, even though intelligent and deliberate. They know of boxing and think the white man is crazy to try to inflict punishment on his fellowman. They would not understand the true character of the sport and its purpose and benefits as such.

You tell me through THE RING of your vocation, so I suppose it would be only fair to give you an insight into the life here. If it proves to be dull—I mean my telling of it—discard this letter NOW and I will never know. If you have been with me until now it has served its purpose anyway—the expression of the appreciation of one who is probably the most northern friend of THE RING.

I shall spend a few minutes on my last sojourn in a native camp. It is 60 miles from here and the day after Christmas we left two sleds fairly well loaded. The first night we camped at a trader's cabin, the second in an igloo. The third night we reached the camp. Day before yesterday we started out at daybreak for here—no load this time.

We had a blow and lost one of our men—I mean we were separated. He had the sleeping bags, so we could not camp out. We travelled for 8 hours in moonlight and reached here yesterday A.M. at 12.30. I must have jog trotted 15 miles beside the sled. That is the procedure in cold weather. Our companion arrived yesterday A.M. at 10.30, but he had reached a camp the preceding night and slept there.

While in camp, we live the native life. Raw, frozen deer meat, tea and once daily we were fortunate to have bannock. I had an amusing but tiring experience one night. We had frozen fish for supper, raw—but it is not as bad as it sounds. Now my thoughts had been of anything but boxing and the outside world. But all night long Tony Galento was after me.

For some reason I was boxing him and I back-pedalled all night, he was crouched, his two clenched fists under his chin leering at me with blue murder in his eyes. He did not catch up with me, but, boy, I was anything but rested when I awakened in the A.M.

The igloos were probably 15 feet high. There were three in the camp adjoining each other and several smaller ones joined to these and used for stores. Seal oil lamps provided heat and light. Moss is used as wicks and the lamps are simply stone platters filled with fat and oil, the latter flows into a ridge in which there are small tufts of moss. Of course we wore deerskin clothing and slept in deerskin bags. When we travel we do everything as the native. His way is best in his own country.

It is early to bed and early to rise in an Eskimo camp. The camp is on the shore of a lake; a hole is made in the ice in fall, protected by a bank of snow, hence each day there are but a few inches of ice to chop when the lady of the house goes to get water. There were also two fishing holes. I tried the native method three times —dangling a hook and line—three hours was my limit each time because of the cold and I did not get so much as a nibble. The natives can stay with it for five or six hours (our period of daylight at this time). If they are lueky they make a catch or two. Patience plus resistance to the cold seems to be the secret and they certainly have it on the whites there.

The native is a very likeable fellow, happy, ever ready to laugh. He makes a fervent Christian, but it takes a long period of time to instruct him, usually three years, because of his nomadic life. He is intelligent and resourceful as you can gather from the difficulties he finds while eking out an existence in his country.

The children are the sweetest you can find anywhere on earth. The happiness of an Eskimo's life is in direct proportion to the number of children he has. We have two tribes here, Padlermiuts and Aiviliks. This is the real home of the former, while the latter really belong to Chesterfield Inlet. The language is the most difficult I have met, it boasts of perfect construction in every detail despite the fact there is absolutely no literature. All has been handed down from generation to generation orally. We have our own grammars and dictionaries made and improved upon from year to year, by personal observation and experience.

Well, it is almost dark now and I have been far more lengthy than I intended to be, so I shall close this chat with my best wishes for prosperity and continued success to you and our mutual friend, THE RING.

By accident I heard the Bettina-Apostoli thriller February 2 through the Duluth station—long wave. It was also on Fargo and one of the Chicago stations, but could scarcely be heard. Sam Taub and Bill Stern always do a fine job. I did not hear the name of the announcer, but think it was Harry Bulogh. He was very clear. Also I heard the winner and loser speak after, but interference from other stations drowned it out. Mounties, traders and trappers in this country are very grateful to Adams Hats, as I am, too.

JAMES DUNLEAVY, O.M.I.
Eskimo Point, N.W.T.,
Churchill, Manitoba, Canada.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Cleo Segura, Cerro, N. Mex.

Q.—I am 20 years old, weigh 118 pounds and am 5 feet 6 inches tall. Do you think I am too old to start boxing? Do you think I will put on some more weight in two or three years? Do you have any records on Mike Montoya, former middleweight champion of the Rocky Mts.? Do you think Larry Cisneros has the making of a champion? He did a lot of campaigning around the middle west this past summer where he whipped most of his opponents. Is John Petry a colored boy? Can you give me information on Babe Daniels, colored middleweight champion of Colorado?

A.—Not too old and if you train properly you should increase your weight by twelve pounds. No record on Montoya. Cisneros is promising but hardly of championship calibre. Petry is not colored. Nothing on Daniels.

Todd Carson, Ridgway, Pa.

Q.—Can you give me the addresses of Joe Louis, Billy Conn, Henry Armstrong, Melio Bettina, Ceferino Garcia, Lou Ambers, Davey Day and Bob Pastor.

A.—Louis—83 East 35th St., Chicago, Ill. Conn—5427 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Armstrong and Bettina can be reached care of Mike Jacobs, Brill Bldg., New York City. Garcia—Main St. Gym, Los Angeles, Calif. Ambers—Strand Bldg., New York City. Day—180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. and Bob Pastor—Paramount Bldg., New York City.

Roy Duke Gunter, Edmonton, Canada

Q.—Could you please give me the names of the participants in every heavyweight championship bout since 1892 and also the names of the cities and the dates on which they were fought? Could you give me the heights and weights of the following heavyweight champions in their prime, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock and Louis?

A.—Jim Corbett knocked out John L. Sullivan in New Orleans on September 7 1892. Corbett was knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons in Carson City, Nevada, on March 17, 1897. Fitzsimmons was knocked out by Jim Jeffries at Coney Island, N. Y., on June 9, 1899. When Jim Jeffries retired a tournament was held and Tommy Burns was recognized as a champion when he whipped Marvin Hart in 20 rounds at Los Angeles on February 23, 1906. Burns was stopped by Jack Johnson in Sydney, Australia, on December 25, 1908. Johnson was knocked out by Jess Willard in Havana on April 5, 1915. Willard was knocked out by Dempsey at Toledo on July 4, 1919.

Dempsey was beaten by Tunney at Philadelphia on September 23, 1926. Gene Tunney retired after he stopped Tom Heeney in 11 rounds at New York City on July 26, 1928.

Max Schmeling won the title when he was declared the winner on a foul over Jack Sharkey at New York City on June 12, 1930. Jack Sharkey won the title from Schmeling in New York City on June 21, 1932. Jack Sharkey was kayoed by Primo Carnera on June 29, 1933, at New York City. Carnera was knocked out by Max Baer on June 14, 1934, at New York City.

Jimmy Braddock beat Max Baer in New York City on June 13, 1935. Braddock was kayoed by Joe Louis in Chicago on June 22, 1937.

Fitzsimmons was 5 feet 11¾ and weight 158 pounds; Jeffries, 6 feet 1½ inches and weight 220; Burns, 5 feet 7 inches, weight 170 pounds; Johnson, 6 feet ½ inch, weight 218 pounds.

Willard was 6 feet 6 inches, weight 245; Dempsey, 6 feet 1½ inches, weight 188 pounds; Tunney, 6 feet ½ inch, weight 185 pounds; Schmeling, 6 feet 1 inch, weight 193 pounds; Sharkey, 6 feet 1 inch, weight 195 pounds; Carnera, 6 feet 6½ inches, weight 260 pounds.

Baer, 6 feet 1½ inches, weight 196 pounds; Braddock, 6 feet 1 inch, weight 185 pounds; Louis, 6 feet, weight 198 pounds.

Loyal Ring Reader, Springfield, Ill.

Q.—Did Eddie Blunt fight any more than the following during 1939: Eddie Simms, Willie Reddish, Jim Howell and Elza Thompson? If so, who, where and the result? How old is Eddie? How tall and his weight?

A.—Those are the only fights he had in 1939. He was born on August 29, 1913, is 6 feet 2¼ inches tall and weighs 215 pounds.

B. Talianii, Rome, N. Y.

Q.—What nationality is Pete Scalzo and how old is he? Also the nationality of K. O. Morgan and his age? Was there ever a fighter by the name of Big Boy Rawson? Also the nationality of these fighters: Tippy Larkin, Al Nettlow, Lou Nova, Sammy Angott and Valentin Campolo?

A.—Scalzo is Italian-American and was born on August 1, 1917. Morgan is Italian-American and was born on May 12, 1909. Yes; a heavyweight from Boston. Larkin—Italian, Nettlow—German-American, Nova—Italian-American, Angott—Italian-American, Campolo—Argentinian.

Charley Sommerville, Bangor, Maine

Q.—How many times does a referee warn a fighter for fouling, holding or wrestling before disqualifying him? How often must a fighter be warned by the referee before official is permitted to stop the fight and call it no contest?

A.—Discretional with referee. He can warn as often as he pleases. In some states, as in New York, a fighter cannot be disqualified for fouling. The round is taken from him. But there is nothing that prevents a referee from disqualifying him on the ground that he is refusing to obey the official, because continuous fouling is equivalent to disobedience of referee's cautions to keep the blows in fair territory. There is no special rule on "no contest." That again is optional with referee. He can halt contest whenever in his opinion the fighters are not trying or giving their best.

Chic Stanton, Hollywood, Cal.

Q.—Was Vic McLaglen a good fighter? What was his best performance?

A.—He certainly was. Read article on him in this issue. His best fight was with Jack Johnson.

Ring Reader, Johnstown, Pa.

Q.—I want to know if I am too old to start fighting? I am 23 years of age. Do I have to fight amateur or professional? Could you give me the address where I can obtain an amateur or professional card? Could you give me the name of a manager who is willing to help a fellow like me, and his address?

A.—A little too old. It is not necessary that you have amateur experience before you qualify for the professional ranks. There are amateur boxing bouts in your city where you can obtain an A. A. U. card. Professional license can be obtained at the New York State Athletic Commission, 155 Worth St., New York City. You should get a manager from your own city, which would save you plenty of trouble.

N. G. Ham, Kenville, Canada

Q.—Do you think Len Harvey could beat Billy Conn, Bob Pastor or Lou Nova? How many rounds do you think Tommy Farr would go with Joe Louis now? Do you think Peter Kane or Jock McAvoy could beat the best of American fighters in their respective divisions?

A.—None of them. Possibly ten. Kane and McAvoy are headliners and would do nicely here.

Frankie Young Scibior, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Would you please tell me whether Tony Canzoneri ever lived in Chicago and for how long?

A.—Canzoneri was a great favorite in Chicago and did plenty of fighting there, but never lived there for any length of time, except for occasional visits.

Stanley J. Luke, Jr., Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Who made the most money in the boxing game in their entire career. Please name them in one, two, three order?

A.—Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Joe Louis.

M. P. Curci, Phila., Pa.

Q.—Are Lee Savold and Stan Savoldi brothers? What nationality is Lee? What do you think of Larkin, Lenny Mancini, Victor Dellicurti and Sammy Magro? Why doesn't Jacobs sign Archibald and Scalzo for the Garden?

A.—Yes. Norwegian. Larkin and Dellicurti are headliners while Magro and Mancini are promising prospects. Archibald wants a guarantee to meet Scalzo because he doesn't think that the fight will draw a big gate.

Grady A. O'Connor, El Reno, Okla.

Q.—What should a person use to stuff the inside of a home made heavy punching bag? From what race did Jeffries, Burns, Willard and Jack Sharkey descend?

A.—The center is stuffed with sand while the outer section is usually padded with cotton felt. Jeffries, Scotch-Irish; Burns, French-Canadian; Willard, English-American; Sharkey, Lithuanian.

Robert Beckman, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Please let me know if Frankie O'Brien was ever rated 1-2-3 in the middleweight division?

A.—No.

Bronx Fight Fan

Q.—Does smoking affect one in training, if he doesn't inhale?

A.—If not overdone, no, but I think it best not to smoke at all when in training. It does no good.

Q.—Shouldn't a referee warn a fighter before taking a round away from him?

A.—Yes, that is required by the rules.

Q.—Is Bill Poland a good fighter—a heavyweight threat?

A.—He is a good fighter but no threat.

Q.—If I am now 5 feet 6½ inches and weigh 145 pounds and am 14, about how tall will I be and what weight when 21? Is your answer guess work or through the use of a chart?

A.—About 175 and 5 feet 11 or six feet. By chart.

Emil Turf, Bronx, N. Y.

Q.—What foods should a fighter eat to lose weight?

A.—Get a copy of my book, Training for Boxers and see chapter on reducing.

Q.—What is the nationality of Pedro Montanez? Is he Jewish?

A.—He is Puerto Rican. No he is not of Jewish descent. That was a publicity stunt of his manager to say he was part Jewish.

Frank Desoerick, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—In punching the bag, should one stand in one position?

A.—No. Move around, circle the bag while working out. That enables you to train the eye for a moving target.

Karl Wurtz, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Did Pinky Mitchell have Benny Leonard down and almost out when they fought in New York?

A.—You mean Ritchie Mitchell, his brother. Yes, Ritchie had Benny down and it looked for a time that Ritchie would score a kayo, but Benny came back strong and put Mitchell away after flooring him seven times. It was one of the great lightweight battles seen in New York.

Henry Wurtemberg, Richmond, Va.

Q.—Were the Negroes or the white people first to take up boxing in this country?

A.—The Negroes. Read Volume No. I of my four book series on Black Dynamite. You'll find that fully discussed in the very first chapter. It goes into detail and you'll find much historical interest in that chapter.

Lawrence Weseman, Albert Lea, Minnesota.

Q.—Here is a question I would like answered in The Ring. As a former boxer, I was chosen to officiate as a judge in a fight between Leo Hoveland and Jim Wiley when the designated judge failed to appear. The two boys were mixing it furiously and when the bell sounded, neither heard the gong nor did the referee, apparently, and Hoveland, who was cocked for a shot, let go and knocked out his opponent. It was obvious that Wiley was badly hurt and when the bell sounded for the next round, he couldn't go on because the doctor announced he had a concussion.

In the meantime, before the announcement was made that the fight would be halted, the officials got together and agreed that Wiley could have a five minutes' rest if that would do him any good and then continue. But he couldn't, so the announcer got the decision of the judges and the referee.

I gave the fight to Hoveland by a knockout, but the referee stopped all arguments by announcing that he gave the verdict to Wiley on a foul. The crowd booed and became threatening, and the next day I gave my reasons for voting as I did. I said that the referee had a right to tell the judges that Wiley had been fouled and that since he didn't until Wiley couldn't continue, there was nothing for me to do but act as I did. The bell could not be heard, that is certain. It was very weak and since the fight was a furious one at the time and neither fighter heard the bell, there could be no disqualification. Furthermore, the referee didn't even warn Hoveland for hitting after the bell had sounded—the same as happened three times in the fight between Louis and Godoy. Was I correct?

A.—You certainly were. There should have been no disqualification. If the referee thought Wiley had been fouled, he should have said so at the time of the foul and not wait until he learned that Wiley had a concussion, as you say in your letter, only part of which I am printing because it is too long. If your letter states the facts, then Hoveland won a technical knockout since Wiley couldn't continue. If the referee thought that Hoveland had hit Wiley purposely after the bell had sounded, instead as you say, while mixing it with Wiley because neither heard the bell, then the referee would have been within his rights to disqualify Hoveland. But under the circumstances, I would have awarded the fight to Hoveland when Wiley couldn't continue the fight.

Tommy Cavanaugh, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—What are Bob Olin and Dave Shade doing now? Didn't Tommy Loughran have a brother who also was a fighter? If so what was his name? Did he ever reach the top? What do you think of the chances of Lee Savold reaching the top? What is his nationality? Whatever became of Stanley Poreda, Yale Okun, Otto Von Porat, Bat Battalino? Are there girl boxers? I was recently told that Babe Didrickson fought Nathan Mann? Is that true? Can you recall about ten years ago of a boy who played for the Chicago White Sox by the name of Art Shires who later became a heavyweight boxer? Did he beat any good heavyweights? Did Billy Cavanaugh, the referee, ever do any fighting? Is Jack Larrimore colored? Isn't Tony Shucco Jewish?

A.—Olin is a liquor salesman and radio commentator, and Shade has a tavern in Pittsfield, Mass. Eddie Loughran was Tommy Loughran's brother but he didn't do much boxing. Savold's chances are good. He is Norwegian. Battalino recently announced his retirement, but the others have gone by the wayside. No truth to that. Shires never amounted to much as a boxer. Cavanaugh used to box and was good. Larrimore is white. Shucco is Italian.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

VARIOUS upsets and weight difficulties have caused plenty of changes in the rankings for the past month. Jimmy Perrin stepped into the front ranks of featherweight contenders when he won an overweight match from Joey Archibald. Henry Armstrong made a herculean effort against Ceferino Garcia and received a draw for his efforts. Little Dado, leading flyweight contender, has grown into the bantamweight group. He no longer can make the flyweight limit. Charley Burley, Pittsburgh welterweight, has outgrown that division and will be listed with the middleweights. Dave Clark, Detroit light-heavyweight, has retired because of bad eyes.

Jackie Paterson, Scottish flyweight champion, gained the supremacy of the British Isles when he conquered Kid Tanner, a bantamweight, who forced himself down to the 112-pound class. Tanner is being ranked with the bantams because he fights much better at that poundage. Jackie Wilson, Pacific Coast lightweight star, disposed of Mike Gamiere in one round. Fritzie Zivic disposed of Saverio Turiello in the same length of time.

Lou Ambers showed his class against welterweight Al Davis. George Latka, San Jose lightweight, stepped into first class competition when he whipped George Crouch on two occasions. The bantamweight situation is still muddled with Tony Olivera drawing with Little Dado and George Pace doing likewise with Lou Salica. Jackie Rankin turned in an upset when he stopped Peter Kane in six rounds. Tony Musto put a quietus to Johnny Risko by kayoing him in three rounds. Bobby Ruffin showed class in beating Al Reid while Tony Cisco came through with a bang when he outclassed Ossie Stewart in Pittsburgh.

Those were the highlights of the month.

Beginning with the heavyweight division we find Buddy Walker leading the active headliners with a seven-round kayo over Ed Murray. Nathan Mann scored over Hobo Williams. Buddy Knox whipped Jorge Brescia while Jorge scored over Gene Mickens. Patsy Perroni bested Otis Thomas. Paul Hartnek scored over Frank Rowsey. Al McCoy trimmed Buddy Scott and Eldridge Eatman. Scott whipped Nick Fiorentino. Jack Marshall won over Valentin Campolo.

Tony Musto flattened Risko in three and whipped Hard Rock Harden. Bill Boyd won from Chuck Crowell and Henry Cooper. Bob Sikes kayoed Al Keegan in two and whipped Young Allen. Junior Munsell defeated Al Delaney while Delaney won over Ernie McDonald. Gus Dorazio halted the winning stride of Harry Bobo. Abe Simon kayoed Clint Moran in two and Jersey Joe Wolcott in six sessions.

Carl Vinciquerra disposed of Jarl Johnson in the third round. Nate Brown stopped Sandy McDonald in the seventh. Dan Merritt kayoed Pal Silvers in three. Babe Ritchie whipped Babe Hunt. Jim Howell disposed of Art Johnson in four. Lem Franklin and Andy Kid Miller was rendered "no contest" after two rounds. Altus Allen kayoed Harold Dettman in five. Jim Robinson drew with Italo Colonello. Eddie Mader kayoed Eddie Boyles in six. Salvatore Ruggirello scored over Joe Sofi. Tommy Bensch beat Ben Foord.

Teddy Yarosz heads the light-heavyweights with a victory over Billy Muldune. Tony Cisco triumphed over Ossie Stewart and Eddie Peirce. Jimmy Webb scored over Johnny Kapovich and kayoed Ira Hughes in the sixth. Solly Krieger disposed of Mario Liani in the fifth. Turkey Thompson finished Angelo Puglisi in six. Johnny Romero flattened Babe Daniels in the second. Marty Simmons whipped Gunboat Davis.

Enzo Iannozzi was a victim of various middleweight contenders during the month. He went four rounds apiece with Tony Zale and Billy Soose and lost the decision to Ken Overlin. Soose was beaten by Georgie Abrams. Ben Brown disposed of Billy Regan in five. Charley Burley, now a middleweight, whipped Nate Bolden. Coley Welch, a newcomer in the ratings, scored over Johnny McHale and Frankie Nelson. McHale won from Walter Johnson.

Harvey Massey defeated Larry Marino and Wicky Harkins while Wicky scored over Gene Buffalo. Augie Arellano fought draws with Bep Van Klaveren and Walter Franklin. Vincent Pimpinella was beaten by Jimmy Reeves but won from Howell King. Ernie Vigh kayoed Larry Kellum in the second. Big Boy Hogue won from Toots Bernstein and kayoed O'Dell Mason in four. Shorty Hogue drew with Jimmy Casino. Jack McNamee drew and later whipped Max Raynor on a foul in 11 rounds. Billy Pryor scored over Tony Bruno. Jimmy Bivins won over Joe Sutka. Jay Macedon defeated Al Bernard. Frankie Genovese drew with Len Wadsworth. Bobby Pacho disposed of Doll Nelson in the sixth.

Henry Armstrong heads the welterweight brigade with his stirring drawn battle against Ceferino Garcia. Milt Aron disposed of Eddie Brink in the fifth. Brink also lost to Henry Ferrara. Cocoa Kid scored over Tony Martin. Fritzie Zivic kayoed Saverio Turiello in one and Remo Fernandez in seven. Turiello won from Frankie Wallace. Wallace also lost to Jackie Donovan, who defeated Francesco Montanari. Montanari was also beaten by Bill McDowell, who whipped Vinnie Vines and lost to Joe Butch Lynch and Steve Belloise. Belloise scored over Eddie Dunne.

Steve Mamakos won from Sammy Luftspring. Arthur Danahar disposed of Ken Robinson in five but was disqualified in two rounds against Norman Snow. Mike Kaplan won from Frankie Britt, Joey Silva and Red Cochran. Cochran stopped Larry Mangine in three. Eddie Dolan won from Dodo Woods and Jimmy Bell. Jackie Kid Berg continued his winning in England with victories over George Reynolds and Harry Davis.

Slugger White scored over Ralph Zannelli. Maurice Arnault lost to Doug Marsh but bested Ernest Copeland. Kid Azteca disposed of Jack Taylor in the third. Kenny La Salle drew with Manuel Villa and lost to Phil Furr. Milo Theodorescu whipped Howell King but was beaten by Tommy Pallatin. George Henry whipped Andrea Jessurun. Ossie Harris won from Carmen Notch and Frankie Cavanna while Frankie scored over Mike De Stefano. Jimmy Garrison won from Quentin Breese. Dick Demeray whipped Harvey Woods while Joey Ferrando bested Ziggi Lander.

Lou Ambers, head of the lightweight class, gave Al Davis a good boxing lesson. Quentin Breese was beaten by Sammy Angott and Yucatan Kid. The Kid was whipped by Leo Rodak. Jackie Wilson took one round to finish Mike Gamiere. Gamiere scored over Ray Sharkey. Pete Lello and Tony Marteliano battled to a draw. Bob Montgomery defeated Al Nettlow. Paul Junior kayoed Al Gauthier in two and Emil Joseph in six. George Latka made the grade with his victories over George Crouch. Lew Jenkins and Tippy Larkin engaged in a one-round affair with Jenkins the winner by a knockout. Hutchinson stopped Allen Westbury in the sixth.

Wesley Ramey whipped Johnny Rinaldi but was beaten by Paul De Bello. Toby Vigil scored over Nick Peters. Irving Eldridge and Jimmy Vaughn split two decisions. Eldridge also whipped Tommy Speigal, who was beaten by Tommy Cross. George Zengaras defeated Mike Evans. Pat Foley drew with Julie Kogon, whipped Bernie Friedkin and lost to Lanny Mancini. Kogon scored over Ambrose Logan while Mancini kayoed Frankie Terranova in four rounds. Joe Ghnouly drew with Julio Gonzales, Lew Feldman and defeated Woody Boord. Feldman scored over Howard Burton but was beaten by Manuel Villa and Norment Quarles. Quarles also whipped Willie Cheatum.

Billy Marquart won from Billy Maher and Joey Silva. Jimmy Tygh whipped Frankie Wallace and drew with Benny Bass. George Hansford drew with Red Green and Ritchie Fontaine. Charley Gomer kayoed Bucky Taylor in seven. Maxie Shapiro bested Jackie Callura. Eddie Zivic drew with Joey Fontana. Johnny Morro kayoed Vincent Reed in six. Billy Fundess scored over Dave Lefton. Al Kimber won from Joe Hall. Matty Perfetti triumphed over Johnny Rohrig. Uli Harris kayoed Young Polite in one round. Benny Caplan scored over Dick Corbett and Eddie Ryan disposed of Johnny McGrory in four and Tommy Hyams in seven.

Joey Archibald's defeat at the hands of Jimmy Perrin took first place in the featherweight activities. Pete Scalzo scored over Jimmy Vaughn and drew with Primo Flores. Bobby Ruffin defeated Al Reid and Lee Harper. Jackie Wilson won over Frankie Covelli. Chalky Wright disposed of Mike Martinez in three, Charley Gomer in four, and whipped Frankie Gilmore. Jackie Rankin stopped Peter Kane in the sixth session. Spider Armstrong kayoed George Karkella in one.

Tom Smith scored over Dick Corbett and kayoed Jimmy Watson in the tenth. Bobby Green drew with Al Mancini and won from Minnie Demore. Mancini kayoed Paul Lee in the ninth. Larry Bolvin whipped Jimmy Gilligan. Young Gildo scored over Tony Mack. Johnny Marcelline won over Christobal Jaramillo. Johnny Brown whipped Jackie Simmons. Young Casanova defeated Armanda Sicilia. Vincenzo Dell Orto bested Hank Nakamura.

Tony Olivera drew with Little Dado and George Pace did likewise with Lou Salica in the bantam scramble. Kui Kong Young disposed of Mickey Miller in the eighth. Little Pancho drew with Lupe Lardoza. Kid Tanner, a bantam, was beaten by Billy Walker, a feather. Tanner whipped Paddy Ryan, a flyweight. Pablo Dano drew with Angelo Callura. Phil Milligan kayoed Jim Brady in six. Pancho Villa disposed of Johnny Gaudes in the second.

Jackie Paterson came through as the best European flyweight with his victory over Kid Tanner. Paddy Ryan scored over Rinty Monoghan. Jimmy Stubbs defeated Joe Curran. Frank Bonsor kayoed Billy Spence in the first.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—None available.
Bantamweight—Joe Verroff, New York City.
Featherweight—Terry McStravick, Ireland.
Lightweight—Billy Seward, Chicago, Ill.
Welterweight—Stanley Mrak, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Middleweight—Billy Latka, San Jose, Calif.
Light-heavyweight—Jimmy Reeves, Cleveland, Ohio.
Heavyweight—Joe Ritz, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending March 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Arturo Godoy	Gus Lesnevich	Ceferino Garcia	Milt Aron
2—Tony Galento	Melio Bettina	Tony Zale	Cocoa Kid
3—Bob Pastor	Len Harvey	Ken Overlin	Fritzie Zivic
4—Tommy Farr	Jock McAvoy	Al Hostak	Holman Williams
5—Johnny Paychek	Teddy Yarosz	Ben Brown	Izzy Jannazzo
6—Lee Savold	Al Gainer	Atilio Sabatino	Pedro Montanez
7—Red Burman	Anton Christoforidis	Ron Richards	Maxie Berger
8—Nathan Mann	Tony Cisco	Georgie Abrams	Steve Mamakos
9—Roscoe Toles	Jimmy Webb	Victor Dellicurti	Mike Kaplan
10—Buddy Walker	Larry Lane	Coley Welch	Arthur Danahar

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Joey Archibald	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Davey Day	Jimmy Perrin	Tony Olivera	Jackie Paterson
2—Sammy Angott	Pete Scalzo	George Pace	Enrico Urbinati
3—Jackie Wilson	Simon Chavez	Lou Salica	Tiny Bostock
4—Eric Boon	Bobby Ruffin	Little Dado	Paddy Ryan
5—Pete Lello	Jackie Wilson	K. O. Morgan	Johnny Boom
6—Bob Montgomery	Chalky Wright	Little Pancho	Jimmy Stubbs
7—Paul Junior	Al Reid	Kui Kong Young	Joe Curran
8—Dave Castilloux	Spider Armstrong	Kid Tanner	Jackie Jurich
9—Johnny Bellus	Young Rightmire	Manuel Ortiz	Small Montana
10—George Latka	Harry Jeffra	Pablo Dano	Rinty Monoghan

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

IF Lew Jenkins, by his one-round knockout over Tippy Larkin, qualifies as the leading challenger for Lou Ambers' title, then he will undoubtedly receive that titular match under the auspices of Mike Jacobs. Jenkins has been a stormy petrel in boxing affairs since he came to New York. He was brought here by Frank Bachman who nursed him along carefully. Insidious influences were brought to bear on Jenkins and the next thing we found was that Hymie Caplin was Jenkins' manager.

The fact that Jenkins hasn't beaten anyone rated among the first ten in the lightweight division, does not enter into the matter. Crack lightweights like Davey Day, Sammy Angott, Pete Lello, who scored a clean knockout over Jenkins last summer; Jackie Wilson, Bob Montgomery, Dave Castilloux, Johnny Bellus, Paul Junior, Irving Eldridge and Tommy Speigal, all of whom have proved their class in meeting first class competition, are being shunted aside for Jenkins. There can be no doubt that Jenkins can hit, but he should be tested against the leaders first.

It isn't a question of how much ability one has these days, but who is his manager? Tippy Larkin qualified for the Jenkins match in the feature event in the Garden by being knocked out by Al Davis in his last Garden appearance. There are any number of consistent winners around the country who find it difficult to force an entry in the Garden. Why? Larkin found the solution. Larkin weighed 135¼ and Jenkins 134¼.

Pete Lello and Tony Marteliano engaged in a torrid eight round scrap on the Jenkins-Larkin card, which was called a draw. Tony is a 140-pounder and unfortunately cannot be ranked with the lightweights. Otherwise his record entitled him to some consideration. It was a nip and tuck battle from start to finish. Lello weighed 137¼ and Marteliano 140. Irving Eldridge battered out an eight-round victory over Tommy Speigal. Irving had a good lead at the finish but was forced to fight at top speed. Eddie Carroll whipped Carl Duva in a four, while Austin McCann finished Alex Doyle in the third. The gross receipts were $28,420.

Jimmy Vaughn received the verdict over Irving Eldridge after a bitterly contested eight-round scrap at the St. Nicholas Palace. It was a tough fight to decide and there were many who believed that Eldridge was ahead at the finish. Judge Joe Lynch decided in favor of Eldridge while Referee Frank Fullam and Judge Jim Hagen awarded the bout to Vaughn. George Zengaras made quick work of Pete Galiano by finishing him in thirty seconds of the first round. Tami Mauriello, Harlem welterweight, looked exceedingly good in putting Mike Angieri away in the third round of their special six-rounder.

Pat Foley, of Worcester, and Julie Kogon, of New Haven, waged a hectic eight-round bout at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn which was rendered a draw but it appeared like a certain victory for Foley at the end of the contest. Kogon, accused of lacking in courage, staged a brilliant fight and contradicted the opinion of the skeptics relative to his fighting heart. He fought back bitterly and took many hard clouts on the chin and body to disprove their theory but at the end of the contest, Foley had earned enough points to be declared the winner. Foley weighed 133 and Kogon 132¾. An upset was recorded in the eight-round semi-final when "Texas" Lee Harper outspeeded and outboxed slow thinking Charley Varre. Varre was 4 to 1 favorite but he proved too slow for the agile and also fast moving Texan.

Tony Ferrara, of Mount Vernon, repeated his eight-round conquest over Eddie Brink at the New York Coliseum. It proved to be a slashing encounter all the way with Brink staging a hurricane last round rally almost to even matters. Ferrara weighed 149 and Brink 146. Ernie Vigh showed great hitting form when he stopped Larry Kellum in the scheduled eight-round semi-final. Kellum was floored three times in the first round and twice in the second before they called a halt. Sixto Morales, a newcomer from Cuba, whipped Frankie Gilmore in a special six-rounder—Matt Perfetti proved too fast and speedy for Johnny Rohrig in their eight-rounder at the White Plains Community Centre—Bill McDowell, Dallas, Texas, started off locally with a six-round victory over Paulie Griffiths while Teko Born scored over Danny Maguire in another six-round fray.

K.O. Morgan, Stamford's contender for bantamweight honors, lost a great deal of prestige in his contest with Benny Goldberg, which was halted in the eighth round and declared "no contest." Although both boys belong to the southpaw brigade, it was felt that Morgan, with his superior ring experience, would have shown his superiority in clear fashion but the outcome was disappointing to his followers, especially to THE RING which has consistently backed him as the outstanding bantam—Ray Arcel and Issy Kline turned in a masterful job in stopping the eye injury to Pete Lello in his bout with Tony Marteliano. After the fight it required 21 stitches to sew the cuts around the right eye—Jack Hurley is now assisting Jack Begun in the management of Milt Aron and is getting favorable results. Jack has many friends in New York who are pulling for him—Tommy O'Loughlin is anxious to bring his heavyweight, Paul Hartnek, to New York for a trial. Paul recently held Johnny Paychek to a draw—Tony Cisco, deserting the middleweight class because of weight difficulties, showed great form in trouncing Ossie Stewart in Pittsburgh—Andy Niederreiter has Lloyd Marshall, Coast middleweight, around New York looking for action.

Wesley Ramey came through the winner over Johnny Rinaldi in their eight-rounder at the New York Coliseum. Ramey's boxing skill proved too much for the rugged Harlemite. Joey Iannotti and Curley St. Angelo engaged in a hair-raising six-round scrap which was called a draw at the finish. It was one of the best scraps ever staged there—Al McCoy administered a thorough licking to Buddy Scott in their eight-round go at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. McCoy could rank with the best of our current heavyweights were he to show a little more activity. Lenny Mancini disposed of Frankie Terranova in the fourth round of the scheduled eight-round semi-final—Bep Van Klaveren was given a shock by Augie Arellano in their eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Van Klaveren considered the bout a workout but before he was finished his opinion of Augie had greatly altered and after a healthy scrap the bout was called even. Jay Macedon turned in an upset when he whipped Al Bernard in the semi-final of eight heats. Vincenzo Dell Orto scored over Hank Nakamura in the other eight scrap.

Bobby Ruffin turned in his finest triumph to date when he whipped Al Reid in clean cut fashion at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club in eight fast rounds of fighting. Ruffin scored with his left hand and managed to avoid the rushes of his aggressive opponent. Reid rallied in the last two rounds but not enough to turn the tide. Ruffin weighed 127 and Reid 128. Pete De Ruzza defeated Francesco Montanari in the eight-round semi-final.

John O'Brien is keeping Jorge Brescia busy around the East and may get results with the hard hitting South American—George Blake has done wonders with Toby Vigil, who is rated one of the best lightweights on the Pacific Coast—That recent knockout suffered by Johnny Risko at the hands of Tony Musto may result in his retirement, which is comforting to his legion of admirers around the country—Tony Palazolo has deserted San Francisco for the more inviting climate of Hollywood and intends making his headquarters there. He has the two Latko brothers under his wing and expects to add to his stable with a few more formidable ringmen—Jimmy Marsh is now handling Mike Martinez, rugged Denver lightweight—Jimmy Perrin's great stand against Joey Archibald in an overweight match at New Orleans will make a titular match there all the more attractive in the near future.

Petey Scalzo came through the winner over Jimmy Vaughn in their eight-round fracas at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Solly Krieger, making a comeback in the light-heavyweight division, disposed of Mario Liami in the fifth of their scheduled eight-rounder. Pete Asero scored over Jerry Fiorello in the concluding eight—Bobby Ruffin engaged in his first feature event at the St. Nicholas Palace and came through the winner over Lee Harper after eight rounds. Ruffin scored a knockdown in the seventh and galloped home in the final session to clinch the verdict. Monty Pignatore whipped Joe Echavarria while Maurice Arnault bested Ernest Copeland in the other eight-rounder—Bill McDowell won over Vinnie Vines in the feature eight at the White Plains Community Center. Johnny Wargo scored over Jack Amado in a sixer.

Al Davis, youthful, hard hitting welterweight from Brooklyn, was given a valuable lesson in boxing by that capable exponent of the manly art, Lou Ambers, in their ten-round meeting at Madison Square Garden. Davis' dynamic hook found no parking place on any vulnerable spot of Ambers' anatomy and the only consolation that Davis received was on the remunerative side. The fight attracted 20,586 paid customers who contributed $66,749. Davis looked good in the second and fourth rounds when he nailed Ambers with some hefty wallops but was on the receiving end the remainder of the journey. Ambers scaled 139 and spotted his opponent seven and a half pounds.

The eight-round affair between Steve Belloise and Eddie Dunne really stole the show from the headliners. Belloise was an overwhelming favorite before the contest but Dunne surprised his most ardent rooters and fought him back nip and tuck and the best thing that Belloise could do was to win a split decision.

The fight was so exciting that an announcement was made from the ring that the pair would be re-matched immediately. Mike Kaplan easily whipped Red Cochran in another eight-round fray. Lou Constantino shaded Harold Schwartz in a hectic four-rounder. Frankie Gilmore won from Frankie Runyon in the four-round opener.

You cannot discount Primo Flores as a dangerous hitting lightweight. Much to the discomfiture of Petey Scalzo, he was floored four times in the first three rounds by the hard hitting Puerto Rican. Once in the first, once in the second and twice in the third, Petey found himself on the floor but he recovered sufficiently in the later rounds and received a draw for his efforts. Joey Ferrando scored over Siggi Lander in the eight-round semi-final. Johnny Colan whipped Teko Born in their six-round fray.

Pat Foley, Worcester's lightweight contender, came through the winner over Bernie Friedkin by the slimmest of margins at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn after eight hotly contested sessions. Friedkin got off to an early lead but Foley's spirited rally at the finish probably influenced the officials in his behalf. Anton Pappas defeated Lloyd Laskey in a six while Johnny Shkor disposed of Martin Clark in the fifth of their scheduled six-rounder—Doug Marsh put on a closing rally to clinch the award over Maurice Arnault after eight rounds of hard fighting at the White Plains Community Center. Wilce Rivera whipped Willie Skidmore in the semi-final of six sessions—Paul De Bello, Brooklyn's young lightweight, turned in a notable victory in winning from Wesley Ramey at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Paul had plenty of speed and succeeded in outboxing the master boxer, Ramey. Tommy Fontana scored over Harold Valan and Pete Muscanera outpointed Sean Haynes in six rounders.

Lenny Mancini avenged his stablemate, Bernie Friedkin, by winning a merited eight-round victory over Pat Foley at the Broadway Arena. This was one of the biggest upsets of the current season recorded at the Brooklyn club and it showed the courageous, two-fisted Italian at his best. He tore into his more experienced opponent, scored a knockdown in the second round, and managed to hold the lead until the finish. Charley Varre whipped Willie Felice in the semi-final of eight—Steve Belloise won over Bill McDowell in the headlining eight-rounder at White Plains. Lou Barbetta won over Georgie Coyle in a six-rounder—Maxie Shapiro scored over Jackie Callura in the feature eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Palace. Lee Harper won over Monty Pignatore in another eight-rounder on the same program.

Irving Eldridge evened matters with Jimmy Vaughn by winning the eight-round verdict in their return engagement at the St. Nicholas Palace. On this occasion, Eldridge was in much better condition and outboxed and outfought his opponent most of the way. Eldridge weighed 132¾ and Vaughn 135½. In another eight-rounder which created plenty of excitement, Joey Fontana and Eddie Zivic battled to a draw. This was a hectic argument which resulted in some mixing in each session. Fontana weighed 133¼ and Zivic 138.

It doesn't look likely that Joe Louis can avoid another meeting with Arturo Godoy before another season passes. He has earned the title bout.

NEW ORLEANS AND DIXIE NOTES
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

JIMMY PERRIN, the rejuvenated Italian featherweight, scored his second triumph over a world's ring champion here when he won a close verdict over Joey Archibald, the featherweight title-holder. Just before Sixto Escobar gave up the bantamweight crown, Perrin trimmed the Puerto Rican easily, winning nine out of ten rounds.

A little over a year ago, Perrin was on the W.P.A. rolls with no thought of ever returning to the ring. But Irwin Poche, Marty Burke and 100 business men pooled $10,000 and started the Auditorium Boxing Association. Burke, due to other matchmaking posts, resigned, and Marty immediately suggested the genial and topflight matchmaker, Lew Raymond, for the job. With only two local boys as top cards, Raymond had a tough job of it at first. But good matchmaking and the confidence of the fans has enabled Raymond to put New Orleans among the ten leading fight centers in less than a year.

After Perrin whipped Johnny Gaudes, Raymond told the little Italian to stick to his knitting and that before 1940 was out, Perrin would be knocking at the featherweight throne room. Well, beating Archibald has now found Raymond fulfilling his promise to Perrin. And if Al Weill will give Raymond a date and accept a guarantee of $10,000 for Archibald to lay his title on the block, Perrin undoubtedly will be your next featherweight boss and follow in the footsteps of those other two great Italians—Pete Herman and Tony Canzoneri—who started their ring careers in their home town, New Orleans.

Raymond staged the Perrin-Archibald scrap for the benefit of the Finnish Relief Fund and Lew turned close to $1500 over to the Finns. Al Weill and Archibald, along with Perrin and Manager Emile Bruneau, donated a portion of their purse money over to the Finnish Fund. While here, Weill and Raymond talked of their early days in the boxing game and Al credited Lew with giving him his first real break in the fight business.

Weill was never idle a moment here. He visited Marty Burke's night club and took in Pete Herman's club nightly. And, like Eddie Mead, Al shelled out to some of the former fighters on his visit here. He put plenty of the boys down on the payroll and Weill left the city with plenty of well-wishers.

The Boxers' Protective Association, one of Lew Raymond's many new ideas, is progressing here rapidly and it looks like in another six months enough money will be raised to build a home across the lake from New Orleans to care for any destitute member of the organization. Dick Burke, twice president of the National Boxing Association, is prexy of the B. P. A.

The movement here is an original one, and following Raymond's plan, several similar organizations have been started throughout the country. But in justice to Raymond, the rest come second as they all patterned their organization after the local idea of the A. B. A. matchmaker.

Capt. W. A. Peeples, Miami boxing promoter, made a hit with New Orleans boxing fans when he brought Yucatan Kid, Johnny Dean and Justo Jimmenz here for appearances on Raymond's all-star card last month. Yucatan fought Leo Rodak in the top bout and the little Mexican made quite an impression.

Boxing needs fellows like Capt. Peeples. He knows what it is all about and is a great help to promoters and publicity men for fight clubs. Speaking of press-agents, Broadway Johnny Cox is doing a great job for Lew Raymond and Johnny pounds out some real interesting copy for the sports writers.

Nickie Camarata returned home for a visit last month with his folks and now Lew Raymond is dickering with Al Weill to bring Lou Ambers here for an over-the-weight match with Chris Dundee's lightweight. Nick has grossed some of the A. B. A.'s largest "gates" and the Italian is the best crowd pleaser of the local topflight performers. Ambers and Camarata would draw plenty, and Raymond is doing his best to make the match before Nick returns East.

Dominick Camarata, kid brother of Nick's, made the trip back home with the latter. Dom has had four fights and looks like a potential champion.

Joey Argiz, ace of Lew Raymond's prelim fighters, recently sent for his mother in Spain and after a few more fights the likable lightweight plans to send for his father, now in Barcelona. Win or lose, Argiz always "steals" the show. A couple of more wins and Raymond plans to pit Joey in a ten-rounder on an all-star card.

If Patsy Palmer, 17-year-old Kansas City youth, reads this, please get in touch with your family. Your brother, Barton Palmer, wrote the writer that your father and the rest of the family have withdrawn their objections to your becoming a professional fighter.

And if any reader knows of Patsy's whereabouts, please get in touch with Barton Palmer, P. O. Box 524, Kansas City, Mo.

Jimmy Feely, former local fight promoter, is being mentioned for one of the posts on the Louisiana Boxing Commission when Sam Jones, winner over Earl K. Long in the race for governor, takes office during the month of May. Jimmy was one of the ace campaign managers for Jones.

Jeff Dickson, the Mike Jacobs of Europe, was in New Orleans last month after a visit to his home in Natchez, Miss., which is located only a couple of hundred miles from New Orleans. Before going back to Europe, Jeff plans to spend quite a sum of money in making the beautiful city of Natchez known to inhabitants in every corner of the globe.

Marty Burke, the former heavyweight fighter and pal of Jack Dempsey, has done wonders here with the wrestling game. Marty has brought the "gate" receipts up aplenty in the past few months and New Orleans is on a par with any city its size in the South in wrestling show attendances.

Mike Cusimano, ex-stablemate of Jimmy Perrin, has hung up the gloves and now operates the only gymnasium in New Orleans. Mike has a nice place, and Al Weill, Joey Archibald and Charley Goldman paid Mike some nice compliments before going back East.

SHORT SHORTS—Eddie Coulon, the former bantamweight threat of years back, is one of the top referees here and Eddie handles the fighters with ease . . . . Johnny Fisse, arch rival of Coulon's during their ring days, conditions visiting fighters and has a small stable of prelim boxers . . . . Although he is blind, Pete Herman, erstwhile bantamweight champion, never fails to take in a local ring battle . . . . Sam Saia, pal of Pete, sits next to Herman and describes the action . . . . Charley Goldman, trainer of Joey Archibald, renewed old acquaintances on his visit here with the featherweight champion . . . . Charley fought here 25 years ago and one of his fights is still talked of among the oldtimers . . . . Nate Lewis, genial pilot of the popular Leo Rodak, is seriously thinking of moving his headquarters from Chicago to New Orleans . . . . Leo is undoubtedly the most pleasing and popular visiting fighter to show here in more than a decade . . . . This town really goes for Rodak and also for Lewis . . . . Another out-of-town top guy here with the fight mob is Eddie Borden . . . . The writer can be reached at 1531 Annunciation street . . . . Send your notes or other data before the 5th of each month . . . . Fighters seeking work can also contact the writer at the above address.

HARTFORD NEWS
By DON HAMILL

THE much talked of match between Bobby Ivy and Harry Gentile, local featherweight rivals, finally came off. Ivy won a clear cut ten-round decision but Gentile made it a tough fight all the way.

Eddie Elm, Manchester middleweight, dropped his first fight here to Eddie Rossi of Brockton, Mass., in the six-round semi-final. Pat Casey, local welterweight, tangled with a burlesque fighter, Red Bennett of Boston, in another six. Casey won the decision. Kid Sal Carabetta, Meriden puncher, had to be content with a decision over Ralph Morgan, Boston lightweight, after having him on the floor on several occasions. Red Doty, former amateur ace, trounced Jackie Small, Boston Negro, in the four-round opener.

Dick Turcotte, Waterbury southpaw, who had become a big favorite here by virtue of his win over Bat Battalino, lost a ten-round decision to Young Jackie Thompson, Albany Negro. Turcotte was baffled by Thompson's unorthodox stance.

Pat Casey, Hartford Italian, and Frankie Young, New Haven welterweight, fought to a draw in six. Irish Billy Taylor, Bridgeport middleweight, stopped Babe Bergeron of Easthampton, Mass., in the second. Red Doty, Hartford's kayo artist, flattened Duke Bruce, Negro substitute from Springfield in the first round. In a good bout, Angelo Rodano, South Norwalk sensation, beat Jackie Alexander of New Britain in four.

Irish Eddie Dolan has figured a bit in the news here of late although he hasn't appeared here since his amateur days. Dolan was confused with his Georgie who boxed for Miami University for the last couple of years. The fact that both Dolans are welterweights and southpaws, was the cause of the confusion. When this was straightened out then the old controversy of a Dolan-Jimmy Leto fight was revived. For several years Dolan has vainly attempted to get Leto into the same ring with him, but Leto and his handlers make it known that they want no part of him. It would be a good match for any promoter in Connecticut, especially Waterbury or Hartford.

Bobby Poison Ivy, Hartford's idol, dropped a close decision to Marcus Pitts in Washington. Reports have it that it was a wild affair all the way through. Promoter Lou Viscusi is attempting to rematch them for a bout here.

Any unattached fighters who would like to fight around here would do well by contacting the writer at 102 Park Terrace, Hartford, Conn. Besides Hartford there are clubs running in New Britain, New Haven, Waterbury, Bridgeport, Holyoke, Worcester, Stamford and Providence. Good fighters can get plenty of work.

MAINE MITT MORSELS
By CHARLEY MILLER

IT was only four years ago that Waterville's Dave Castilloux was fighting for small purses in this state. Today, black-haired, boxing master Dave is ranked among the world's leading lightweights although I, personally, would rank him as first, and has defeated some of the country's best lightweights. He is lightweight boxing champion of Canada.

Dave fights out of Toronto, but is a Waterville, Maine, native, and made his boxing debut in the *Bangor News* amateur boxing shows. His entrance into professional ranks was made possible by Bill Geagan, Bangor boxing writer, who had earlier discovered Al McCoy, N. E. heavyweight champion.

Paul Junior continued his winning streak by knocking out Honey Mellody, 135, in one minute 35 seconds in the first round of a 12-round bout in Boston Garden on Feb. 8. Junior knocked Mellody to the floor six times before the final count. It was Junior's third successive victory over the former New England lightweight champion. On Feb. 27, at Portland, Junior stopped Emil Josephs of Pittsburgh, Pa., with a left hook to the jaw in the sixth round of what was supposed to be a ten-round main bout.

Coley Welch, Portland's outstanding middleweight sensation, added Johnny McHale, New York, to his lengthy list of ring victims in 10 rounds.

The best crowd of the season saw George Brown of Pittsfield put the K.O. on Carl Lawless Dalton of Thorndike in two heats at Pittsfield, while Lou Cote of Oldtown stopped Lee Pooler of Waterville in two rounds. Bill Worcester, boxing the best fight of his career, put the skids on Johnny Wentworth in 5 rounds.

Pancho Junior, Waterville featherweight, handed Joey Soucie of Grand Isle a two-fisted pasting in the 10-round main event at Pittsfield. Russell Grant of Bangor beat Charley Brooks, Oldtown, in eight rounds in the semi-final. In a four-rounder, Louis Cote of Oldtown and Bobby Pooler of Waterville fought a lively draw. In the opener, Stanley Barriault of Oldtown stopped Lee Pooler, Waterville, in the last round.

At Portland, Howell King of Springfield emerged with a split decision over Brooklyn's Vincent Pimpinella in a ten-round bout that saw the latter floored for a three-count in the first. In other bouts, Phil Quillian, Springfield negro, won over Eddie Bangs of Boston, Ernie Burke, Portland, won over Pancho Villa, Jr., and Art Small caught Billy La-Rose in 1:36 with a right hook that put him on the floor for a K.O.

Any fighters, not under contract to any manager, who would like to fight in Maine during the summer months should contact the writer at 210 State Street, Bangor, Maine.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By FRED SPETRINI

AL MANCINI, Providence featherweight, scored a technical knockout over Paul (Tennessee) Lee, in the ninth round at the Marieville Gardens. Mancini belted Lee with right and left hooks to the face and stinging thrusts to the Southerner's body almost at will. In the semi-final bout, Eddie Ellis of Quincy outpointed Johnny Craven of Philadelphia in eight rounds. Chris Quillan of Springfield decisioned Cliff Stephenson of Pawtucket, in six blistering rounds. Martin Taber of East Providence and Biff Lemieux of New Bedford went five rounds to a draw. Eddie Adourian of Cranston won over Jackie Coflins of Boston in four rounds.

The 1940 Rhode Island amateur boxing champions are: Leo Bertrand, 112-pound; Cletus Kirkwood, 118-pound; Frank Topazio, 126-pound; Ernest Forte, 135-pound; Albert Bojak, 147-pound; Frank Weeden, 160-pound; Abel Gonsolves, 175-pound, and Peter Zollo, heavyweight.

Larry Bolvin of Providence scored a technical knockout over Tony Costa of Woonsocket, at the Marieville Gardens. The end came at 33 seconds of the third round after "Dynamite" Bolvin exploded a terrific right hand shot squarely on Costa's chin, finishing a brief night's work. Bolvin weighed 125 and Costa scaled 122¾.

In the semi-final, Al Costa of Woonsocket outpointed Richie Gibbons of the Boston Navy Yard; Billy Buckley of Fall River won over Martin Taber of East Providence. Tony Davis of Newport gained a T.K.O. from Billy Whitney of Boston, at 2.35 of the fifth round. Tony Andrade of Bristol and Oliver Barbour of Apponaug fought to a four-round draw.

Ralph Zannelli, Rhode Island welterweight champion, was defeated by "Slugger" White of Fall River, in a ten-round main bout staged in nearby Fall River.

Timely Chatter From Wartime Great Britain

By JOHN S. SHARPE

RICHARD "KID" TANNER of British Guiana proved beyond a shadow of doubt that he is boxing's greatest phenomenon when he weighed in four ounces inside 112 pounds for his match with Paddy Ryan of Manchester at the Belle Vue, Manchester. Tanner, who has been boxing up to the lightweight limit, was called upon to make the flyweight poundage for the first time since he began his sensational career in Great Britain, and he surprised everybody by making the weight as easily as he did.

In defeating Ryan, he proved himself a worthy contender for the world's flyweight title. Ryan weighed 111 pounds 4 ounces and was treated to a boxing lesson for the 12 rounds. Tanner allowed Ryan to force the pace in the first two rounds, but he opened the third round with a bang and piled up points to the end. The big crowd rose as one to cheer the colored lad, when the referee raised his hand as winner.

In a later bout of 10 rounds, Tanner, spotting Private Billy Walker of Stratford eight and one-half pounds, lost a close decision. Benny Caplan outpointed Dick Corbett in eight on the same card.

On this performance, and on past showings, I venture to state that if Tanner is given the opportunity to fight for the world's flyweight and bantamweight titles, he would carry the titles off with ease.

In the supporting bout scheduled for 10 rounds, Phil Milligan of Oldham defeated Jim Brady of Dundee, the Southern Area bantamweight champion. The latter was forced to retire with a very badly cut eye in the sixth.

The Jockey and Stable Lads held their annual charity show at the Stadium Club, London, for the funds of the St. Dunstans Home for the Blind. Jimmy Gill of Nottingham, who forsook the saddle to win fame and fortune in the boxing ring, turned up in the uniform of the R. A. F. and engaged in a six-round feature with Ronnie Burr of South Norwood, running out an easy winner on points.

Paddy Ross of Sunderland goes on from success to success. He won his sixteenth victory when he knocked out Mark Sothern of North Shields in the first of a 10-rounder at Sunderland.

A large crowd could not gain admission at Middlesborough to see the local favorite, Harry Craster, box A. C. Dobbin of Glasgow in a scheduled 10-rounder. The bout ended in the eighth session when Dobbin's seconds skied the towel owing to the latter having a badly cut lip.

Paddy Gill of Sunderland appeared lucky to receive full honors against Billy Charnock of Manchester in their 10-rounder at Sunderland.

Rinty Monaghan, the colorful flyweight from Belfast, was on the receiving end against Paddy Ryan of Manchester in their 10-round bout at Newcastle. Rinty lost on points.

Jack Solomons continues to pack his Devonshire Club, Hackney, by putting on programs that have been full of thrills. Sammy Shaw, the ex-jockey boxer from Hull, furnished a big surprise when he forced the clever Poplar lightweight, Leo Lee, to retire at the end of the fourth of an eight-rounder in Solomon's last show as we forward this report. Paddy Roche of Ireland boxed well to outpoint George Merritt of Silvertown in eight rounds. Les Johnson of Manor House stopped Jeff Smith of Wellingboro in the second.

Terry McStravick of the fighting family of McStravicks of Belfast scored the best win of his spectacular career when he outpointed Jackie Rankin, the hard-hitting featherweight from Southall, in a thrilling 10-rounder at the Liverpool Stadium.

Jimmy Griffiths of Barnsley outpointed Jack Morgan of Newport in 10 at Abertillery.

Norman Rees of Abercymboi stopped Alf Bishop of Bath in the fourth at Crumlin.

It is with extreme regret that I have to report the death of the well-known second and ex-boxer, Fred Halsband, who will be remembered and mourned by his many friends in Great Britain and New York. He died as the result of an accident while at his work. "May his soul rest in peace."

Joe Slark of Egham had no difficulty in disposing of Keith Walker of Chatham in the fourth at Southampton.

Syd Hulls may be in bad with the moguls of Dean Street, but the fight fans still flock to his shows at the Stadium Club, London. Recently he had as his top-liner Lance-Corporal Eddie Ryan of Peckham and Tommy Hyams of King's Cross in an eight-rounder. Seven were enough for Hyams, for his seconds skied the towel after a thrilling contest, when he was in a bad way. Charlie Webster of Kentish Town defeated Seaman Dick Bradshaw of Portsmouth in the third round when the latter retired with a damaged hand. Ivor Thomas of Wales fought with great determination against Corporal George Bolton (R. A. F.) and won a good six-rounder.

"All action" was the order of Jack Incley's show at Birmingham when Alf Edwards of Birmingham lost his unbeaten certificate when he struck Jim Wellard of Northampton low in the third and was disqualified. Another upset was when Tommy Shaw of Leamington knocked out the fancied Jackie Rogers of Willenhall in the third. Frank Bonser of Nottingham knocked out Bill Spence of Birmingham in the first of an eight-round contest.

Bobby Watson of Edinburgh, Scotland's colorful former amateur champion, made a brilliant debut as a professional when he beat Willie Comerford of Glasgow in the ninth. The latter's seconds skied the towel. In fairness to Comerford, it should be stated that he was handicapped with a weight disadvantage of 11 pounds.

Tom Smith, the smart Sunderland featherweight, gained a dramatic victory when he defeated Jimmy Watson of Edinburgh in the final round of a 10-rounder at Newcastle. The referee stopped the contest with less than one minute to go.

Yorkie Bentley of Canada lost a close decision to Elfryn Morris of Wales in a 10-round slugging match that brought the fans to their feet.

Dick Turpin, the colored middleweight from Leamington, brought about the first professional defeat of Maurice Dennis, ex-amateur champion. The referee stopped the bout in the eighth at Coventry when Dennis was in a bad way.

Barney Stonefield staged his yearly charity show at Sheffield and had his usual success. Butcher Gasgoigne of Sheffield outpointed Battling Charley Parkin of Mansfield in a sparkling 10-rounder.

Johnny Clements of Coatbridge was a last-minute substitute to meet Pat O'Connor, the fighting Irishman, over 10 rounds at Bournemouth, and put up a creditable show, losing on points.

Ray Wood of Liverpool won on points at the end of 10 rounds against Charlie Hall of North Shields at Middlesborough.

Hundreds were turned away from the doors of the Devonshire Club when Jack "Kid" Berg, the Stepney welterweight, made one of his rare appearances on the East Side and beat Harry Davis, another local favorite, of Bethnal Green, by a small margin. In a later bout of 10 rounds at Colston Hall, Bristol, before a capacity crowd, Berg beat George Reynolds of Cardiff by a narrow margin.

Ronnie Rice of Hackney stopped Rory O'Connor of Ireland in the third.

Jimmy Stubbs of Runcorn won the decision over Joe Curran of Liverpool in ten in their return contest at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Amazing scenes were witnessed at the Liverpool Stadium when, at the age of 34, Nel Tarleton made a wonderful recovery after taking a pounding in the 13th round to produce a grandstand finish and outpoint the Empire and British featherweight champion, Johnny Cusick of Manchester, to win these coveted titles for the third time, at an age when most boxers are retired—if not forgotten.

Tarleton was presented with the trophy given by Lord Derby, and the gallant "old maestro" offered the trophy to the M.C. to be put up for auction, so as to swell the funds of the show, which was staged on behalf of the War Relief Fund.

Tarleton opened out in the sixth round with a vicious two-fisted barrage and the champion crashed to the canvas and took a count of nine. From then on, although Cusick made every effort to bring the clever Liverpool boy to the canvas, and nearly succeeded in the 13th round, he was well and truly beaten. At the end of the 15th, a wild, excited and joyous crowd, saw their idol, sportsman and gentleman, Nelson Tarleton, crowned the Empire and British featherweight champion.

Tarleton first won the title from Johnny Cuthbert in 1931, lost it to Seaman Watson a year later, regained it from Watson in 1934, and lost it to Johnny McGrory in 1936.

Supporting this contest was a bout between Arthur Danahar of the Welsh Guards and Ken Robinson (Canada) and was won by the soldier in the fifth, when the referee stopped the bout. Paddy Lyons of Manchester remained undefeated when he knocked out Jack McKnight of Ireland in the third round of a six-round contest.

Another of the old school of boxing writers passed over the Great Beyond when Harry Cleveland of Birmingham passed away at the age of 79, in a Birmingham nursing home on February 1. Harry Cleveland was perhaps one of the best boxing and football writers in England. Through his influence, such fighters as Owen Moran, Bill Johnson and Jack Hood, amongst others, got their start in big time.

I go forward as to say that he was a really grand old man, and one that I was proud to know, for I remember well, nearly thirty years ago, when my brother, Young Cohan, and myself were introduced to him by another great sportsman, the late Elkan Symons, and the advice that Harry advanced to us has stood us in good stead in the passing years. Harry was a dear friend of The Ring Editor, Nat Fleischer, whom he frequently quoted.

The little jockey boy, Sammy Shaw of Hull, has grown into a well-built lightweight, and in his contest with Jack Gubbins of Stratford at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, he demonstrated his terrific punching power by putting the game Gubbins on the canvas five times before Referee Jack Hart called a halt in the fourth.

Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell had to be content with a draw in his 10-rounder against Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green at Southampton.

Amateur and professional boxers who have joined the fighting forces met in a match of the Army vs. R. A. F. at Aldershot before a big crowd.

Sergeant Larry Gains of Army met Corporal George James of R. A. F. over four rounds, Gains winning on points.

Sapper Tommy McGrath (Army) outpointed Corporal H. Cotton (Army), and Signaller A. Goddard (Army) outpointed A/C O'Brien (R. A. F.) in one of the best bouts of the evening.

Overeagerness of Corporal Kershaw (R. A. F.) threw away his chance of victory when he struck Private C. Levy (Army) when the latter was disqualified.

Signaller Jimmy Walsh (Army) former lightweight champion of Great Britain, took the place of Guardsman Arthur Danahar and defeated a plucky opponent, A/C Murdock (R. A. F.) on points.

Sergeant Benny Caplan outpointed A/C Smith, and Sergeant Dave McCleave outpointed A/C Jimmy Meadows (R. A. F.).

Bombardier Gifford of the Canadian Army did not box up to his advance publicity and was outpointed by Leading A/C House.

George Howard of Finsbury Park and Paddy Roche were brought in as last-minute substitutes at the Stadium Club of London when Tiny Bostock and Billy Tansey couldn't go on owing to accidents, and Roche was acclaimed the winner in the fifth on disqualification of Howard.

Harry Lazar, the Aldgate lightweight, very nearly came a cropper in his bout with Soldier Bradbury of Bristol, for in the first round the youngster was put down for a count of eight, but on rising, withstood the storm and for the remainder of the eight rounds was too fast and clever for the soldier and received the decision.

Joey Vaughan of Becontree again demonstrated his wares. He outboxed and outpunched the game and seasoned battler, Pat Butler of Battersea, in four.

Joe Quigley, the hard-hitting Irish heavyweight, knocked out Frank Hough of the Welsh Guards in the third at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. In the other chief bout, Morry Josephs of the R. A. F. was introduced under his own name of A/C Caro and outpointed Pte. Jackie Clarke of Cambridge in eight. Joe Davis of Hoxton had to fight hard all the way to outpoint Teddy Softley of Poplar in six.

Jimmy Watson, the brilliant ex-amateur, outpointed Frank Ferrier of Glasgow in ten at Edinburgh.

Bob Lamb of Sunderland fought with all his usual aggressiveness and outpointed Bob Rowlands of Glasgow in a hard fought 10-rounder at Sunderland.

Norman Twigger, of Bedworth, was rather unfortunate to twist his ankle during this contest with Fred Lowbridge of West Bromwich, and was forced to retire at the end of the sixth at Bedworth.

Jim Newton, the local favorite, and George Simmonds of Cumcarm, battled 10 rounds to a draw at Crumlin.

"Ginger" Roberts, the Newcastle lightweight, won a great ten-round contest from Dennis Chadwick of Bridlington at Scarborough. On the same card, Joe Corbett of Blaydon, who is only 17 years of age, scored another good win when he knocked out Bert Jackson of Bridlington in the ninth.

After an absence of five months, Ireland's premier woman promoter, Mrs. Copley, staged her first wartime show, at the Ulster Hall, and was

rewarded with a packed house. In the chief bout, Eddie "Bunty" Doran, of Belfast, received the decision over clever Alf Hughes, of West Hartlepool, in an exciting 10-rounder. In the supporting contest, Dave Warnock, of Belfast, defeated Harry Parkes, of West Hartlepool, in a close ten-rounder.

In another of Mrs. Copley's shows at Belfast, Jim McStravick, of Belfast, outpointed Billy Hamilton, of Haverton Hill, in ten.

Two of the most promising lads in London today are Harry Lazar, of Aldgate, aged 17, and Joey Vaughan, of Becontree, aged 16. Lazar has become very popular with the fans of the East Side who pack the halls whenever he is billed to box. His father, Ike "Nark" Lazarus, is a well known Tic Tac, in the Silver Ring, at all well known race meetings, and is one of the best ticket sellers in support of his son. If Lazar is not rushed too fast he should make the grade.

Joey Vaughan started boxing at 112 pounds and now weighs 126 pounds. He shows remarkable natural ability and a tremendous variety of punches, all of which show terrific power. Vaughan and Lazar seem certainties for the big names of 1941.

Others who have shown promise are Jimmy Stubbs, of Runcorn, Joe Corbett, of Blaydon, Bob Ramsey, of Stepney, Peter Worth of Dagenham, and Terry McStravick, of Belfast. None of these lads is yet 19.

Tommy Hyams, of Kings Cross, has retired from the boxing game as an active boxer, and I can now say that if Hyams had ventured to try his luck in the States he would have been a star attraction. He may not have won all his contests, but he was certainly "value for money" to the fight fans.

George Howard, of Finsbury Park, defeated Johnny Clements, of Scotland, in the fourth, when the latter retired with a damaged hand. This was the chief bout at Hackney, and in the supporting bout Paddy Roche, of Ireland, outpointed Johnny Blake, of Notting Hill, in a hard eight-rounder. Billy Hazelgrove, of Brighton, was very lucky to receive full marks against Willie Smith, of Margate, in a hard fought six-rounder.

Jack Powell, of Sheffield, knocked out Johnny Bartlett, of Kings Cross, in the fourth at Islington.

Sergt. Instructor Eddie Ryan, former amateur champion, scored a brilliant victory over Johnny McGrory, of Glasgow, when he forced the latter to retire at the end of the fourth at the Stadium Club, London. Charlie Webster, of Kentish Town, won a hard hitting contest in six against Billy Jones, of Clomparc, in the chief supporting bout.

Guardsman Frank Hough, of the Welsh Guard, again outpointed Len Munden, of Bristol, in six.

Dick Corbett, of Bethnal Green, tried to lower the colors of the all-conquering Tom Smith, of Sunderland, in ten at Newcastle, but went the same way as his predecessors, and lost on points to a future champion.

The Clapton Orphan Aid Society staged a successful charity show at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and all tickets were sold before the doors opened. The chief bouts featured the two popular local favorites, Harry Silver and Harry Lazar, each meeting selected opponents, in Jimmy Lester, of Dagenham, and Ivor Thomas of Wales, respectively. Both bouts were fought at a fast pace, and brought forth many thrills. Silver and Lazar were adjudged the winners.

Jack Lyden, of Bootle, outpointed Jack Carrick, of Hull, in ten at Liverpool.

A packed house at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, on the occasion of the Marquis of Queensberry's Red Cross show, saw all the favorites get beaten. Arthur Danahar, who is now in the Irish Guards, was very disappointing, for in the first round he was put down by a peach of a left hook to the body, and again on the chin, and he took a count of nine. His opponent, Norman Snow, had no difficulty in dealing out severe body punishment. In the second round Danahar was cautioned for a low delivery by Referee Moss Deyong, and when he again transgressed the rules he was ruled out, with Snow writhing on the canvas in pain.

Peter Kane, the ex-flyweight champion of the world, was but a shadow of his former brilliance in his first contest since his recent accident. He was beaten by Jackie Rankin, the hard punching Southall featherweight, the referee stopping the contest in the sixth, with Kane in a bad way.

Dave Crowley, of Clerkenwell, won very narrowly over Freddie Simpson, of Basingstoke, in a fast contest of ten rounds, the decision meeting with a very mixed reception.

Jimmy Vaughan, Southern Area lightweight champion, outpointed Dennis Chadwick, of Bridlington, in ten at Bedford.

Willie Smith, Margate, outpointed Young Chocolate, of Jamaica, in ten.

Tommy Martin, Deptford, defeated A/M Al Robinson in the ninth, at Manchester, when the referee stopped the bout. Paddy Lyons, of Dewbury, knocked out Charlie Parkin, of Mansfield, in the fifth. This was Lyons' 11th kayo in 11 contests.

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CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

TORONTO definitely came back as a fight center for little fellows with a $10,000 gate for the "world's bantamweight championship" battle staged there on March 4th between Georgie Pace, Cleveland negro, and Lou Salica, New York Italian. The bout had the blessing of the N.B.A. and New York Commission, along with Canadian recognition, and more than 8,000 fans clicked the Maple Leaf Garden's turnstiles to see the N.B.A. titleholder defend his claims against the New York No. 1 nominee.

The battle was close and hard-fought throughout the fifteen rounds with the verdict a draw. Each official differed. The referee called it a draw and the judges disagreed. The veteran New Yorker, swarming to the attack with both hands, had the support of most of the fans at the finish but ringsiders thought that Pace's telling counter shots entitled him to the edge. It will likely result in a return bout though Promoter Jack Corcoran gave no definite indication to that effect. However, it would be a redhot "natural."

Another draw was recorded in the ten-round semi-final with Len Wadsworth, Hamilton, making a successful defense of his Canadian middleweight title against Frankie Genovese, Toronto's former Canuck welter king. Genovese, shiftier and a much more polished boxer, would be piling up a nice lead until Wadsworth would connect with some smashing rights that had Genovese wobbling on the verge of a knockout. Ignoring the challenges of his leading contender, Al Shank, the Hamiltonian came close to being dethroned by the smooth boxing, but very light hitting, Toronto challenger.

In the three prelims, Toronto boys were victors in two. Danny Webb, little Montreal negro, accounted for the lone Toronto setback when he spanked Scotty Ramage, Toronto bantam, in a six-rounder. Angelo Callura, Toronto and Hamilton, handed out a neat pasting to Jesse Levals, Cleveland bantam, who is Pace's sparring mate, in another six-rounder, and Max Scott, Toronto welter, kayoed Steve Bucalatta, of Niagara Falls, in the opening stanza. All three victors are promising boys.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Al Shank, hardhitting Montreal middleweight recognized as No. 1 contender for Canadian middleweight title, is campaigning in New York after being forced to sidelines for eight or nine months with broken thumb . . . . he is battling in Connecticut and New York rings under direction of Pete Montesi . . . . if he hits his stride Shank should go a long ways . . . . his heavyweight brother, Oliver Shank, is back in hard training and eager for action . . . . Harry Hurst, youthful Montreal lightweight, highly thought of in Toronto where he has scored three impressive knockouts . . . . the closest thing to Al Foreman we've seen since Foreman was thrilling 'em with spectacular kayoes a decade ago . . . . Myer Alper, local lightweight, fighting uphill battle in hospital after serious operation.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

PEDRO MARTINEZ, sterling featherweight, scored a four-round knockout over Mariano Arrilla at the Arena Cristal, and also gained an eight-round decision over the veteran, Isidoro Delgado in a contest replete with action. Martinez looked like a champ.

Guillermo Barrios came back to Havana after a long vacation and made his appearance as a lightweight, scoring a five-round knockout over Joe Sesma. Barrios appeared rather slow, but perhaps that can be accounted for due to his long layoff. Saturnino Rico knocked out Joe Fuertes in three rounds, and Armando Diaz was beaten by Norbert Alfonso.

Pablo Roca, alias "Coulimber," won in six from Joe Blanco. These two featherweights put up a whale of a fight. Armando Delgado, featherweight, was defeated by Manuel Rabassa. Saturnino Rico scored a three-round technical kayo over Pablo Olivera, hard-punching welterweight.

Santiago Sosa made his appearance as a professional and scored an eight-round knockout over Alfred Quintana. Sosa impressed with his two-fisted attack. Andres Gomez won in six rounds over Ramon Saavedra.

Sergio Napoles has been out in the mountains resting up a bit. Napoles is one of the best prospects here. He has a lethal wallop, aggressiveness and determination.

Pedro Poey, fast rising bantamweight, scored an impressive six-round victory over Baby Canzoneri. Poey showed his supremacy right from the start, and had no trouble in gaining the verdict over his hard punching rival, who, by the way, is a mighty popular ringster in Havana. Poey will next meet Kid Rabassa at the Cristal Arena. Mario Diaz and Luis Diaz fought a six-round draw. Jose Rodriguez won in six from Domingo Goya.

Mario Morales, rough and tumble bantamweight, easily won from Candido Pacheco in six rounds, and Ignacio Alfonso was knocked out by Joe Alvarez in four sessions. Baldomero Aldama scored a three-round knockout over Manuel Martinez.

GOLDEN GLOVES RESULTS—Eugene Cardenas, 135, won from Arthur Alfonso; Angel Rodriguez, 135, won from Gerardo Estrada; Miguel Borroto defeated Alfonso Torres, 135; Armando Puente Pi, 85, defeated Isaac Hernandez; Dimas Robaino, 135, won from Oscar More; Hilario Rojo, 135, won from Baby Pacho; Ignacio Garcia, 103, was beaten by Angel Garcia; Jorge Lazo, 75, defeated German Viviedo; Emilio Taoboada, 118, won from Renny Orta; Raul Vaquero, 118, won from Rafael Fonseca; Bernardo Rodriguez, 126, won from Serafin Fernandez; and Raul Dominguez, 112, won from Jorge Cruz.

Armando Puente Pi, Cuba's little 85-pounder, is a Kid Chocolate in the making. Armando is only a mite, but can box and punch. Puente is being tutored by Luis Gutierrez, the gentleman who made Kid Chocolate a double world's champion several years ago, and who knows his business.

Manuel Gonzalez, Spanish flyweight, is in town preparing for his coming tilt with Pedro Medina, Cuban flyweight and bantamweight champion. Gonzalez is a hard puncher, and should give Medina plenty to do. Medina can box and is nobody's fool, which makes the fight look like a real scrap, when both boys start mixing.

Joe Legon, Cuba's welterweight, will probably be matched against Pedro Montanez, if the latter accepts the offer local promoters have made him. Legon, when in good shape, can probably beat any welterweight in the world.

FLASHES—Cubarco is refereeing in improved fashion . . . . Quintanita is headed for high honors as ref. . . . . Fillo Echevarria, former bantam of note, is a promising novice as third man in the ring . . . . Casal—we must see more of you . . . . hasta luego.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

JIMMY GARRISON of Kansas City and Tony Chavez of Albuquerque, met for the fourth time at the Hollywood Stadium and for the fourth time they staged one of those hard fought affairs, so close that the referee had to split hairs to award Garrison the decision. Both received considerable punishment. They jabbed each other at will. Jimmy landed often with a left-hook, while Tony pounded the body with clubbing rights. The K. C. Irishman made a truly "Garrison finish" in the final round and copped the nod. Each weighed 141½.

As Garrison has won 3-out-of-4 against Chavez, we hope that we have seen the last chapter of the Garrison-Chavez feud, for, there is no shortage of good lightweights hereabouts and there are a number of young boxers "standing-by" who are deserving of a crack at either Jimmy or Tony.

In San Diego—Jesse Jas. Jackson, 144, Riverside Negro, was awarded an unpopular 10-round decision over Carlos Miranda, 140, Los Angeles Mexican. The crowd thought that Miranda earned the nod.

Richard (Young) Polite, New Orleans Negro, is now probably convinced that Richie Lemos, Los Angeles Mexican, is his master. These two hard hitters met for the second time at the Olympic Auditorium, and for the second time, Lemos stopped the dusky battler. Richie made this second victory more convincing, knocking Polite stiff in the second round, whereas, the colored boxer lasted five rounds in their first encounter and was still on his feet when the bout was stopped. Lemos started punching Polite around right from the start and almost finished him in the initial heat. Lemos weighed 132, Polite 134.

Junior Munsell of Oklahoma, winner of THE RING Magazine's Red Man's championship belt, is an Indian, but, Arne Anderson, white-skinned son of Sweden, was more the "red" man at the end of the second round of their clash at the Hollywood Stadium. Anderson's face and chest were covered with blood from a well punched nose and badly cut eye. Arne tore into Munsell at the opening bell and managed to land a couple hard rights to Junior's body, but the big Swede was wide open and the Indian southpaw had little trouble connecting with his potent left. Referee Jack Kennedy halted the bout between the second and third rounds and awarded Munsell a T.K.O. victory. Munsell weighed 187, Anderson came in at 197.

Floyd Hagen, 130, St. Paul, and Willie Fields, 131, staged the fight of the night. Hagen had Fields reeling in the first minute of the fighting, but Fields rallied and floored Hagen three times, the bell saving the Minnesota kid from a knockout. The sharp-shooting Negro outclassed the little Irishman in the next two rounds, but, in the final session Hagen deposited Willie on the floor for three counts to even it up. It was declared a draw.

Turkey Thompson appears to be good enough to fight the best in the 160-pound division. The winner of a Thompson-Lloyd Marshall contest would be recognized as California middleweight champion, and should Turkey win he would be a worthy challenger of Ceferino Garcia.

George Latka of San Jose gave one of the finest exhibitions of defensive boxing that has been seen in L.A. rings in many moons, when he made the usually clever Georgie Crouch look like an amateur at the Olympic Auditorium. Crouch, making his first start since his return from New York, was a 3-to-1 shot, but the colored boxer was credited with only two of the ten rounds. Georgie shook up the San Jose cutie a couple of times, but seldom hit his elusive opponent, while Latka experienced little trouble scoring on the Black Ice Cube. Each came in at 135½.

Elmer Lewis, 142, decisioned Gene (Spider) Mock, 141 in the six-round semi.

In Ocean Park—Bomber Bob Bonger of Inglewood required only 38 seconds to render Jack Townsend of Long Beach hors-de-combat in the scheduled eight-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Townsend was dropped on his face by a right uppercut and it required minutes to revive him. Bonger weighed 182 Townsend tipped the beams at 202.

Eddie Borden, THE RING's fight expert and pinochle player par excellence, spent a week in Los Angeles assisting Eddie Mead in preparation for the Armstrong-Garcia contest. Borden has a host of friends out here, so, in spite of rain and cloudy weather, Eddie proved "loyal" and went around bareheaded.

In San Diego—Johnny (Bandit) Romero, 170, San Diego, knocked out Babe Daniels, 175, Denver, in the second round. A left to the jaw did the trick.

Toby Vigil made it two straight over Nick Peters and kept his undefeated record intact when he again gave the hard hitting Greek a boxing lesson at the Hollywood Stadium. While Peters went the full ten rounds in this second encounter. Nick really lost by a bigger margin than in their first bout, as he didn't have Toby in serious trouble at any time and was outclassed in 7 of the 10 rounds. The fast stepping Mexican made Peters miss by feet, while jabbing him at will and scoring repeatedly with a right uppercut. Each scaled 136.

Lloyd Delucchi, 165, San Francisco, was awarded the decision over Jimmy Collins of St. Paul, in a slow, uninteresting six-round semi. Nick Masiello, 152, whipped Al Hagar in the four-round special. The house was packed.

Cal Whorton, a sports writer on the *Los Angeles Times*, donned the gloves with Henry Armstrong to get "material" for a story. He got it. After two minutes of sparring, during which time the scribe had been dizzied with a left-hook and put on the seat of his pants from a short right, he said he "never again would call a fighter a bum."

In San Diego—Big Boy Hogue, 155, and Jimmy Casino, 158, Los Angeles, battled six rounds to a draw. Cassino was best at long range but Hogue punished Jimmy when in close. Both resorted to rough tactics.

Turkey Thompson scored a hollow victory over Angelo Puglisi of Duluth, at the Olympic Auditorium, but it was no fault of Turkey's. The colored boxer wanted to fight but Puglisi didn't. The Minnesotan crouched low, remained in a shell and threw but two punches in five rounds of milling. After being warned repeatedly by Referee Abe Roth, Puglisi was tossed out of the ring in the sixth round and Thompson was credited with a T.K.O. Thompson weighed 165, Puglisi 167.

Uli Harris, 138, upset the dope by stiffening Richard (Young) Polite, 139, in the first round of the semi-windup. Harris dropped the New Orleans Negro for three counts of 8, 9 and 10. It was the third time that Polite has been stopped in local bouts.

Jimmy McDaniels, 152, won easily over Al Hagar in the special prelim.

Wesley Sellers continues to run into tough luck. He will be on the shelf for another month with a badly cut eye. Bad breaks are responsible for this classy lightweight not being in main events right now.

In Ocean Park—Big Boy Hogue of San Diego won over Toots Bernstein of Milwaukee in a six-round main event.

Indian Bert Valesquez of Texas and Iron Mike Ketchell of Culver City went six rounds to a draw in the semi.

Georgie Hansford and Ritchie Fontaine went 10 rounds to a draw at the Hollywood Stadium. It was a mauling affair and a rather slow bout, but, it being a substitute match may have been the reason for that, as both boys are known as crowd-pleasers and their fights are most always exciting affairs. Hansford weighed 133, Fontaine 135.

Floyd Hagen, 132, St. Paul, again stole the show in his rematch with Willie Fields, 133, in the semi. They fought a sensational draw two weeks before, but it was Hagen all the way this time. Floyd floored Willie four times to win by a K.O. in the fourth.

Carlos Chavez, 120, and Harold Bell, 119, furnished the real fireworks of the night, standing toe-to-toe, slugging it out for the full four rounds, with Chavez getting a close decision.

Bob Marx has opened a training camp at Castaic, Calif., a few miles out of Los Angeles. It is to be known as Rock Castle Ranch and is a swell spot to get in condition . . . . Bob has a dandy prospect in little Mickey McLarnin, amateur lightweight.

In Ocean Park—Bomber Bob Bonger of Inglewood flattened Willard Dean of Shreveport, La., in the fourth of their scheduled eight-round main event. Dean outboxed Bonger in two of the first three rounds, but it required five minutes to revive the Southerner after the murderous punching. Bonger landed a right to the jaw in the fourth. Bonger weighed 181, Dean 183.

Los Angeles boxing fans got a quick look at Mike Gamiere of Cleveland. Those who turned out to see the Clevelander tangle with his former fellowman, Jackie Wilson, at the Olympic Auditorium, saw Mike score with two left hooks and start a third one, but that was all they saw of Gamiere in fighting position. Wilson shot out his fast right-cross and in one minute, 40 seconds Gamiere was added to the Black Wasp's long list of K.O. victims. The Cleveland Italian came here billed as "good," and we wouldn't say that he isn't, for Wilson hits hard enough to perform that same stunt on the good ones. Wilson came in at 136, Gamiere went out at 137.

Carlos Miranda, 140, bested Elmer Lewis, 142, in the six-round semi.

Red Green and Georgie Hansford fought ten tough rounds to a draw in the semi-windup to the Armstrong-Garcia championship fight at Gilmore Stadium. Irwin Kay won a decision over Babe Brandelli in the six-round special.

Eddie Borden's columns will contain the report on the Armstrong-Garcia go.

LEST I FORGET—Jimmy Dunn, he of Cleveland, is assisting Walter Melrose with the direction of Jackie Wilson . . . . Bob Nestell has returned from Chicago and is matched with Blimp Williams at the Olympic . . . . Joe Stanley is conditioning Jim Timony, business manager for Mae West . . . . Art Martell is again putting on amateur boxing at the Olympic . . . . Jimmy Garrison is back from Kansas City, where he won over Quentin Breese . . . . George Stewart of Ontario has a good looking heavyweight prospect in Kelly Seay . . . . Professional boxing is again to be staged at San Bernardino.

Turkey Thompson gets a real test when he faces Teddy Yarosz this month . . . . Ray Costello has a promising youngster in Tait Cain . . . . Wally Hally has returned from his eastern trip and says he is quitting the game . . . . Walter Long, well known "villain" of the movies, is in charge of the dressing-rooms at the Hollywood Stadium . . . . Abie Valdez, Colorado featherweight, looked good in winning over Genero Rojo in his California debut . . . . Morrie Cohan is again staging amateur boxing at his Pasadena arena.

Bomber Bob Bonger's recent fights have been the most sensational contests seen around Los Angeles these days . . . . Speedy Dado is training for a comeback . . . . Joe Stanley has a good looking heavyweight in Willard Dean, former National A.A.U. champion . . . . Willie Fields has the distinction of being the first Negro boxer to appear in the Hollywood Stadium ring . . . .

Floyd Hagen, little St. Paul socker, made a tremendous hit with Hollywood fans . . . . Gig Rooney, the smart little man who guided Jackie Fields to a title, has a classy looking middleweight in Eddie Fada . . . . Timed by sports writers, Henry Armstrong hit the heavy bag over 300 times while in training for Garcia at the Main St. Gym . . . . This writer has been contacted to line up some fighters for a trip to Honolulu. Any good boxers interested in making such a trip, kindly write me at 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

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MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

At the Century Athletic Club Carlins Arena—The ten-round main go brought out Louis Kid Cocoa with Tony Martin, with Cocoa reversing a former defeat by Martin. Cocoa won a very easy fight by using his rapier-like left. In the six-round semi-final, Jimmy Collins continued on his comeback trail by handing Ernie Kahler an artistic lacing. The other six brought together Tommy Julius and Hitoshi Tanaka. After a very hard and closely fought fight a draw was their reward. In this fight the new headgear which Stanley Scherr, chairman of the Boxing Commission, has been experimenting with along with Dr. Walter Dandy, the eminent brain specialist of Johns Hopkins Hospital, was used for the first time.

Sammy Laporte and Bobby Woods went at it again in a scheduled ten-rounder, and this time Sammy avenged his one-round knockout by Woods, by giving his opponent a terrific body beating in the late rounds to be declared the winner by a technical knockout in the eighth round. In the six-round semi, Larry (Killer) Marino duplicated his feat of stopping Jerry Zeller, this time in the first round. The other six saw Buster Miller win easy over Hitoshi Tanaka.

One of the largest crowds of the year turned out to see Charley Gomer of New York do battle with Baltimore's pride, Bucky Taylor, in a main go of ten rounds. Although he was stopped in the seventh, Taylor put up a bulldog fight with Gomer, who by the way is fighting better now than he ever has. In the six-round semi, Larry Marino was badly outclassed by Harvey Massey. In the other six, Jimmy Collins continued winning when he pounded out an easy win over Tommy Julius. With two fight clubs operating here weekly, this show took in over $2,200.

Joe Catalfamo made it thirteen in a row when he pounded out a one-sided decision over Herbie Gilmore of Cincinnati in the main go of ten rounds. Joe never stopped throwing leather from the first round on. In the eight-round semi, Jose Basora and Lambertine Williams hooked up, with Basora winning. The six saw Tony Novello gain the duke over Joe Sole.

Lew Feldman of New York and Joe Ghnouly from St. Louis fought a good ten-round draw. In the other half of the main go, also a scheduled ten-rounder, Chalky Wright made quick work over Mike Martinez, when the commission doctor stopped the fight on account of a cut eye sustained by Martinez. In the six-round semi, Big Jim Howell toyed with Arthur Johnson for four rounds, and then stopped him in this heat.

Joe Catalfamo made it fourteen straight wins since turning pro, when he stopped Chang Collura of Newark in the third round of a ten-rounder. From the first gong he went right to work in his bulldog-like manner, and gave Collura more leather than he has seen in many a day. In the eight-round semi, Jose Basora had a very easy time in beating Vic Finazzo, that Vic had enough after the fifth, with Basora winning by a T.K.O. In the six, Billy Bullock won by a technical knockout over Charley Gilley in the first, when Gilley received a cut eye in the first minute of the round.

At Turner's Arena, Goldie Ahearn showed Natie Brown of Washington against Sandy McDonald of Dallas, in an eight-round main go. In the seventh round Sandy went down, claiming a foul, and after an examination by the commission and the doctor it was no go, and they sent McDonald back again. When the bell sounded for the eighth, Sandy was still on his stool, where the referee proceeded to count him out. The semi, also an eight, stole the show. It brought out Johnny Kapovich of Baltimore against Jimmy Webb of Dallas, with Webb taking a split decision over his heavier foe. Webb 169, Kapovich 174. Al Gilbert won over Ralph McGagin in a hard-fought six.

At Norfolk, Va., Charley Gilley defeated Young Raspi in eight, Billy Biddle won over George Bishop in six, and George Girodano defeated Spider Hewitt in six.

Anyone desiring information regarding fisticuffs in these parts should contact the writer, Nate Phillips, 3 Fallsway, Baltimore, Md.

PICKED AT RANDOM—Johnny Kapovich looks like a comer, with Heinie Blaustein as his manager; Jimmy Collins is going great in his comeback, with Sammy Glass and Benny Benjamin as his advisers; Eli Hanover is improving with every start under the careful guidance of Joe DeAngelis; Joe Catalfamo is cleaning up everything thus far put in his way, with Charlie Barranco doing his business for him; Pete Jubo is finding plenty of work for his Larry (Killer) Marino and Tommy Julius; Fred Squires and Benny Trotta are keeping Pete Galiano, Ralph McGagin, Young Raspi and Lou Transperanti busy.

Fred Barth is getting Billy Carrigan in great shape after a layoff due to a cut eye. Billy pounded out wins over Calvin Calp and Charley Gilley.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

THE old "I told you so" gag is timeworn, but always gratifying. A couple of years ago this writer spotted a young light-heavy who had all the earmarks of fistic greatness and we were loud in singing his praises. We refer to Jarrin' Jimmy Webb, the 170-pound package of dynamite, who is currently ranked among the first ten by THE RING. Jimmy made a big hit in scoring a one-round knockout on the Louis-Godoy card in the Garden, and his many Houston followers are pulling for the young knockout artist to get a crack at Billy Conn's diadem.

Texas fighters have been cutting a wide swath around the East, what with Jack Marshall handing the Argentine giant, Campolo, a trouncing; Lew Jenkins knocking at the lightweight champ's door, and Lee Harper, Bill McDowell, Buddy Scott and others doing okay. New York fistic followers who like the style of the Longhorn punchers may look forward to another crop ere the year has faded that looms brilliantly, with such promising lads as Billy Colbert, Elby Pettaway, Carl Dalio, Manuel Azteca, Harry Lane, Johnny Ramos, Russell Ramirez, Johnny Flores and others well on the way to bigger and better things.

Billy Colbert, sensational 18-year-old schoolboy, set the pace the past month, taking an easy victory over the state middleweight king, Billy Pryor. Colbert came right back to give the veteran Charlie Jerome a thorough going-over and then gained a decision, although a very close and disputed one, over his other schoolboy rival, Elby Pettaway. Efforts are being made to pair Billy with Ben Brown, rated as the top Dixie 160-pounder at present. If and when they meet, this scribe will take a ticket on young Colbert to come home in front.

Elby Pettaway boosted his stock considerably with a handy win over Memphis' Steve Wilkerson. Nor did he lose any prestige in his great fight with Colbert. Their first meeting was called a draw and many fans were of the opinion that their return meeting was too close to call either way.

GLOVE GOSSIP—Manuel Azteca, young Houston lightweight, who very much resembles that great Mexican fighter, Kid Azteca, remained in the undefeated class by whipping Claude Stringfellow, knocking out Cecil McKinney and trimming C. O. Wiley . . . . John Galiano, former state boxing inspector, is matchmaker for the new club at Dallas . . . . Galiano knows the game and is the sort of fellow who should return it to popularity in the north Texas city . . . . His address is: Campbell Hotel, Dallas, Texas.

Hammerin' Harry Lane, Houston lightweight, is a sweet piece of fighting machinery. He K.O.'ed Frankie Castillo and Bobby Hunt during the month . . . Joey Johnson, Dallas welter, is unbeaten in nearly a dozen starts and looks like a comer . . . . Russell Ramirez, potent 135-pounder, added the scalp of Bobby Hunt to his list.

Don Eddy, the best lightweight in these parts, returned from a campaign in Mexico, where he met with fair success. In his first local start, he won handily over Pete Woods . . . . Jo Jo Passante, who looked like a world beater a couple of years ago, looks like he has really decided to take the game seriously. He showed plenty of class in taking the measure of Bat Ancira and Rafael Garza . . . . Golden Gloves tourneys a huge success. Best prospect we saw was Ray Darnell, lightie knockout puncher, who scored kayoes in all his bouts but suffered a broken hand, necessitating his withdrawal . . . . Houston now has two promoters, Morris Sigel, wrestling promoter, having entered the mitt game . . . . For the information of fighters and managers wishing to show here, they may be reached as follows: Hugh Benbow, 110½ Travis St.; Morris Sigel, Milam Bldg., Houston.

Kenny LaSalle, top Southern welter, returned home and in his initial start had to sprint in the stretch to gain a draw against Manuel Villa II . . . Baldy Baldesareli, San Antonio promoter, has the Alamo city drawing quite well again. Baldy may be reached at 328 East Josephine St., San Antonio, Texas . . . . Red Hutchins bested Kid Comite in 10 heats there and Kid Azteca took Jack Taylor via the KO route . . . .

The best fighter in these parts is a colored welter, Willie Neyland, Houston youngster, now going great in Mexico, where mixed bouts are permitted . . . . Incidentally, we suggest that American boxers going south of the border will do well to be sure they are working with established promoters and not the "fly-by-night" kind, of which there are plenty . . . . The writer witnessed a really sweet battle when Jimmy Perrin took a close decision over the featherweight champion, Joey Archibald in New Orleans. It was a great scrap from start to finish, with the Crescent City flash staging a real stretch finish to cope . . . . Pancho Villa, Mexican bantam king, knocked out Johnny Gaudes, Milwaukee puncher, in two . . . . George Dixon, Chicago colored flash, scored a hit in Mexico City by beating Manuel Villa II . . . . Baby Casanova trimmed Armanda Sicilia . . . The writer's address: Houston Press, Houston, Texas.

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IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT SCRANTON . . . . Billy Soose, sensational Farrell middleweight, who is fast forging to the front ranks among the leading scrappers of his division, headlined the Anthracite A. C. boxing show at Scranton, making his fourth local appearance. Soose met Enzo Iannozio, Italy's contribution for middleweight honors, in the scheduled ten-round windup. The hard-hitting Billy Soose kayoed his Italian opponent in the fourth round with a right-hand uppercut to the chin.

Steve Gacha, Wilkes-Barre's hard punching lightweight, added another victory to his credit, by punching out a six-round verdict over Rego Dell of Dunmore. Gacha, who has shown his fistic wares for the past six years in Scranton rings, suffering only one defeat in about fifty matches, should be given a chance to prove his ability against some of the leading lightweights of the nation . . . . Tarzan Roy, Scranton's colored light-heavyweight, surprised the fans by scoring a six-round knockout over Johnny Lasinski, southpaw from New Haven, Conn. . . . . Joe Downey, Scranton heavyweight, kayoed Billy Mahon, Trenton, N. J. heavy, in the second round of another scheduled sixer . . . . Billy Speary, former National A. A. U. amateur bantamweight champion, added another victory to his credit by stopping Jimmy Mingo of New York City in the first round. Speary looms as a future featherweight "threat." The night previous to the Mingo kayo, Speary defeated Paul Jackson in six rounds at Allentown . . . . The Soose-Iannozio show paid off on a net-gate of $2,106.

At Scranton . . . . Gunboat Davis, colored Scranton middleweight, beat Jimmy Young in ten rounds at the local Town Hall. Davis, who fights on the order of Henry Armstrong, had the edge in 7 out of 10 rounds with Young, the winner in two stanzas and the tenth round being an even-stephen one . . . . Walter Kelly, Archbald's heavyweight "threat," won a six-round decision over Joe Mack of Wilkes-Barre. Kelly had Mack on the "deck" four times . . . . Tim Burke, manager of Kelly, has a very promising scrapper who fights on the order of Tony Galento and soon will be tossing leather at the better big-fellows of the heavyweight division . . . . Joe Nealon, veteran South Scranton welterweight, pounded out a decision over Angelo Cali of Dunmore . . . . Tommy Purcell, Scranton, kayoed Paul Maravich of the same town, in the first round . . . . Paul Bradshaw kayoed Tony Maro in the third stanza of the scheduled four-round opener . . . . The show paid off on $1,150.

At Wilkes-Barre . . . . Hughie Glynn, Coal Region heavyweight champion, headlined the second boxing show sponsored by the Armory A. C. Glynn won a hard eight-round decision over Charley Brandt of Philadelphia. Glynn floored Brandt on six occasions, but suffered two knockdowns himself . . . . Tom Boylan, popular manager of Glynn, who has schooled the "Irish" heavyweight since Glynn engaged in his first battle, deserves much credit for the rapid rise of the Coal Region champion . . . . Bull Santos, Shenandoah light-heavyweight, kayoed George Marinko of Wilkes-Barre in the third round of a sixer . . . . Angelo Cali of Dunmore outpointed Rego Dell in eight . . . . Charley Sabatella of Dunmore kayoed Henry Blackwell of Philadelphia, in three . . . . In the four-round opener, Johnny Forte beat Joey Dunn . . . . the show paid off on $841.

In another boxing show at Wilkes-Barre, Lew Feldman, veteran New York City welterweight, beat Howard Burton, colored local pugilist in ten rounds. He headlined a fistic card presented by Col. Bill McDade and his Wilkes-Barre Sporting Club . . . . Feldman had the upper hand throughout but knew he was fighting . . . . Neil Miller, of Wilkes-Barre, kayoed Billy Blade, of Philadelphia, in the first round of a scheduled six. Angelo Cali of Dunmore gained a six-round verdict over Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre . . . . Len De Andrea of Dunmore lost to Eddie Long, Scranton colored welterweight . . . . The Feldman-Burton encounter attracted a net gate of $727.

A BIT FOR ALL . . . . Jack Downey lost to Leroy Evans at Buffalo, N. Y., suffering a two-round kayo. Downey looked very impressive in the first round but in the second was weakened by a left hook to the stomach that ended the encounter . . . . Johnny Burke, Deputy Boxing Commissioner of the Coal Region district, reports that conditions hereabouts are better in the boxing game than at any time in the past ten years. Burke should know as he promoted at Carbondale and Scranton for twelve years, being known as the "boy-promoter" of the boxing business . . . . Fighters with good records can secure plenty of work hereabouts . . . . Contact the writer at 518 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa. . . . . Jimmy Wilson, Philadelphia fight-pilot, was a visitor in Scranton during the past month, attending the Soose-Iannozio match . . . . Steve Gacha, Wilkes-Barre lightweight, reports he is ready to meet the world's best. Gacha is the holder of many one-round kayo victories . . . . Johnny Holstein of Carbondale has two proteges in tow, being Paul Wilson and Jimmy Mack. Holstein is a former leading featherweight, having fought Kid Chocolate twice and other topnotchers of the late twenties. Frankie Stone, eleven year old RING Magazine reader, knows fighters and their records. This knowledge was secured by little Frankie due to his consistent reading of this publication, THE RING . . . . Dewey Fragetta, hustling New York boxing representative, was a Scranton visitor, accompanying Enzo Iannozio . . . . THE RING can be purchased at newsstands throughout the Coal Fields.

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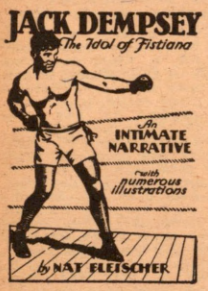

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JACKIE DONOVAN eliminated another good opponent here on March 4 when he soundly trounced Frankie Wallace of Cleveland in their six-round main event for the Q. A. C., which was staged in conjunction with the Children's Hospital Aid Association. A bumper crowd turned out for Charlie Murray's offering which was the best staged here since the depression hit the boxing game nine years ago.

Donovan was in tip top shape and his savage punches had Wallace in trouble toward the end of the encounter. The Clevelander put up a game and willing fight but was outclassed and badly beaten.

Results of other bouts on the Q. A. C. program follow: Irish Eddie Dolan defeated Dodo Woods, six rounds; Clarence Jones won from Pete Tomalonis, six rounds; Jimmy Gilligan beat Joe Tambe, six rounds; Harris Blake (Negro) and Ronnie Beaudin boxed a six-round draw; Leroy Evans (Negro) knocked out John Downey, two rounds; Jimmy Laffery stopped Frank Katzman, one round.

Officials were: Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, John Krysinski and Dan Russo; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

AROUND THE TOWN . . . . Tommy Paul seems to be kept busy with his duties as boxing director at the Buffalo Athletic Club and also at Canisius College . . . . The one-time featherweight champion is also handling the good young amateur, Jimmy Winters . . . . Bert Finch's fighter, Mike Martyk, is soldiering . . . . He is a member of the Canadian army and ready for overseas duty . . . . Chick Johnson is working for the Buffalo Water Department . . . . Fighting Dick Clancy, star featherweight of two decades ago, is managing an A. & P. store here . . . . Dick now weighs about 190 . . . . Ed (Don) George, the wrestler, is living in Miami but will soon return to the wars . . . . What a house George and The Angel would draw . . . . Or, Ed paired with Ivan Rasputin would be a sellout . . . . Phil Zwick, the globe-trotter, writes from Salt Lake City that he would like to box in Buffalo again . . . . Phil flattened Billy Kowalik for the Crescent Club some years back and made a big hit . . . . Joe Lewis, well known Cleveland promoter, also advises us that boxing is picking up out Ohio way and he would be glad to use some Bison City fighters on his cards.

Art Johnson lost twenty pounds when he heard the reports from New York that his favorite heavyweight, Charles (Cyclone) Williams dropped a decision to Frank Colombo of Huntington, West Virginia, in the national heavyweight tournament at Madison Square Garden. With a K.O. victory over Buddy Moore to his credit the Cyclone had become well known as bad medicine among the simon-pures. Williams is a wicked two-handed puncher and young Colombo must have plenty of fistic ability to be able to lick him.

In other years our heavyweights have fared poorly in the national event. Leroy Evans lost his first bout last year and in 1938 Jocko O'Sullivan, a terrific puncher, was quickly eliminated.

Buffalo is ready for a sports boom and good fighters with records who are unattached can make plenty of money around here. Jackie Donovan, our best drawing card, is a welterweight. Good 147-pounders who can win should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Fighters of all weights, especially heavyweights and light-heavies, are also invited to submit their qualifications.

Buffalo's new municipal auditorium will be known as the Buffalo Memorial Auditorium in memory of those valiant soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the World War.

The Angel, latest wrestling sensation from Europe, is proving himself a real angel for the mat promoters. On March 2, the largest crowd that the auditorium has housed in many a moon, saw Maurice Tillet (The Angel) throw a strong and courageous opponent in big Frank Sexton. The French caveman downed Sexton in nine minutes and sixteen seconds after demonstrating his superiority from the very beginning. Fully 7500 fans shouted and acclaimed the queer looking monstrosity who promises to be the best drawing card in wrestling's history.

Jack Herman presented a bangup show wth plenty of thrills. In the semi-final, which was staged after the main event, Bill Longson tossed Rudy Strongberg of Germany in 23:56; Leo Numa threw Rebel Russell of Texas in 22:27; Harry Kent and Lee Henning went thirty minutes to a draw; Mark Hosely pinned Tiger Joe Marsh in 14:43.

Grapple Notes . . . . Jim Londos appearing for the Buffalo Sporting Club, threw Leo Numa in 36:58 . . . . Although a good gathering saw the show Londos is not the speed merchant he once was . . . . The young element in the mat game is coming to the fore . . . . However Jim has plenty of the old cash and shouldn't worry.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

THIS column is written by remote control from way down South in Miami Beach, Florida, where for the past four months we handled the national publicity campaign for the Floridian Hotel. It was a genuine pleasure directing the newsreels which emanated here and which were seen in all parts of the world.

One of the consolations of being away from home is seeing old friends. Here in Miami Beach we met for the first time in four years our old friends, Gus Lesnevich and Joe Vella, who came here to fight Billy Conn for the light-heavy title, the battle that wasn't held. We take great pride in revealing our long friendship with Gus and Joe and are pleased to see their deserved climb up the ladder of success.

Bill Gore, one of the most popular trainers and managers in the South, was delegated to have the assignment of lining up the preliminaries for the Conn-Lesnevich bout. It is unfortunate that Bill did not have the opportunity of showing what a good job he could do.

Joe Donovan, sports editor of the Newark *Star-Ledger*, came down from West Palm Beach with Willie Gilzenberg, the Laurel Garden matchmaker. It was Willie the Beard's first trip to Miami and he wasn't in town four hours before he raved about "this wonderful place."

Harry Rapaport, veteran fight manager from Newark, and brother of Jack, the great welterweight of his day, is now day manager at the Club Bali on Biscayne Boulevard in Miami. Occasionally Harry gets away from his work to second fighters at the Beach Arena.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

ANY chance of Promoter Bill Rand's to stage professional boxing was nullified by the presence of the *Chicago Tribune* Golden Gloves tournament, which received all possible Chicago Stadium fight dates for the past month.

Diminutive Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh won a spirited ten-round punching spree from Frankie Covelli, the Brooklyn whirlwind. Both boys are very adept with their left mauleys.

Tommy Pallatin, welterweight, in-and-outer from South Bend, Ind., gave a nifty boxing lesson to the Greek westsider, George Kontopolis, in a five-round semi-affair. In the four-rounders, Ralph Guajardo, Mexican 147-pounder, fought to a standstill with Bobby Ryan, also of the Westside; Joe Bivins, Cleveland middleweight, and Tito Taylor, Negro from the Southside, engaged in a hectic bout with the former gaining the nod. The curtain-raiser found Jim Diamico, Southside welter, winner over James Parks, colored.

Nate Bolden, highly-touted Southside 160-pound contender, journeyed over to Pittsburgh and tangled with the tough Charley Burley over the ten-round route with Burley receiving the award.

Ponderous punching Lem Franklin dealt out much punishment to Andy Kid Miller of Sioux City, flooring him five times, only to have the bout halted and called no contest. This was a pity as Lem is going places and should not have suffered a no contest stigma. He recently knocked out Lee Savold of Minneapolis, Minn., in two rounds, yet Savold has been matched with Bob Pastor at Madison Square Garden in N. Y. C. Lem fractured three of Savold's ribs with his right-hand blast.

On the Franklin-Miller eight-round main event bout, Altus Allen, 1939 International Golden Gloves champion, administered a severe drubbing to Harold Dettman of Detroit, Mich. Dettman was unable to come out for the fifth stanza.

In another eight-rounder, Eddie Camps, formerly Campagna, a light-heavyweight, stopped Tommy Burns, also of the "Motor City," in the sixth round. Burns was dropped five times.

The "eye-opener" revealed Tom Johnson, light-heavy, in a startling two-round stowaway of Ernie Easter, who packs a terrific punch.

Tony Yoes, who had been fighting under his rightful name of Di Pasquale, is a stablemate of Tony Musto. Yoes has had two eight-rounders in Florida, both being opposite Gene Molnar of N. Y. C. Yoes' first encounter ended in a draw, while in the encore Yoes won over his 147-pound adversary.

Milt Aron, Chicago's Westside Jewish welterweight contender, engaged "Irish" Eddie Brink of Scranton, Pa., in a ten-round windup at Philadelphia, emerging victorious at the end of five frames by the knockout route.

Joe Bivins, Cleveland Negro 160-pounder, earned the unanimous decision over Joe Sutka of Detroit, Mich., in an eight-round bout. In a supporting eight-rounder, Tommy Pallatin, South Bend welter, won over Tony Yates of Minneapolis, with plenty to spare. And in still another eight-rounder, Al Tibbits of Danville, Ill., won a hair-line decision over the pugnacious "Irisher," Jimmy Burns of Pittsburgh, Pa. They are middleweights.

Jack Cooper, sleek-looking colored welterweight managed by the towering Seal Harris, is a scientific boxer par excellence. Jack has had but five pro battles thus far, winning all of them. His last triumph was over Aaron Wade. Now Cooper can't get any of the other promising 147-pounders to tee off with him.

Johnny Brown, sturdy C. Y. O. Chicago featherweight, won over the two-fisted Jackie Simmons at Kansas City, Mo., in ten busy rounds of milling and Tony Motisi, rugged Chicago C. Y. O. welterweight color-bearer, put the crusher on Jack Rymer, in round six of a bout slated for ten frames at the same show.

Barney Ross, Chicago's outstanding pugilistic luminary, is back with us again, having taken over the managerial reins of the cocktail lounge at the exclusive Morrisson Hotel, Madison at Dearborn St. Barney was always a good mixer in or out of the ring and I know definitely, so far as personality is concerned, Barney will be to Chicago what Jack Dempsey is to New York—a genial host.

Joe Niedwick, trainer for the Pian-Winch stable, can be tabbed as the real reason why Tony Zale has improved considerably. He knows his stuff.

Incidentally, Zale in his first combat following his heroic victory over N. B. A. middleweight champion, Al Hostak, ventured over to Youngstown, Ohio, and stopped Enzo Iannozio in the brief time of four cantos.

Mique Malloy, Chicago's outstanding fight-club impresario, held his second boxing melee at the spacious Civic Auditorium, in Hammond. This affair was in conjunction with the Finnish Relief program and was a financial and fistic success.

Two of Chicago's most promising lightweight fisticuffers, Gene Spencer, lean but devastating right-hand puncher from South Chicago, beat Phil Saeli, another lean 135-pounder, who hails from the greater Westside, and who packs an equal amount of dynamite in his left fist as does Spencer in his right hand. It was a close mill.

Booker Beckwith, latest amateur sensation to turn to the professional ranks, fought burly Selman Martin of the Southside in the six-round semi-attraction. Beckwith, who scales but 179 pounds, spotted Martin some 21 pounds and beat him. This Beckwith is a "natural."

In a five-round match, Billy Seward swarmed all over Art Brewer in the opening stanzas and pummeled Brewer severely, dropping him for a nine count before the final ten toll was augmented.

Steve Souris, murderous punching Gary steel mill 150-pound product, put the finis to Johnny Rock, Westside swingartist, in the second heat. And the opening contest, scheduled for four rounds, was won by the cocky lightweight, Billy Sherman, who put the quietus on Kenny Cannon in round No. 2.

Tony Motisi, prospective welterweight candidate from Chicago's C. Y. O., had to extend himself considerably in order to gain the laurels over Bobby McIntyre, Detroit's cagy veteran, in an eight-round tiff.

In another bout, Altus Allen took on a husky, namely, William Snell, whose lack of experience proved to be Allen's good fortune. Allen won.

In the third eight-round conflict, Young (Kid) McCoy of Detroit won a close decision over the sturdy Phil Saeli, Jimmy Christopher's lightweight.

And Dick Kist, from Danville, Ill., won the opening joust from the ever-glove-catching, Jake Carter, Southside middleweight.

RENDEZVOUSING THROUGH CHICAGO'S AMATEUR FIGHT CIRCLE: The Savoy Arena, 47th and South Park, on the Southside, is without a doubt the most prosperous amateur fight club in the "Windy City," as well as the entire Middle West. The Savoy patrons are made up principally of Negro boxing fans, who come out in droves every Tuesday evening, numbering an approximate total of 3000 fans—Ten boxing contests and two wrestling matches are in the offing for the spectators—Eddie Plique, genial announcer, handles the matchmaking duties and "Tiny" Parham, a famous musician several years back, affords the fight-bugs with snappy organ music.

The Madison A. C., Madison at Kilpatrick, with Jack Biggerstaff in the matchmaking helm, is the only other amateur fight club that finds it profitable the year around. This Westside club entertains an average of 1000 persons per show.

Attention: Fighters with or without managerial connections, contact Gene Engel at Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Only pugilists with records of merit need reply. Send photo, clippings and past record, (white boys) preferred.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY, Ia.—It was announced by L. C. Pop Rightmire that he had completed the purchase of the contract of his son Everette, ranking Sioux City featherweight. "Pop" Rightmire has been in negotiations with Tommy O'Loughlin for several weeks. O'Loughlin, former Sioux City promoter, has managed the Sioux Cityan for several years. The father also announced he had several bouts in view for his boy.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—South Dakota state amateur boxing champions were crowned in a two-day meet staged here. The winners were: Stan Shields, Aberdeen, heavyweight; Raymond Ghering, Olivet, 175 pounds; Joe Stahl, Huron, 160 pounds; Bernard Clark, Sioux Falls, 147 pounds; Bert Williams, Madison, 135 pounds; Dale Wilson, Madison, 126 pounds; Nathan White, Flandreau, 118 pounds, and Ferd Kennell, Huron, 112 pounds. Dan Desmond, well known Sioux City sports editor, was one of the judges.

Sioux City, Ia.—For the fourth straight year a Sioux City amateur boxer will bid for a national A. A. U. title, in the Chicago Tribune Golden Gloves meet. Orlan Ott, heavyweight on the Sioux City Journal team, was the only one to reach the semifinals. Last year the Sioux Cityan advanced to the quarter-finals where he lost a decision to Tony Novak. Ott won't be 19 years old until May, won four straight bouts. Ott, who attends Morningside College in Sioux City, is one of the best heavyweight prospects uncovered in this section in years. He is being looked after by Ty Dillon, well known Sioux City promoter, trainer, and manager.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . . . Stan Ferris, national A. A. U. secretary, has announced the appointment of E. Quillin Hoberg of Sioux City as vice-chairman of the redistricting committee of the national organization . . . . Hoberg is well known to amateur boxers and fans throughout this section, and has been a close follower of the fistic sport for years . . . . The result of the bout between Lem Franklin, of Cleveland, and Andy Miller, Sioux City heavyweight, staged at Chicago, was declared a "no contest" by the referee and judges . . . . The bout was halted because of the unevenness in the second round with Miller groggy . . . . Buddy McCrea, Omaha, Nebr., welterweight, stopped Dick Diamond, of Salt Lake City, in five rounds at Salt Lake . . . . Jimes Liles of Audubon, Ia., won the 1940 sportsmanship trophy offered by the WHO radio station in a Golden Gloves meet at Des Moines . . . . Jimmy Amann of Cincinnati, O., has a dandy little pamphlet called "Fight Flashes," carrying results and other news of interest . . . . Some of the best looking professional prospects around Iowa at this time include Chet Jones, Oskaloosa welterweight, Buzz Lanning, Ottumwa, lightweight, Jim Galey, Ottumwa light-heavyweight, Howdie Dawson, Waterloo featherweight, George Hoston, Davenport, welterweight, Bud Dempsey, Davenport, featherweight, and Happy Graham, a featherweight from Des Moines . . . . Bud Lymer, veteran Sioux City welter, may return to the ring soon . . . . Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, and remember we are unable to carry all your news all the time.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Carlsbad, N. M.: Beating back up the comeback trail, Babe Ritchie, Lubbock, Tex., heavyweight, pounded out a ten-round decision over Babe Hunt, veteran Oklahoma redskin, in a slow contest.

It was Ritchie's first start since last September when Max Baer torpedoed him in a couple of heats at Lubbock.

Ritchie weighed 214 pounds to Hunt's even 200.

Frankie "Cyclone" Lynch, Colorado's heavyweight king, is clamoring for action these days. Lynch informs us he is particularly anxious to swap wallops with Babe Ritchie. At that, the pair should make an attractive match.

One of the most successful amateur meets ever run off in these parts, the annual Golden Gloves regional trials at Pueblo, brought to light a very promising heavyweight in a big Pueblo kid, Bill Ely. Ely went on to Kansas City where he dropped a very close decision to Van Parks in the semi-finals. Parks eventually won the meet. The Pueblo tournament is sponsored by the *Pueblo Star-Journal-Chieftain*, and is capably handled by Ed Orazem, sports editor of the *Star-Journal*.

At Salt Lake City, Utah: Spotting his opponent 14 pounds in weight, R. J. Lewis, fast-stepping Denver Negro middleweight, easily outpointed Truman Harvey, elongated Salt Lake City Irishman, in an eight-round battle. Lewis tipped the beam at 154 pounds to Harvey's 168. In another eight-rounder, Arlington Spilsbury, Utah middleweight, outlasted Battling McCrea of Denver in a rousing setto.

With the fight game rollicking along in the neighboring states, Colorado, once the best fight country in the whole mountain region, failed to come up with a single professional card during the month of February. New Mexico and Utah, neither of which is hampered by a boxing commission, successfully ran off several lucrative shows. All of which causes us to wonder if commission supervision, with its array of taxes and costly regulations, isn't a major contributing factor to Colorado's dormant fight game.

The Young Joe Louis who dropped a couple of decisions in Salt Lake City recently is NOT the same boy who wore the middleweight mountain crown a couple of years ago. The original "Young Joe" is living in Canon City, Colo., at the present time.

R. R., Shreveport, La.: Tom Cribb was one of the early day British bare-knuckle champions. He ruled in merry Britain from about 1805 until around 1820.

I would deeply appreciate it if managers in the mountain region would send me a list of their boys with age, weight, etc., and also let me have an address where they can be contacted. (Manager's address). I get numerous calls from promoters all over the southwest wanting to book so and so, and since I haven't full information, there is nothing I can do.

Also have a list of ACTIVE fight promoters here in the mountain region that you can have for a two-bit piece. Also will be glad to answer any queries relative to the mitt game out this way. Please inclose reply postage. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

M. L. F., Okmulgee, Okla.: You are badly mistaken, as Carl Morris never held the heavyweight championship. In fact, he never even fought for it.

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IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

HEREWITH, the Singular Story of the Little Men Who Weren't There, and of their subsequent distinguished appearance, which did much to restore the good public's shaken faith in pugilism, as practised hereabouts. The Little Men being Tony Olivera, a San Francisco Portuguese, pretender to the bantamweight crown, and Little Dado, the Filipino who is generally acknowledged the best flyweight in existence—at any rate he is the recognized U.S.A. champion.

Matched for ten rounds at the Oakland Auditorium by Promoter Charles Marsalli, Olivera and Dado fought not, as result of a spontaneous backstage word beef, in which the fighters' managers, Marsalli, and others concerned haggled for an hour or more in regards a pay-off angle which remains pretty much of a mystery at this writing. A good-sized crowd, having been somewhat satisfied by an exceptionally fine set of preliminaries, took it with remarkable grace when advised that the main event would not be.

A commission investigation failed to prove a lot, and the two were ordered to fight it out, three weeks after their original disappearing act. The surprisingly large turnout on deck for the "rematch" saw Olivera and Dado acquit themselves by putting on one of the fastest, most vicious scraps that these parts have seen for many a moon. It was a see-saw, slambang, clever ten rounds of cyclonic action that wound up in a draw verdict, rendered by Referee Jimmy Duffy, who couldn't have called it any other way.

The Coliseum Bowl, San Francisco's brand-new Swatte Shoppe, opened its doors to the public during the month past, and a capacity-size gathering of 3500 boxing addicts came away fairly convinced that the Eleventh and Howard Streets Tap Temple, jointly operated by Benny Ford and Jack Beynon, is just what the doctor ordered as far as the local boxing and wrestling industries are concerned. The new arena is ideally located, easily reached from all parts of this city and the East Bay, it boasts of a swanky bar, and the seating arrangements are such that every perch in the house is akin to a ringside seat.

The inaugural program was, appropriately enough, an ironbound wow. Newsboy Joe Gavras of this city and Joe Ybarra, El Cerrito Mexican lightweight, stepped ten blistering rounds to a draw in the headliner, which makes three times that these two have fought to a standoff. It was THAT close—and a lusty affair all the way.

Jose Gallardo, a two-handed Mexican slugger, closed with a rush to top Clarence Spencer, scrappy colored lightweight, in the six-round semi windup.

In the prelims, Chief Evening Thunder, the hammering Hopi, shellacked Soldier Ed Stanley in six. Buddy Carter T.K.O.'d Frankie Limas in the third. Leonard Serna decisioned Art Gonsalez in four and Eddie Sanchez crocked Willie Roach in round one of the curtain raiser.

Professor George Latka, recently appointed to the position of instructor of boxing at Santa Clara University, afforded his students of slug a splendid demonstration of the manly art when he whipped highly-regarded Georgie Crouch, Los Angeles colored lightweight, in a main event at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Latka, one-time star of the powerful San Jose State boxing squad, was a decided shortender in the pre-fight quotations, but copped seven of the ten rounds and kept the hard-socking darky under control from start to finish. It was the prof's most impressive win since he discarded schooling's books for boxing's bucks.

Slobbering skies kept all but a handful of the faithful away from the new Coliseum Bowl's second boxing show, which featured a ten-rounder involving Little Pancho, the Filipino wraith, and Lupe Cardoza, an iron-chinned Mexican bantamweight out of Los Angeles.

Cardoza, who is as tough as life on Alcatraz, was smacked with every punch in Pancho's repertoire and kept coming back for more, but his courage, though praiseworthy in itself, did not quite rate the "draw" decision handed down by Referee Frankie Brown. Pancho, who is one of the classiest pieces of fighting machinery in the business, won at least seven of the ten rounds and the verdict was so far out of line as to be funny.

Chief Evening Thunder, the rugged Indian lightweight, fought six violent rounds with Mysterious Billy Smith of Milwaukee in the semi-final, which was likewise proclaimed a tie.

The P. A. Senior tournament is presently the big noise of local amateur boxing . . . . Winners go to the National A. A. U. championships, to be held April 8th to 10th in Boston, Mass. . . . . Fred Apostoli's brutal beating at the hands of Melio Bettina, was a shock to his San Francisco following . . . . word has it that the ex-bellhop will start a comeback in local rings—and that a siege of the flu was the big reason behind the lacing Fred took from the Beacon, N. Y., southpaw . . . . If anyone removes Henry Armstrong's welterweight crown from that worthy's kinky roof during the next year, it may well be Jackie Wilson, another darkie who is all the rage in Southern California . . . . Wilson, reputed to be a smart boxer, is likewise a murderous puncher and during last month he stretched importation Mike Gamiere of Cleveland in a couple of rounds at the Olympic in L. A. . . . . Sonnyboy Walker, the Arizonian, hasn't been heard from, fistically speaking, since his impressive flattening of Harold Blackshear last month . . . . although Frank Tabor made a vain effort to match him with Arturo Godoy, the larruping leech . . . . Lou Nova, whom you may remember, has regained his strength after a hospital session and will be heard from in the not-too-distant future . . . . Harold Hoshino, the Japanese who has been a sensation in the Sacramento valley region, was punched out of commission by seasoned Tomboy Romero, the Mexican lightweight, in a Sacramento ring.

Quite some time ago, a Midwestern reader wrote me a letter, the content of which was mostly a eulogy on Billy Marquart, the Winnipeg, Canada, lightweight star . . . . it has bothered us ever since that the letter was misplaced, consequently never answered, and if the reader in mention recognizes this, wish he would write again . . . . address me at 444 Fair Oaks Street, San Francisco.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

ARROWHEAD notes: Jack O'Brien, Duluth promoter, manages Win Lambert, Proctor welter, and has one of the most modern and well-equipped gyms in the state at 51½ Superior St. O'Brien, a former fighter, has Bob Gardner for his assistant . . . . Duluth has several popular and fine fighters in Win and Art Lambert of Proctor, Dan McKenzie of Virginia, Johnnie Fairchild, Gus Pappas, Hugh Jennings, and colored Dave Nins . . . . Almost all are of Golden Glove championship caliber, with Art Lambert an actual former champ, as is Warnie Moore of Proctor.

Didja know that: Karl Ogren, local promoter, was once a crack middleweight? In 1934 he had the misfortune to fight Frank Battaglia, and was kayoed in the sixth round . . . . The closest to ring warfare Leo Kulka gets is wishing and wondering . . . . Lorraine Burkitt, a girl friend of former boxer Dick Daniels, 29, Minneapolis, rescued Dick from a burning death in a fire in Hotel Marlborough by waking Daniels up and forcing him to follow her to jump to safety from the third floor. Nineteen died and many more injured in this great fire, one of the largest in Minneapolis history . . . . Jack Johnson kayoed Kid Pneumonia, and is up and O.K. again.

Dick Daniels' condition is "poor," and X-rays show he suffered a fractured pelvis and spinal injury in his third-story fire escape leap . . . . Marv Wason has retired from the ring, at least until next September, Manager McLean announced. Wason is only 20 . . . . Tony Dalessio, a former Chicago lightie around 1929, is grooming Sam Stupar, Nashwauk light-heavy amateur star K.O. puncher, who lost a close decision to Jimmy Reeves in the Chicago tourney . . . Buddy Gomer of Farwell, Minn., this writer's cousin, a stout, flat-nosed amateur lightweight, may start boxing again and enter Golden Glove competition . . . . C. J. Nygard of Fairdale, N. D., one of the many who sends this writer fistic news, is the proprietor of a Fairdale restaurant and says that Gordon Lee of North Dakota U. will win the Minneapolis Golden Gloves featherweight title . . . . Gene Espinoza, veteran Mexican battler who hails from Mexico City, Los Velasco, Dallas and New York City, and who has fought them all since 1930, including present-day fighters like Juan Zurita, Tony Chavez, Ritchie Fontaine, Henry Armstrong and Young Polite, has left for the West Coast with Don Stevens, who was back for the holidays.

Marv Wason's hopes should soar after reading this: Several months ago Johnny Hanschen was asked to retire by Manager George Parnassus. Johnny left California and returned to Minneapolis, turned over a new leaf and is making good. Now Manager Parnassus is seeking to match Hanschen with Pat Comiskey and others if his Johnny continues to win! . . . . Billy Wilkins, an amateur novice light-heavy from the flour city, is expected to blaze through Golden Glove competition, yet has had only one bout! He showed to advantage in his three-round T.K.O. of Ray Neal.

Minneapolis Armory—Orlando Trotter, 175, clever Chicago Negro, won easily over the veteran Andy Kid Miller, 182½, Sioux City, in ten heats. In the six-round semi, Harvey Woods wouldn't fight classy Phil Latona because of a flu relapse, so the tall, handsome Latona, 143½, Denison, Texas Mexican, knocked out one Johnny Stanley, 138½, Chicago, in two. In fours, Bud Tibbetts, 141½, Rosemount, repeated over Baby Face Lista, 141, Los Angeles Filipino, but this time by a one-round K.O. The veteran, hard-hitting Win Lambert, 146, Proctor blond, kayoed Bill Burden, 146, St. Paul Negro, in the fourth frame, while colored Johnny Pleasant, 135, last year's national and Chicago-New York City series Golden Glove lightweight champion of Chicago, beat Ray Isaacs, 135, Minneapolis. Pleasant floored Isaacs twice, and Stanley had Latona down in the second for a short count. Miller blames his poor showing to hard work in a Sioux City packing plant, the long train ride, no sleep or rest till fight time . . . . and what's happened to Art Lasky?

Billy Colbert of St. Paul says the best amateur prospect in St. Paul is Ray Pfeiffer, a lightweight who has scored four kayoes in five fights . . . . Johnny Hanschen and Dan Mulvihill, a former Golden Glover, are instructing at the Minneapolis Central Y.M.C.A. . . Percy Villa, former Golden Glove champion, and boxing writer at one time for the out-of-business *Minneapolis Journal*, is working at The Ringside Bar in Minneapolis . . . Phyllis Wheatley House, a Minneapolis Negro Athletic Club, has Webster Epperson, Sioux Falls, S. D. Negro heavyweight for its instructor . . . . Pneumonia in double doses took its toll of strength and stamina from Pat Breen and Charley Gomer years ago . . . . Both were exceptionally strong as "tots," and it was no trick for them to run several miles . . . . Breen took up boxing to build up his body . . . . Ted Morrison taught Tommy Brunette how to box . . . . Ray Temple, clever St. Paulite of years ago, is instructing amateurs at St. Paul's Gibbons' Gym.

Harvey Woods is Murray McLean's ace, now that Marv Wason is on the sidelines . . . . Lee Savold, St. Paul "Blond Tiger," who stole the show from Billy Conn and won the hearts of Gotham fans in just one New York appearance, may fight Conn, Pastor, or Paychek in an elimination tourney to find a suitable foe to challenge Joe Louis in September.

Lee Savold rated 9th best heavy by Eddie Borden in March issue . . . . Marv Wason training again . . . . Jack Johnson making personal appearances around the state, meeting Gov. Stassen and old-time boxers like the Gibbons boys, Tillman, and Potts . . . . Fred Lenhart, now 210, and Bill Hart, former boxers, now wrestle a little . . . . Wayne Armstrong, Newcastle, Neb. welterweight, has worked out with and fought several light-heavies and heavies due to lack of opposition! . . . . This accounts for several of his losses . . . . Wayne has fought almost every fighter his weight in Nebraska, and holds a T.K.O. win over Frank Thompson, present Nebraska 160-lb. king, and holds a win over Vernon Hickson, present 175-lb. Nebraska king . . . . Wayne won the Sioux City Golden Glove welter title in 1937, the middle title in 1938 and was finalist in Omaha, and won the Ponca, Neb. welter crown in 1939 . . . . Lymer had 40 bouts, fought 3 draws, and was kayoed once by our Henry Schaft in 3 . . . . Harry Thomas has a brother amateur heavy boxing by the name of Richard Thomas . . . . Jack Ahern's resignation from the State Athletic Commission has been filled by Lee Runyon, also of St. Paul . . . . Pat Carr of Minneapolis was elected chairman of the State Boxing Commission . . . . The writer has been in Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, and Mexico.

Minneapolis Armory—In two rematch ten spots, Orlando Trotter, 178½, Chicago Negro, again won a close decision over Johnny Hanschen, 191½, Minneapolis. Harvey Woods, 139, St. Paul, floored Phil Latona, 141, Denison, Texas Mexican, four times and scored a ten-round kayo. Speedy Don Espenson, 150, Minneapolis, beat hard-hitting Earl Peterson, 157½, Appleton in six. Bud Tibbetts, 152, Rosemount, whipped Ray Isaacs, 136, Minneapolis, in four, while stout Dick Ritchie, 182, St. Paul, beat Len Walbridge, 175½, St. Cloud loser, in four. Ritchie's real name is Radman, and was kayoed in St. Cloud last year by Johnny Kleber in two heats on Feb. 6, 1939. The gate—a little over $2000.

Duluth had a show Jan. 19, and Lind kayoed Coons, Swenson and Lambert drew in 6, Hagen beat McLeod in 6 . . . . In sixes at Hollywood, Floyd Hagen, 131, St. Paul, kayoed colored Willie Fields in four, while Jimmy Collins, Minneapolis middle, was terrible in a "smelly" affair with Lloyd Delucchi of San Francisco, in which Collins lost.

NORTHWEST BANTER
By TOMMY WRIGHT

WILD BILL BOYD, former navy and Golden Glove champion and protege of Jack Dempsey, catapulted into the heavyweight title contender picture with decisions over Chuck Crowell, giant California heavy and Henry Cooper, highly rated boxer out of New York city.

Nate Druxman, who promoted the bouts, brought Crowell and Cooper to Seattle for matches with Boyd in an attempt to build up a formidable foe which would lure champion Joe Louis to the Washington city for a title bout sometime this summer.

Boyd floored Crowell for a nine-count in sixth round of their 10-round bout and won a clear cut decision. A slashing rally in the final minute of the last round gave Boyd the decision over Cooper. Neither fighter had an edge up until that final stanza. Boyd admitted after the fight that he had injured his hands in the fifth round.

Ken Lindsay, 1939 U. S. golden gloves flyweight boxing champion, plans to launch his professional career in Vancouver, B. C., against Tommy Olaveri, Texas.

Sig Barlund, hard hitting middleweight from Marshfield, Ore., who defends the Finnish race in the ring, slashed out a fourth-round technical knockout over Jack Hibbard, Klamath Falls, Ore., in a hard fought battle which saw Hibbard hit the canvas many times.

On the same card, Elmer "Buzz" Brown, popular Portland lightweight, kayoed Johnny Ray, Seattle, in the first round of their scheduled six-rounder.

Benny Hall, coach of the Eugene Elk amateur mittmen, took the initiative to arrange a couple of fast amateur cards. He brought the Portland Multnomah A. C., Oregon A. A. C., the Salem Elks and boxers from Chemawa Indian school to Eugene for a 16-match card and again he brought the Oregon A. A. C. to Eugene for fast bouts.

Fast rising middleweight, Sig Barlund took his last three matches with early round kayoes and is sure of a shot at the state middleweight title.

Salem and Eugene, Ore., are having weekly fight cards now.

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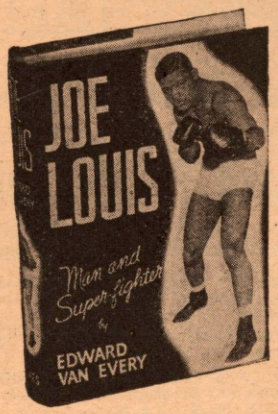

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

THE last pro ring card presented in Syracuse resulted in Ralph De John battling to a 10-round deadlock with Eric Seelig. It was a hard, close fight all the way, and both boys were on the canvas during the hectic milling. De John suffered an injury to his left hand in the seventh, but kept Seelig off with right hand shots for two rounds. A crowd of 3,000 saw the scrap, De John's first in three months.

Joey Brown, Syracuse featherweight, won a sensational eight-round semi-final from Joey Kushner, Syracusan, a bout that had the fans on their feet throughout. In the other tilts: Billy Furrone, Syracuse welterweight, outpointed Nat Kadin, Toronto (6); Hughie Smith, Rochester lightweight, scored a technical kayo over Steve Gacha, Scranton, (2); Gacha suffered a cut over his eye. Emil Kozel, Wilkes-Barre, kayoed Mike Sebiga, Lackawanna middleweight, (2).

During the past three months the Grim Reaper has recorded the passing of three men widely known in boxing. First to pass on was Don Willet, Utica boxing and wrestling promoter, who was killed in an auto accident near Amsterdam. Jack Lewis, promoter here for many years, died of a heart ailment. Billy Ryan, veteran of 300 ring battles, once one of the greatest fighters ever turned out in Syracuse, was the third to go, victim of heart trouble.

Billy Furrone is the current fistic rage in Albany. In Billy's latest start, the local welterweight defeated Nat Kadin of Toronto, in the eight-round headliner at the Capital Arena. Prior to this go, Furrone dropped a decidedly unpopular decision to Pete Koloff, rugged Bulgarian, in the same ring.

Your correspondent is now quartered in the new Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., offices at 307 Eckel Theater Building, having moved down a flight from 403-405, the old fight club headquarters. Larger, roomier, and with needed space to properly book and publicize Syracuse boxing promotions, the office is jammed daily with fighters, handlers and dyed-in-the-wool fans.

The *Syracuse Herald-Journal* staged a monster Golden Gloves amateur boxing tournament at the Arena here on two nights, drawing more than 5,000 fans. George Washington annexed the heavyweight crown, Chuck Perkins won the 175-pound tiara, Eddie Pagan the 160-pound title, George Hetty the 147-pound throne, Steve Kukol, the 135-pound toga, Lou Ciceri, the 126-pound championship, Jimmy Brown became 118-pound boss, and Frankie Mandarino head of the 110-pound division.

LEFT-HOOKS . . . . Archie S. Ajemian, owner of the Olympic Boxing Club license, is making a photographic record of his main events. Ajemian sets up two 16mm movie cameras and shoots the action. Later the films are used to create further interest in boxing . . . . A few years ago Kid Polo was adjudged "punchy" by the fight fans because he swung into fighting pose at the tap of a bell. Now the Kid has interests in four different business enterprises, owns a thriving shoe shine parlor and has countless sidelines . . . . Paul Damski, here with Eric Seelig, made a fine impression on local sports editors. Paul has a son, Fred, attending Syracuse University . . . . Carmen De John, younger brother of Ralph, is the standout amateur middleweight boxer in this section, and already is being acclaimed as a sure thing to make the grade if he continues to improve . . . . John D. Wilson, pal of Jack Dempsey, is boxing's staunchest supporter upstate. John D. is always donating trophies, medals, rings, watches, etc., to winners of ring engagements. Yes, John is in the jewelry business! . . . . College football players from Syracuse University did the ushering and policing at the *Syracuse Herald-Journal* amateur tourney and bounced more than one "dead-head" out of his seat.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

THE Monroe County Sporting Club staged its first show last month. Due to a severe snowstorm, the attendance was not up to expectations. This show was held for the benefit of the Infantile Paralysis Fund. The main event featured Jackie Callura of Canada against Lee Shepard of Cleveland, with Jackie staging a great boxing exhibition and winning. There were 32 rounds of boxing in all and the crowd enjoyed them. Matchmaker Jim Collins has already made plans for another professional show.

Following are the results of the first winter professional show: Jackie Callura, Hamilton, Ont., won decision over Lee Shepard, Cleveland, eight rounds; Henry Smith, Rochester, decisioned Joey Kushner, Syracuse, eight rounds; George Polito, Rochester, drew with Frank Laspina, Rochester, four rounds; Hughie Smith, Rochester, won T.K.O. over Jackie Santee, Buffalo, stopped three; Joe Tambe, Buffalo, decisioned Frankie Rich, Buffalo, four.

The fans of Rochester should be congratulated for the splendid support of the recent gala All-Star show the Elks Club had for the benefit of the Finnish Relief Fund. Over 2,500 people attended and the entire proceeds were turned over to the fund. Some of the most popular boys in the amateur ring were seen, such as Cyclone Williams of St. Louis, Eddie Smith of Rochester, Nello Nucelli, Shorty Dowd, Sammy Cerrone, Fred Washington and others. The outstanding bout was the fight between Eddie Smith and Nello Nucelli for the city lightweight crown, with Nucelli gaining the verdict.

Following are the results of the better amateur bouts seen in the last month: Nello Nucelli, Rochester, won decision over Eddie Smith, Rochester, five rounds; Cyclone Williams, Buffalo, decisioned Fred Washington, Chicago, five rounds; Claude Hale, Buffalo, decisioned Tommy Blue, Cleveland, five rounds; Joe Miller, Buffalo, won decision over Pete Spotti, Pittsburgh, five rounds; Shorty Dowd, Rochester, won decision over Al Costa, Rochester, five rounds; Tony DeCarlo, Rochester, decisioned Larry Russell, Rochester, five rounds; Art Foster, St. Louis, scored T.K.O. over Harvey LaCelle, Ottawa, five rounds; Louis Powers, Buffalo, decisioned Connie Rosen, Binghamton, five rounds; Sammy Cerrone, Rochester, outpointed Ray Lewis, Buffalo, three rounds; Lloyd Williams, Rochester, outpointed Mike Morrocco of Rochester in three rounds.

FISTIC MORSELS—Larry Tigah Russell is now fighting out of his old stamping grounds, Atlantic City . . . . Jimmy Reina has hung up his gloves . . . . Dominic Angelo is at the Army base at Hawaii . . . . Hiram Jackson, ex-amateur, is beating the sawdust trail as a preacher of the Gospel in Buffalo's Little Harlem . . . . Tony Polozzi is working out at the Elks gym daily but has no intention of returning to the ring . . . . Johnny Shero, the old Scottsville slugger, is now working in Chicago . . . . Nello Nucelli, after taking the lightweight crown of Rochester away from Eddie Smith, is now gunning for Eddie's Niagara District A. A. U. title . . . . Henry Smith is still waiting for Nucelli to turn pro so he can avenge his brother and carry out the feud Nucelli and he started in the amateurs . . . . Tony DeCarlo, after defeating Larry Russell, is sole claimant to the Rochester welterweight crown.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

IRISH EDDIE DOLAN, sterling welterweight, outboxed Jimmy Belle, New Haven colored ringster, with ease, to win an eight-round bout at the Buckingham Hall, Waterbury, Conn. On the same card, Benny Cartegena, welterweight, and Tommy Ciarlo, slugging club fighter, drew in an exciting six-round melee. Billy Perrin, Bristol middleweight, outscored Chester Martin, to gain the six-round decision. Baby "Face" Morris, Danbury lightweight, outfought George Zietz to get the point verdict in a sixer. In the four-rounder Frank Morris, New Haven lightheavyweight, won over Dula Kovach.

Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, Conn.—In a ten-round feature rematch, Dick Turcotte, promising welterweight prospect, met with grief when Jackie Thompson, proved that his first win was not accidental. Turcotte was badly whipped.

In the preliminaries, the six-round semi-final between Frankie Young, New Haven, rugged welterweight, and Pat Casey, Hartford, was declared even. A technical kayo in the second round was scored by Irish Billy Taylor, Bridgeport, over Babe Bergeron, light-heavyweight, in a six-round bout. Red Doty, welterweight, stowed away his ring foe in quick order in the first canto of a scheduled four-rounder. Angelo Rodano, lightweight, outpointed Jackie Alexander to win a four-round point decision.

Mosque Hall, Bridgeport, Conn.—Red Moffett, welterweight, decisively outpointed Felix Garcia, in a star eight-round encounter. In the semi-final of six rounds, Baby "Face" Morris, lightweight, got off the floor to defeat Tony Hernandez on points. A three-round technical knockout was won by Angelo Rodano, lightweight, over Frankie Sian, in a billed six. A four-round decision was pounded out by Irish Mickey Donahue, middleweight, over Cal Farrar, while Johnny Devore beat Davey Haynes to receive the four-round decision.

New Haven Arena, New Haven, Conn.—In the feature bout, Nathan Mann, heavyweight, punched out a clean cut ten-round decision over Charley "Hobo" Williams. Other results—Al Evans, New Haven welterweight, and Frankie Young traded blows for six rounds that was ruled a draw. A right hand wallop to Young's jaw dropped him for a nine count in the fourth round. In the four-rounders, Earl Roys, featherweight, whipped Patsy Cucelli; Tony Gillo, middleweight, defeated Joey King in a slugfest; Sal Midget Renault, New Haven featherweight, copped the verdict over Bill Marcus in a fast go; Frankie Foley, welterweight, and Francis Sharne battled on even terms.

Hartford, Conn., Foot Guard Hall—Bobby Ivy, Hartford featherweight, was declared the winner over Harry Gentile, slugging warrior, in the main ten-round bout that sizzled with action, thrilling the cash customers.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

WILLIE MULDUNE, Cleveland's former National Amateur light-heavyweight champion, now going good as a pro, lost to the veteran Teddy Yarosz, former middleweight champion, to climax Bob Brickman's show at Cleveland Public Hall. In losing, Muldune showed he has plenty of heart as well as ambition. Willie won the first two rounds, but in the third Yarosz let go with a pot shot left hook to floor Muldune for a four count. This round was Teddy's by a wide margin, but Muldune was dangerous to the last bell.

Buddy Knox, a favorite with the Cleveland fans, won by a wide margin over Jorge Brescia. Knox beat Jorge to the punch in seven out of the ten rounds. It was a good fight and the paying customers liked it very much.

Mickey Dugan did O.K. on his first step back on the comeback trail when he stopped Chet Esmond from Canton in the second round with a barrage of hooks and crosses.

Joey Wells knocked out Joey Forchione in one round while Charley McCarthy won another when he defeated Don Blatchford of Lorain in the six-round opener. Promoter Bob Brickman and Dan "Tiger" Taylor, the matchmaker, smiled for a change when the gate showed a winner.

Fritzie Zivic stopped Remo Fernadez of Dayton in seven rounds. It was Fritzie all the way. Jimmy Reeves won a close one over Vince Pimpinella in an eight-rounder.

Mike Gamiere defeated Ray Sharkey in a close bloody battle. It was an old feud between these two. In the fourth round they both were cut around the eyes. It was Gamiere's last showing before his long ride with his manager, Mike Carriere, to sunny California where he boxed Jackie Wilson, former Clevelander. The bout lasted but one round when Wilson cracked a right hand to stop Gamiere, on Jimmy Murray's card at the Olympic at Los Angeles.

Willie Muldune put the kayo on Young Tommy Burns of Detroit in the third round. Muldune, who tips the scales at 175 pounds, is a pretty fair prospect and bears watching. Big Dan Merritt knocked out Pal Silvers of New York in the third round.

James Bivins boxed Joe Sutka in his third pro fight and beat Sutka eight out of eight rounds. Keep your eye on this Bivins. He is handled by Claude Shane, well known Cleveland sportsman. There is a natural bout for Cleveland between Jimmy Reeves, who has not lost a pro fight out of twelve, and James Bivins.

Patsy Perroni defeated Otis Thomas over the ten-round route at Canton, Ohio, while Harry Weekly beat Johnny Sheppard of Cleveland.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Tony Musto knocked out Cleveland's old rubber man, Johnny Risko, in the third round. Risko was stopped only once before and that was by Max Schmeling some years ago . . . . Buddy Walker of Columbus defeated Eddie Simms at Columbus. They boxed before a packed house . . . . Joey Ferrando is back in New York where he boxed twice and won both . . . . Frankie Wallace and Jimmy Vaughn are both boxing often in the East, and doing OK . . . . The Tri-County Amateur Boxing Trainers Ass'n has been formed through Lake, Ashtabula and Trumbul counties. This is a good outfit to which to belong . . . Andy Cunningham is now the publicity man for the Public Hall, handling Bob Brickman's boxing shows.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, O.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BUDDY WALKER, Columbus Negro heavyweight, is the big reason for the boxing game's revival in the Capital City. Not since the Downey brothers were in their prime have fertile-fight minded fans flocked to fights as now in the Ohio metropolis.

Walker's 12-round decision win over Eddie Simms of Cleveland sent nearly 2500 fans away from the Auditorium Arena, where already 5500 paid admissions had checked through the turnstiles, forcing even the S.R.O. sign out of circulation. Walker's win was helped by the appearance of Jack Dempsey as third man in the ring. Walker scaled 194, three pounds less than Simms. In the two leading supporting bouts, Remo Fernadez drew with Pete Urban and Bill Robinson won from Gib Jones in six-session frays.

In the same arena a fortnight before, following a knockout over Sandy McDonald of Texas, Walker had stopped Bob Nestell of California in three rounds before 6500 paid admissions.

Joe Marinelli, flashy Dayton featherweight, furnished another of southern Ohio's highlights, winning a 10-round decision from Jackie Callura, the Canadian champion.

Indianapolis, Ind., supplied a national heavyweight match on February 23. Incidentally, the winner of the match, which was between Eddie Mader of New York and Eddie Boyle of Cleveland, will probably meet Elza Thompson, the big Negro heavyweight from Indianapolis, on a later program. Mader knocked out Boyle in the sixth round.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Joe Basco, the Barberton, O., manager, is still loudly yelling the decision his Lloyd Pine lost to Emil Joseph at Wheeling, W. Va. . . . . Pine, however, came back into the running and whipped Jackie Martin at Fairmont, W. Va. . . . . Eddie Shock, Dayton manager, is operating the only public gymnasium in the Gem City . . . . Eddie's club, the Ark A. C., is located at 1038 W. 3rd St., Dayton, O., and he invites all visiting fighters to work out there . . . . Ashtabula has a new arena . . . . at the present time the arena is featuring only amateur bouts . . . . Arne Anderson suffered a cut eye when losing to Junior Munsell on the Coast . . . . my semi-monthly service which features boxing results from all over the country, is making a hit with managers, promoters, independent boxers and commissions . . . . anyone desiring this service should enclose one dollar to Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this also goes for fighters of all weights, without managerial strings, who desire to list themselves with the Diversey Booking Agency.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

GEORGIE ABRAMS again proved to be master over our Billy Soose, as he trounced Billy in the top ten-rounder of a triple wind-up affair, staged by the Rooney-McGinnley enterprises, with Ray Foutts the matchmaker at The Gardens. Charley Burley won as he pleased in the second ten rounder from Nate Bolden of Chicago, who claimed a cold for his poor showing. In the first ten, Ossie Harris, recent graduate of the amateur ranks, won his sixth consecutive victory by gaining a close decision over tough Frankie Cavanna, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Harris looms as a very bright prospect in the middleweight class. Irvin Sarlin stopped Lou Martinak in the fourth. Red Cregan won the decision after four rounds with Walter Montini, of Jeannette, in the opener.

Ossie Stewart, local middleweight who had been campaigning in Australia for the past couple seasons, returned here and met a surprise package in Tony Cisco of Norristown, who trounced Ossie in the main bout at Moose Temple after ten rounds . . . . The eight-round semi-final saw Ralph Gizzy drop the decision to Bobby Brooks of Chicago. Gizzy jammed his right duke in the first round and Referee Joe Orisini asked Gizzy if he wanted to call off the affair, but Ralph refused to quit and fought throughout the battle with only a left hook and jab. Gizzy had Brooks in bad shape in the first round . . . . Bob Locket Hill, district heavy, scored his second straight knockout, this time at the expense of Johnny Such of McKeesport . . . . Ervin Hicks of the Hill won as he pleased from George Silvasy of Braddock in the four-round curtain raiser . . . . Jules Beck was the matchmaker.

Harry Bobo, the Peabody Paralyzer, met up with just a little bit too much experience in Gus Dorazio of Philadelphia, in the ten-round main bout of another packed house at The Gardens, staged by Brian McDonald. This was Bobo's thirteenth professional battle and he must have been superstitious of the fact. Bobo dropped the decision but lost no prestige as he fought a very courageous battle and was in there trying all the time for a knockout. Dorazio fought in a crouch, weaving and bobbing and preventing the colored clouter from landing the intended blows . . . . Carmen Notch, the East Liberty Wild-Cat, won the eight-round semi-final from Mike DeStafeno. Mike gave the Wild-Cat plenty of trouble in the early stages. Ervin Sarlin won over Casey Rhodes in a six-rounder . . . . Billy Miller defeated Bobby Roberts in six heats and in the opening six Woody Boord won from Lou Baltimore. The show grossed $6,425.

JUST A JAB . . . . John T. Taylor, who had been secretary of treasure of the A. A. U. for many years, died recently. John was 69 years old. Just one day previous to his death, his wife, Mrs. Sophia Quigg Taylor, passed away. She was 61 years old . . . . Did you know that Billy Nichy hasn't tasted defeat in the last two years and during that period ran up a string of 16 consecutive victories? . . . . Irish Jackie Haley, who has had only three professional fights at this writing, is being given the run around by our preliminary fighters. They refuse to have any parts of the tough Irishman . . . . Harry Bobo is having plenty of trouble with his dukes . . . . Stop at Artie Hersch's and pick up this world-wide publication THE RING Magazine, corner Fifth and McKean Ave., Charleroi . . . . Irish Jackie Haley, who looms as a bright middleweight prospect, is not to be confused with the other Jackie Haley fighting out of New York, "understand Mr. Percy Heilman," of Ford City.

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COVERING NEW ENGLAND

By MARK FANNON

BOSTON GARDEN—Two New England titles changed hands in the Goodwin A. C. first bouts here, both 12-rounders. Henry Chmielewski, dynamic Polish lad, gave Babe Verila, New Bedford, a licking to win the 160-pound crown. Chimmy had the colored mauler down for counts of nine three times in the eighth, but could not finish him.

Abe Denner won the feather crown by stopping Sal Bartolo in the eighth in a bitter battle. Denner, who we thought would be weak at the 126-pound limit, proved just the opposite. Abe looked like a champ from the start, using his longer reach and height to every advantage. Denner cut Bartolo's ear in the seventh and from then on both boys were covered with blood. The referee was forced to stop the bout in the eighth.

Jackie Caparell held Eddie Ellis, coming welter, to a hard fought draw. Ellis, inactive of late, was not at his best.

Johnny Skhor, 195, Baltimore, who looks and boxes like Gene Tunney, had little opposition in stopping Henry Burack, 214, Hyde Park, in the first.

Bill Tordiglione stopped the Zulu Kid, New Bedford, in the first.

On Feb. 2, at Worcester, Jack Dubois, Lewiston, Me., rugged middleweight, easily won the 8 round decision from Billy Campanale. John Seaman, Paxton, technically kayoed Eddie Rossi, in six. Lefty Isrow, Athol, 133, hard hitting southpaw, knocked out Angelo Manna, 134, in the first.

Feb. 5, at Portland, Me.—Howell King won a hard fought, close decision, over Vincent Pimpinella, Brooklyn, N. Y., in ten rounds.

At Lynn—Jimmy Mede opened his first of a series of weekly bouts with George Salamone defeating Dusty Brown in a close 8 rounder. Eddie Letourneau defeated Nick Sullo in the six-round semi-final.

Feb. 6, New Bedford—Jimmy Mendes, 185, stopped Al Bouchard, 190, Fall River, in the first. Ted Lowry again kayoed Sam Shumway, Webster, in the first. Italian Jack Dempsey disposed of Art Lloyd, Worcester, as expected, in the second. Ollie Barbour stopped Eddie Dulmaine, Worcester, in the first.

Feb. 8, Boston Garden—Paul Junior retained his lightweight crown by stopping Honey Melody, former titleholder, in sensational fashion, in the first. Hardly had Melody left his stool, when Junior dropped him with a short right to the jaw, from which Melody never fully recovered and Junior tore into him knocking him down six more times before the referee stopped the one-sided affair. All this happened in 1 minute and 35 seconds.

Jimmy Leto, Hartford, showed why he is a top ranking welter in the manner in which he knocked out George Martin, hard hitting Boston boy. Both boys, who look very much alike, were putting up a whale of a scrap until the 6th, in which frame Martin grew careless and ran into a short right that spilled him. Leto showed his class in making each punch count, to put the Boston boy out for the count. This was the first time Martin has been kayoed during his pro career.

Eddie Ellis, Quincy, won the decision over Jack Dubois, Lewiston, Me., in a hard-fought 8 rounder. Dusty Brown won over Leo Dulmaine in six, after being floored in the second. Bill Tordiglione, Boston, put out Johnny Dougwillo, Grafton, in the first.

Feb. 12—Portland, Me.—Coley Welch hammered out a close hard fought decision over Johnny McHale, New York, in ten rounds.

Lynn—Patsy Fanti, this city, was awarded the bout on a technical knockout over Billy Barbour, Providence, in the final round of an 8-round bout, when Barbour was forced to retire due to a cut eye. It was a fast hard battle up to this point. Jackie Caparell, Roxbury, beat Stonewall Jackson, in the six-round semi-final.

Feb. 13—New Bedford—Ted Lowry knocked out his fellow townsman, Italian Jack Dempsey, in the 9th, of a slam bang ten rounder. Irish Johnny Smith, 159, Quincy, won the unanimous decision over Armand Remillard, 164, Worcester, in the semi-final six. Johnny Shkor, 194, Boston, added another victim to his list, by disposing of Eddie Coderre, Pawtucket, R. I., by T.K.O.

At Springvale, Me.—Ed Letourneau, 135, came off the floor to hold Jim Duval, 135, New York, to a slashing draw of six rounds.

Feb. 16—Argonne A. A., Boston—Larry Bolvin, 124, Providence, again took the 10-round decision from Jimmy Gilligan, 124, Buffalo, N. Y., in a show staged for the benefit of the Finnish Relief Fund. Due to the storm the crowd was not up to expectations and the fund suffered thereby. Fighting the reverse of his last battle with Bolvin, Gilligan came off the floor four times to rally in the closing rounds.

George Salamone, 131, East Boston, made it 2 out of 3, in taking the 10-round decision from Al Gauthier, 136½, Holyoke. Young Byron, 141½, Roxbury, won the split decision over Billy Lancaster, 146, Portland slugger, in the 6-round semi-final. Al Luciano, 126½, Lynn, outpunched Ernie Burke, 122, Portland, in four rounds. Ollie Barbour and Dom Colan, Walpole, battled to a draw in four. Freddie McLean started his pro debut by putting Johnny Lawless, Portland, out with the first punch, in the first round.

At Worcester—After being knocked down twice in the second round and badly battered in the third, Mike Kaplan came back to take the welterweight championship of New England from Frankie Britt, Fall River, in a thrilling 15-round bout. At the start of the 10th, Kaplan was way behind, but came back to outgame and outpunch the Fall River veteran to win each round thereafter. Dusty Brown, Fall River, won the decision over Lefty Isrow, Athol, in the semi-final.

At Lewiston, Me.—Dom Ceccarelli, New York, who had gone the distance with such men as John Henry Lewis and Melio Bettina, quit to Al Sinibaldi, Berlin, N. H., at the end of the second round. The sharp hitting Sinibaldi was leading from the start.

Feb. 21—Providence—Al Mancini, Providence featherweight, returned to the spotlight by winning over Paul "Tennessee" Lee of Memphis by the T.K.O. route in the ninth round. Eddie Ellis, Quincy, defeated Johnny Craven, Philadelphia, in the 8-round semi-final.

Feb. 22—New Bedford—George Henry, New Bedford, 150, won the split decision from Andre Jessurun, 150, New York, in ten rounds. Jimmy Mendes, 185, New Bedford, won the decision over Jack "Clint" Moran, 205, Boston. Jack Dubois, 150, Sherbrook, Que., decisioned Bucky Jones, 148, New Bedford.

Feb. 23—Lynn—Eddie Letourneau, Springvale, Me., slugger, pounded out a split 8 round decision over Patsy Fanti, this city.

Lewiston, Me.—Al Sinibaldi, Lewiston, formerly of Berlin, N. H., won the Maine lightheavyweight championship from Danny Needham, Bath, in a roaring 10-round bout.

Bantam and flyweights of New England, if you want to get worth-while bouts you must be ranked in THE RING. All boxers of these weights with good records, write to me at 28 Front Street, Ashland, Mass., so that you may get a chance at the New England title.

Feb. 26—Portland, Me.—Paul Junior, lightweight, knocked out Emil Joseph, Pittsburgh, Pa., in the sixth round. The Lewiston veteran had the Pittsburgh boy down 9 times before a left to the jaw put him away for keeps.

FLASHES . . . Old-timers will regret the passing of Clarence T. Mitchell, native of Saxonville, Mass., well known sportsman. He was National amateur welterweight champion in the early 1900's, also state skeet champion, 1934, motorcycle racer, to mention a few . . . Pat Foley is heading straight for Lou Ambers . . . That one would draw in Boston . . . Dusty Brown, colored feather, is the busiest boy in these parts . . . It seems he boxes on every card . . . Joe Beston, Lou Brouillard's father-in-law, has one of the best equipped gyms in the country, at Quincy, Mass.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

MAREUS PITTE, weighing 125 lbs., beat Mickey Duca, a welterweight.

Milo Theodorescu made a hit at the Valley Arena when he beat Howell King, Detroit, in a very fine fight. Doug Murchie, of North Adams, won over Al Castonquay, of Holyoke, in another stirring bout. Julio Gonzales, of Puerto Rico, and Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis, fought a draw.

Norman Hurdman, Toronto, won a split vote over Jack Thompson, Albany. They are welterweights.

Danny Williams of Hudson won a decision over Wally Hicks, of Toronto, in a six.

Saverio Turiello, of Italy, won a ten-round bout from the veteran Frankie Wallace, of Cleveland. Both are welterweights.

Stormy weather closed the doors at the Valley Arena for two weeks in succession.

Eddie Reed, a very clever featherweight, is willing to box any feather in the business. Eddie has beaten Johnny Compo, Lew Farber, Willie Dorenzo, Vic Corchado.

The Federal A. C. of Chicopee is holding boxing bouts in Chicopee. Leo Bradley will do the matchmaking. The club will operate on Friday nights. Holyoke's Valley Arena runs on Monday nights, Hartford runs Tuesday and Worcester, Thursday. In a circle of fifty miles around here they have boxing nearly every night. Pittsfield, Mass., runs Tuesday. The writer does the booking for that club.

Worcester—Howell King lost a close decision to Vince Pimpinella in the main bout of ten rounds.

SPECIAL VALUES

in EVERLAST EQUIPMENT

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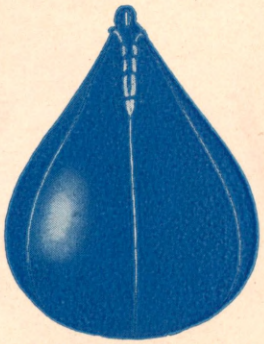

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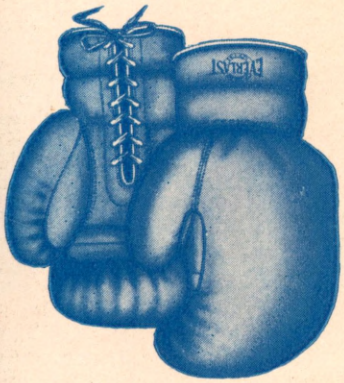

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SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	"	"	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	"	"	4.25
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RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	"	"	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	"	"	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	"	"	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	"	"	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	"	"	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	"	"	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	"	"	7.45
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	"	"	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	"	"	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	"	"	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	"	"	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	"	"	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	"	"	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	"	"	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	"	"	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	"	"	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	"	"	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	"	"	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks— Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	2.50	"	"	.95
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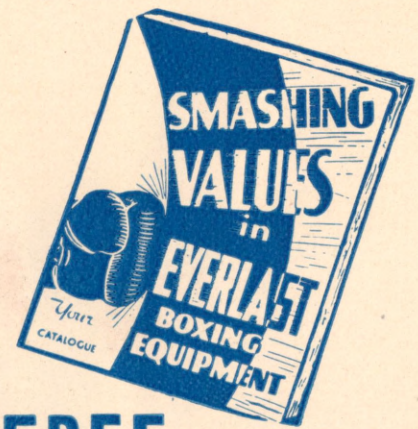

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Write your name and address carefully on the coupon below. I'll send you absolutely free a copy of my new book, ***"Everlasting Health and Strength."*** It reveals the secrets of "Dynamic Tension" that changed me from a 97-pound flat-chested weakling into a husky fellow who twice won the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" against all comers!

NOTE: This is the latest photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

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The purpose of my method of ***"Dynamic Tension"*** is very simple. It is an entirely natural way especially developed by me—to distribute added pounds of powerful muscle over your body—to get rid of surplus fat—and to give you the strength and the kind of physical build that will win you the envy and respect of everyone. And for some whose systems were sluggish from lack of exercise my method has toned up their entire bodies.

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This valuable cup, made of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base.

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